

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

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THANKSGIVING

NEW item: Tradition to the contrary, very few New England families will eat turkey this Thanksgiving unless the Army makes an unexpected announcement permitting the sale of the holiday bird to civilian consumers.

Yes, "there's a war on," a war in which we Americans have had to give up certain "necessities," things we once considered indispensable to our well-being and happiness. However, in nearly three years of wartime living, we have learned to do without unlimited gasoline, butter, and, once a year, turkeys.

Our allies have been deprived of far more basic things. The British people have been on food and clothes rations since the very start of hostilities; we all know that until very recently English children did not know what an orange was; they had simply never seen one. The Russians have lost millions of fighting men as compared with our hundreds of thousands, although knowledge of the Soviet sacrifice is small comfort to bereaved American mothers. Others of the United Nations have made, or rather, have been forced to make similar adjustments to war.

In a spirit of the realization of our comparative good fortune, we in America should give thanks. Moreover, we should strive to demonstrate this thanks by helping in whatever way we can to bring the war to a victorious conclusion, and by aiding in the establishment of a lasting international peace.

HELP THEM

WILL you help the Cambridge Latin boys in the service? Of course you will. We have received dozens of letters from them asking for copies of the REVIEW. Here's how you can help.

First, you can buy yourself a subscription to the REVIEW. That will help to finance those service copies. Second, you can get ads of \$1.00 each from your local merchants, your neighborhood grocer, baker or druggist. Each one of these ads will send a subscription to a Latin School boy in the service.*

The REVIEW is your magazine. We know you will support it; buy subscriptions; pay on "budget-plan" subscriptions; get ads. We will give you a magazine you want to read. Don't let us down. Above all, don't fail those boys fighting in the Armed Forces all over the world.

* For information on this item, go to the REVIEW office.

THE REVIEW wishes to announce that it is sponsoring a contest which is to be open to subscribers of the school magazine and the winner of which will be awarded a War Bond. The essays are to be written on the subject "Facts Which a New Pupil Should Know about Our School, Its Background, Present Set-up, and the Rules and Regulations Governing General Procedure"—and are to be judged for excellence of material and clarity of expression rather than from a purely literary point of view.

The papers must be in the hands of the judging board by the third week in January — the exact date to be announced in the December issue, along with other final details — and will be handled under a system of numbers, to assist the judges to make an impartial decision. The board of judges will be selected by Miss Butler, the Head of the English Department, and the results will be published in the February issue of this magazine.



Miss Elizabeth B. Flanders, who was for many years a teacher of English in The Cambridge High and Latin School until she retired ten years ago, died at her home in Belmont on October 2nd.

Many of us, who are now members of the faculty here ourselves, remember Miss Flanders as one of the most forceful teachers of our own student days. We realize with ever increasing gratitude how much she contributed to the formation of our habits of clear thinking and effective expression. We recall with profound respect her great dignity, so vividly expressed by her invariably well-groomed and immaculate appearance.

Miss Flanders was a teacher with high standards and scholarly ideals which she strove unflinchingly to maintain. Her loyal and whole-hearted devotion to her task may have at times obscured the sympathetic twinkle in her eye, but it was really there all the time, as some of us were fortunate enough to discover during her later years of leisure.

C. M. S.

SNOWY ART

Slowly, silently,
the frost covers the riotous
leaves of autumn,
and forms a glistening coverlet
for the shivering earth. . . .

The windowpane
serves as a canvas
for this frigid artist,
and a forest of ferns,
a spray of seaweed,
now envelop the
transparent surface,
as winter creeps cautiously in.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

ADULT PARTY BEHAVIOR

ONE of the strange phenomena of adult behavior is the variability of the reactions of *homo sapiens* when exposed to the bright lights and stimulation of a party. We will study carefully the reactions of (1) the Caspar Milquetoast type, (2) the Moon Mullins type, (3) the Perennial Professor type, and (4) the Jolly Good Fellow type.

Perhaps the most fascinating observations may be deduced from watching the instinctive reactions of the Caspar Milquetoast type. This genus always brings his wife along for protection. Statistics show that the average Caspar Milquetoast has a subconscious desire to be the life of the party, which desire materializes in such strange forms as making miniature animals out of olives and placing paper hats on all inanimate objects. Strange to say, after having gathered data from Elk, Masonic, and Rotary meetings, I discover that the best jokes spring from the Caspar Milquetoasts. The best way to encourage a Milquetoast, if you must have him at your party, is to seat him on a low hassock with a large bowl of salted peanuts beside him. A Milquetoast will eat peanuts happily for hours.

The exact opposite of the Caspar Milquetoast type is the Moon Mullins. This variety almost never marries, although it is always hovering on the brink. This type has a fatal attraction to blondes. The reason that you never find a rich M. M. homo is because some blond has walked across his range of vision. At a party, the Moon Mullins may always be found lurking about the punch bowl, and the only thing which can lure him away is the suggestion of a game of charades. How a Moon Mullins loves charades! He can be a great addition to the party, if he is allowed a free rein, but remember that a blonde plus a genus Mullins always produces an explosion.

The habitat of the Perennial Professor Type is at Faculty Teas and Afternoon Musicales. One may rest assured that this branch of *homo sapiens* will always be absolutely correct. They will always take the smallest petits fours and drink two cups of tea. Psychologists have written volumes on the fact that this branch can be forced on no account to take thirds in anything. Psychologists have also advanced a daring theory that this is the reason why this genus is always so gaunt and thin. The way to make a genus Perennial Professor happy is to put him beside another genus Perennial Professor. However, in one of our leading magazines, an article was printed which stated that a samba would liven this branch of *homo sapiens* unbelievably, and even more amazing is the fact that samba artists when taken from their environment and music, inevitably turn into the genus Perennial Professor. This, however, is merely a theory, although it would be good to hold in mind that you never know when the samba artist in this type will break loose.

The fourth and last is the Jolly Good Fellow Type. It is this type which owns a little cottage in a little suburb and marries a little woman and raises a flock of little ones. He enjoys life immensely and expects other people to enjoy life also. There is nothing so aggrieved as a Jolly Good Fellow when someone dares to suggest that there are thorns in beds of roses. On a party this type comes into its own and is sometimes called the "Life of the Party." For a successful evening party, it is absolutely necessary to have at least four of these, and at a barbecue or weiner roast the majority must be of this type or the result is a miserable failure. There is nothing a Jolly Good Fellow loves better than cooking out in the open air. He will struggle for hours with a fire and will sit for hours around it, singing old school songs and telling out-of-school stories. The evening's end finds him in serene possession of his status quo.

ANN WALKER, '45.

Protect Your
Home from
TUBERCULOSIS



**BUY and USE
Christmas Seals**

GREY

The sky was grey cotton
dirty, ragged
Tepid fog muddled the distance, and
withered birches leaned into the sky
blending imperceptibly
My mind was filled with greyness.

Startlingly the sun shone
and the leaves were green,
brilliant

The pale hair
of the girl in front of me
glowed warm

The clouds were white,
soft in the sky;

The mist shimmered
in the distance

Someone pulled the curtain — abruptly:
It was as though I were
stified

by the blank brownness,
that shut out everything except its own dullness.

I was pressed, confined, tortured
by the flat tightness of the shade.

It was still, dead.

I longed to wrench it from the window,
tearing to shreds
its stubborn dumbness

... incredible that this blind, fragile lifeless thing
could shut off that warm, vibrant pulse
outside.

When I could raise the shuttering closeness of the
shade

the sun had left
and the sky
was grey.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

AFTER THE WAR

FROM all reports, V-day will be a day of wild
and joyous celebration. Towns are making
plans about coping with riots, about the disposal
of the waste paper and ticker tape that will in
certainty be thrown around. Merchants are buying
steel nets as protection for their windows and are
planning to shut up shop so that their clerks may
go out and join the mob that will be in the streets,
wrecking and ruining.

That will be V-day, the day of final victory.
There will be an enormous amount of cleaning to
do after V-day, here, in our littered streets, abroad,
in the ravished and bleeding countries of Europe.
The great cathedrals at Rheims and Cologne and
other places will have been leveled to the ground
by the blind juggernaut of war. Is it up to us to
build them again, or is it up to the Hun whose avar-

ice caused this conflict. Who will build up the
Russian, French, Polish, and Norwegian cities and
factories? Shall we, as conquerors of the Hun,
pay for his crimes or shall we enslave Germany
and Japan and their collective productive power
until the generations to come will have covered
with sod the gaping holes ripped in the earth's
crust by their fathers?

I think that the Hun should be made to harness
his ingenuity, which, without doubt, is the most
constructive in the world when turned in the right
direction, as witness, Baeyer's aniline dyes, and
Koch's fight against tuberculosis, and utilize it for
the building up of his former conquered countries.
This would take care of any economic or genetic
advantage he may have gained by killing and
slaughtering the best of Europe's men and women
and destroying their industries, such as the iron
and oil works of the Soviet Ukraine and the French
Renault factories.

That is the way to care for material wreckage,
but the problem of mental devastation is appalling.
What can be done with a Polish child eight years
old whose only remembrances are those of terror
as the swastika goes by? What can be done with
our own men wounded both in mind and in body
when they come home? A man who has seen
his friend killed by the enemy and has undergone
the physical hardships of jungle warfare is not the
same man who left, bright-eyed, to answer the call
of freedom.

No, he is not the same man. For this selfish
reason of personal vengeance for what our soldiers
have undergone, we should put aside the advice of
Lincoln's "With malice toward none . . .", even
if we don't put it aside on behalf of the oppressed
people who have suffered so long. We must drive
home to this generation and to all the future
generations of these people that war is wrong, and
that they must suffer because their ancestors waged
war.

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '45.

THE C. H. L. S. HIT PARADE

1. I'll Walk Alone.....Single file
2. Is You Is or Is You Ain't.....Going to pass
3. Straighten Up and Fly Right

After a football game

4. I'll Be Seeing You.....Up at Harvard Square
5. The Trolley Song.....School bus
6. It Could Happen To You.....A failure slip
7. Dancing With the Dolly.....At the formal
8. AlwaysDoing Homework
9. TogetherThe Dean and you
10. How Many Times Do I Have To Tell You

Study Homework

ELIZABETH MULLALY, '45.

RELEASE

WHAT a change can be wrought in a few minutes! Unnoticed, I observed the impatient students who were uncomfortably lounging in the hard chairs of the class room. The fact that in front of them the teacher was efficiently explaining the next day's assignment seemed only faintly important to them. When that young lady, who appeared to have the patience of Job, began to call upon people to recite, each pupil offered a barely audible sigh, when he was not asked to show what he knew. Then it happened! Everyone came to life before my eyes! Those who I had thought would never rise to their feet again were at the door before I could blink. The ringing of the bell at the termination of the sixth period always effects an astounding transformation in the physical and mental abilities of students.

CATHERINE CURTISS, '46.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"OH yes, those were the good old days." Were they? The statement is at best, only a half truth. To ascertain this fact, we have only to choose almost any period in history and, from that period, look back to preceding events. We find that the great majority of people were not nearly so satisfied with the times in which they lived as some are led to believe in their rapid survey of the past.

In the so called "critical period" in American history, the seven years following the Revolution, our country came nearer to failure than at any other time in our national history. A weak confederation of sovereign states resulted in quarreling between states, in the issuing of valueless state currency, and, most important, in disrespect for that central government which did exist. In this period, we imagine people looked back to the colonial period, and conveniently forgetting the tyranny of the British Crown, yearned for the days of colonial states. Only by the decisive, radical action of the "youngsters," Hamilton and Madison, was the young nation preserved.

Lincoln freed the slave and, in so doing, incurred the wrath of many a Southerner who looked back with favor upon pre-Civil War days. Those were the prosperous times of the "Grand Old South" for the landowner and slaveholder, but they were hardly "the good old days" for the greater part of the oppressed Negroes. We now realize that had Lincoln not acted decisively, as he did, had he succumbed to those who desired the continuation of existing conditions, the nation would have become hopelessly divided later in our history.

After the first World War, there were a great many people who, under the leadership of Senator Lodge, looked back; in fact, so many people did, that under a policy of isolation, the nation actually retrogressed, for isolation is, indeed, a return to nineteenth century political ideals. Wilson was able to see the necessity for an international policy, but he was unable to carry out this policy. We can now see that the inability to become world-minded has resulted in the present struggle.

The conclusions we can draw from the examination of these historical situations is self-evident. There were no really "good old days" for everyone. This fact has always been known by the forward-looking forces in our country. These forces have been able to see the past more clearly than their more conservative contemporaries. When the advanced thinkers were successful, or even partially successful in forming national policy, the nation progressed; when these thinkers failed to instrument their ideals, the nation remained stationary or, worse still, retraced its steps. Obviously, there is no place allotted to the "good old days" in the philosophy of a country that wishes to march forward in step with the rest of the world.

JAMES SILBERMAN, '45.

THE HURRICANE

LIKE some monstrous demon of the underworld, avaricious, cruel, egotistical, perilous, the hurricane descends, heaving, sighing, upon its unsuspecting victims. Leaving death, destruction, chaos, and poverty strewn in its wake, it surges on and on, always in search of a victim weaker and more susceptible to its raging fury.

In its titanic jaws, literally nations, civilizations, kingdoms, and millions are consumed. It arouses Neptune's waters to furious, unparalleled heights, rushing upon and utterly devastating everything within their reach. The waves, like one who has been long seeking revenge and at last discovered it, pounces furiously upon the provokers of their wrath.

Man and the fruits of his labor are mercilessly condemned to the depths of the sea, there to remain forever. Miles are but inches in the eyes of this demon. Houses, trees, barns, and stables are instantly transfixed in locations entirely new and different. Yes, in moments swift and fleeting, gone are the rudiments which took centuries to construct!

ANN CORCORAN, '45.



TO THE FRESHMEN

THE MAIN object of school and college is the same — "to establish character, and to make that character more efficient through knowledge; to make moral character more efficient through mental discipline."

In the transition from grammar school to high school, the continuity of the main idea expressed above should not be lost. Freshmen in high school face marked changes in daily school routine, changes from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as an opportunity. Regular attendance and faithful application to the demands of home study will make the transition not too difficult.

Discouragements will undoubtedly come but in Master, Dean and teachers you will find wise and friendly counsellors, whose assistance you should not hesitate to seek.

Our best wishes for success are with you.

T. F. DOWNEY,
Headmaster.

HERE is your own news section, Freshmen! We hope we shall have more items about more members of the class in time for publication in the next issue.

We frequently encounter Jackie Towers and Edmund Landers at a local spa — Maureen Coleman is the freshman with the red hair — We understand that Alice Lund wears a ring — Margaret Galvin and Mary MacKinnon look like sisters — Why is Richard Doyle late for Civics class — Geraldine Jackson writes poetry — Two of our girls take teddy bears when they go walking — every day fourth period Helen Lewis, Lois Lubin, Phyllis MacInnes, and Joyce McLaughlin get together in the lunch room — Violet Headly and Madeline Layne take the long way round between classes — William Connell is assistant manager of the football team — the teachers are looking for a leash to tie Stanley Poole — Robert Boudreau has six brothers in the armed forces — John O'Connor found that a desk cover can have a lot of force behind it — if you need your radio repaired, call upon Francis Florillo — Mary Bellaveau loves the dancing in gym — Rowena Fogg pursues an interesting hobby — she has a large collection of dolls from all over the world. Why is Phyllis Stern? and why does William Peek?



TO THE CLASS OF 1948

WE ARE glad to welcome you as new members of the student body. We offer you the opportunity to obtain a fine preparation in your chosen field, but yours is the responsibility of keeping high our standards so that in 1948 you will be proud to graduate from this school. You have already responded wholeheartedly to various school activities. Your purchase of War Stamps, your 100% enrollment in the Junior Red Cross, your enthusiastic participation in the G. A. A., your support of the football team, and your co-operation with school authorities, all display evidence of your unusual school spirit.

Have you carried this same spirit into your scholastic activities? Your first report card is the answer. If this has been satisfactory, you have probably selected the proper course, attended school regularly, and studied faithfully. If you have failed in any subject, you should immediately seek the guidance of your master and dean who are always ready to help you.

JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Assistant Headmaster.

HILDA F. RUSSELL,
Dean of Freshman Girls.

IMAGINATION

I wandered to a hilltop
and thought
strange thoughts. . . .

I gazed at the clouds,
and in my mind
formed imaginary figures
of knights
in shining armor,
mounted on prancing steeds. . . .

The blades of grass
beside me
were transformed
into mighty redwoods,
monarchs of the forest. . . .

The butterfly
marking its tremulous
flight, appeared
to be a giant condor
of the Andes,
winging its way over tall
and ice-covered peaks. . . .

It is truly a world of wonder.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

THANKSGIVING — 1944

WE AMERICANS of the present generation are, unfortunate though it may seem, a rather selfcentered and greedy race. What most of us cannot seem to realize is that the sacrifices which we consider so tremendous are in reality very, very trivial indeed when compared with those that people not much different from ourselves are making all over the world.

To go into foreign nations to find men and women who would put us to shame is today quite unnecessary. To this great conflict we have given, alas, many of our own friends and relatives who can tell us only too well of the sacrifices which the human being is capable of making.

Cold, hunger, lack of rest, bodily ailments: these are only a minute number of the sufferings which most of us do not have to endure. We may still live unmolested in homes which are our own; whistling bombs, screaming shells, piercing sirens: these are not yet familiar sounds to us; the devastation and insane injustice of this awful war are not yet ours.

So as Thanksgiving Day approaches, let there not be one among us who shall dare to say, "What have I to be thankful for?"

We are indebted to our Creator for such a myriad of blessings that it would take a forever of prayer and thanksgiving to thank Him properly for what He has given us out of the kindness of His Heart.

ANN CORCORAN, '45.

AIR SHIPS

MEN have always wanted to fly. The ancient people worshiped winged creatures; Greek mythology recounts the tragic tale of Icarus and Daedalus; the Parisian gargoyles of the Renaissance period have wings. Now the twentieth century has seen the birth and development of the air ship, by which means men can rival birds.

I think there are few sights to equal the sheer beauty of a majestic silver airplane, soaring through the blue and gold of an autumn afternoon. It is strange to realize that this same plane can turn in a minute to a roaring, destructive thunderbolt, emitting streaks of molten death as it cleaves the air. I don't like to think of such a possibility. I just want to picture lordly air-liners, like pompous, portly old gentlemen, making their dignified way through swarms of frivolous cloudlets, and gay little monomotor planes, swooping in and out of figure eights, and lithe, long, streamlined transports, graceful as they zoom overhead.

Then there are the blimps, lighter-than-air craft, which hover over a city like watchmen, reassuring the people with their silent "All's well." Somehow, seeing one of these mammoth silver balloons, I know that no harm can come, while they are keeping their ceaseless vigil.

I hope the day will come when no aircraft is harmful, when the graceful ships are no longer instruments of death and destruction, for they are far too beautiful and useful to be used for such purposes, and when all people can have the privilege of soaring far above the earth and "putting out their hands to touch the face of God."

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

THE CHARLES RIVER

TRAVELERS from the prairie states are always pressed by two features, above all, of the New England terrain: first, they notice the many tall, leafy trees; then they notice the cause of these, an abundance of water in the form of lakes, streams, an ocean, ponds, rivers, brooks, and springs. Although the crashing surf on the rocky Atlantic coast and a waterfall, tumbling down a mountain-side, are of exciting beauty, the splendor of the Charles River won my heart with my first visit to its banks.

Since it lies but a few blocks from busy city streets, one finds the river a sudden surprise. Above the broad drives which flank both sides, great elms hover protectingly. Golden dandelions, cuddled in the green along the banks, smile sweetly up as if to thank the Maker for the beautiful land.

At noon one sees the tranquil stream winding its way eastward while fragile ripples of azure, capped with sparkling silver lace, skip merrily over the stately depths. As the day lengthens and the breeze gives way to the stillness of evening, even the happy ripples quit their play. Twilight, blushing in her vanity, pauses to survey her lovely visage in the mirror of the river before darkness pushes her behind the screen of night. Then only glitterings of reflected stars and moon reveal the sleeping body of the Charles.

Surely Lowell must have been thinking of the Charles River when he wrote:

O river, dim with distance,
Flow thus forever by,
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie!

VIRGINIA MCCORISON, '45.

Sports

THIS year's edition of the C. H. L. S. football team has had considerable bad luck. The official record for the first five games stands at five losses, but the first was forfeited because of a technicality, and it stands as a win in this scribe's book. The other four games were lost by close scores, and, with a little good luck, the record might have been five wins and no losses.

Fishermen Flounder, 6-0

At Russell Field, on September 23, C. H. L. S. won its first opener in many years by defeating Gloucester, 6-0. The lone score was tallied in the second period by a short bullet pass from Johnny Vigneron to Tony Frasca. Our boys were out-weighted, but never outplayed by the opponents. Spearhead of the team, both offensively and defensively was Captain Wally Lyons. Tony Frasca got off some magnificent punts, while Ray Foley and Bill Brathwaite got down under his kicks with outstanding speed.

Eaglets Scream, 12-0

B. C. High proved a rude guest, defeating C. H. L. S. 12-0 on September 30, scoring in the third and fourth periods. Our goal line was threatened several times, but our iron man line stiffened and held time and again. In the waning minutes, C. H. L. S. staged a futile last minute drive to avoid a shutout, but the game ended before this attempt could succeed.

Somerville Squeezes By, 7-6

Against Somerville, our boys played their most outstanding game, permitting the highly touted hosts to eke out only a 7-6 victory. Fran Rooney, Somerville stellar back, was halted almost every time he tried to gain, especially one time when he tried to get by Bill Brathwaite, who spilled him for a five-yard loss. In the second half of the game, Cambridge completely dominated the field of play. The Cantab touchdown was scored after a combination of passes, with Cardillo passing and Lyons and Frasca receiving, carried the ball to the two-yard line, and Wally Lyons rushed over for the score.

Technicians Win, 6-0

In the traditional game between Latin and Rindge, the underdog Technicians were able to squeeze out a 6-0 victory. In the last minute of

play Patsy Cardillo recovered a Rindge fumble on the goal line and ran it back to the thirty-five, but, although the team did its best, it was unable to move fast enough to score. Tony Frasca's kicks were particularly spectacular in this game, averaging 55 yards.

Dedham 13 — C. H. L. S. 0

In their last home game of the year, Latin lost a hotly contested and evenly matched struggle against undefeated-untied-unscored upon Dedham, 13-0. Captain Bob Ray of Dedham was the conquering chieftain, but Tony Frasca, who called the plays for Latin, was the biggest ground gainer of the day. C. H. L. S. suffered heavily from injuries in this game, with Patsy Cardillo, Tony Frasca, and Art Scalise being among the injured.

Although space does not permit the enumeration of the feats of the various members of the team, I can at least mention them all at this time. They deserve just as much credit as anyone else on the team, but, mostly because of their positions, they are left out of the spot light. Here is the line-up of the first team: ends—Foley and Brathwaite, tackles—Lakis and Gaultiere, guards—Doucet and Silvestre, center—Winn, backs—Lyons, Frasca, Vigneron, and Scalise. Patsy Cardillo also has seen a lot of action in the backfield. George Lucey suffered an injury in the first game, and has been unable to play since.

Before I close the first edition of this year's sport news, I should like to say a word about school spirit. Support at the home games was good, and it raised the morale of the team considerably. A cheering crowd makes a big difference to a sports team. Before the next issue, the hockey games will have started. Keep up the good work, trying to be at the Boston Garden every week, if possible, to cheer the team. In the meantime, don't forget you still have a football team, even though it is playing away. Keep on cheering your teams to victory, and they won't let you down.

Weymouth 34 — Cambridge 0

As we go to press, we have just learned the result of the game at Weymouth. The Cambridge team, weakened considerably by injuries, was subdued easily by a strong Weymouth eleven, with the hosts scoring in every period, to win to the tune of 34 to 0.

JOHN HARRINGTON, '45.



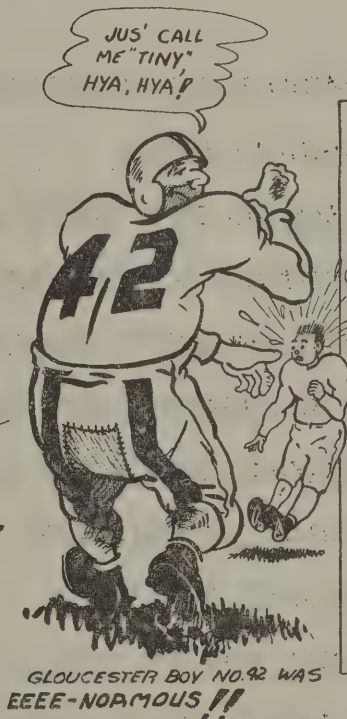
DESTINO, GLOUCESTER MAN OF THE HOUR WAS STOPPED BY RAY FOLEY, GIL SILVESTRAI, AN "MOOSE" LAKIS ON TH' FIRST PLAY OF TH' GAME! HE WAS OUT FOR TH' REST OF TH' AFTERNOON!



"MASSIVE MOOSE" LAKIS WAS VERY UN-CORDIAL TO TH' FISH TOWN BOYS.....



RAY FOLEY, ONE OF TH' BEST PLAYERS ON TH' FIELD!



GLOUCESTER BOY NO. 42 WAS EEEE-NORMOUS !!



LATIN PASSED UP MANY SCORING OPPORTUNITIES, BUT FINALLY HIT PAYDIAT WHEN TONY FRASCA SNAGGED JOHN VIGNERON'S PERFECT PASS!

LIKE AN EEL, HUM?

TONY FRASCA COULDN'T BE STOPPED! HE RAN; HE KICKED; AND HE EVEN FLEW, ON ONE OCCASION!

YOU CAN'T R



This spo Camb In the intere

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BASEBALL — AMERICAN VERSION

TO EUROPEANS, baseball is probably looked upon as a game involving eighteen players, several substitutes, three umpires, a ball, gloves, a baseball diamond, people, seats, and a ball park. It is a game where a stadium of fool-people yell their fool-heads off and throw pop bottles at the infallible decision of the umpire; where a "bunch" of players hit a ball and run to bases while another "bunch" run after the ball; where the manager jumps out of the dugout to argue with the umpire on a "ball" that should have been a "strike." To these, the unknowing, let me say that this game is *America*.

White figures in motion on the base paths, a white ball streaking over the turf, the rhythmic movements of baseball's attack and defense spread out across the diamond and field before the roaring thousands in the stands, all tend to show inevitably how a land takes to its heart the game of baseball. This is a land which was settled and stoutly defended by men willing to take a chance.

We see twinkling legs speeding faster, racing against time and skill, and the return of the trapped ball, mounting tension in the stands, and at the plate, the rock-like figure of the catcher rooted in the dirt, his mitt outstretched as a symbol of defense that must not fail.

Then the hushed moment when all eyes are focussed on the narrowing duel between the man and the ball, as the runner rounds third base and draws closer to the climax — the race for home. Suddenly from twenty thousand throats comes the impelling cry, "Slide! Slide!"

The rhythm breaks! The white twinkling figure is enveloped by a cloud of dust. The firm boulder of a catcher at which it hurts itself crumbles and dissolves into the cloud, a scramble of limbs. Out of the whirlwind of smoky dirt issues the flash of a blue-serge arm and a hampered hand. "Out! Out at home!" The stands subside with a sighing murmur. The gamble has been taken and lost.

This sort of gamble typifies those taken by fighting men today, from general to private, from aviator to undersea fighter. When the position or battle is to be won, when the last effort has been made, they can still call upon the test of fortune, the slide for home. Percentages show that it is more often made than not. The gods love daring. They jog the catcher's elbow or the enemies' guns.

PAUL FOLEY, '45.

A WARNING TO FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN, this is a solemn warning from one who thinks it best that you poor innocents know what is in store for you here at C. H. L. S. It is only fair to tell you that someday you will be a SENIOR. Yes, I said a Senior, but I don't mean

the four-year man or woman such as you may see roaming the corridors or read of, a few pages over in the Spotlight where some of the more prominent four-year-people's names are found.

These people are not Seniors; they are imitators. The True Senior, the real live, unadulterated Senior does not inhabit a locality where such lowly people as freshmen may see him. He looks down on all freshmen when he gets a chance to look up from his books. This exalted being has a perpetual squint, which comes from looking at figures in geometry, a worn out hand, which comes from looking up words in dictionaries and vocabularies in the languages, and a lame back from carrying so many books. This boy acting as a man talks in a language of a different sort from ours. Where we would say "walk" he says "perambulate." He debates the affairs of the world with a violence that makes it seem as if he and he alone were deciding the fate of the world for the next two thousand years or so. In one word, he is an intellectual.

That is what some Seniors are. It is the result of long hard study on their part. It is the result of four years of hard work, two hours a night, five nights a week, one hundred eighty days a year. That is an enormous amount of work, isn't it? My warning to all the underclass men is to avoid being such a Senior at any cost. Get away from the snobbish intellectualism with its outward sign, the bull session which is rampant in this class.

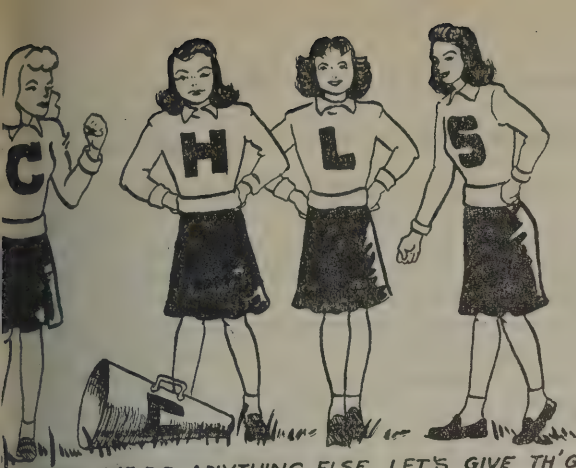
The ideal senior and the one on whom you should model yourselves is — modesty forbids my mentioning one. He is the exact center between The Senior or as he is called, the grind, and the senior who spends most of his time at one of the dean's offices. He does his work when compelled to, but gets it done. Who is this model senior whom I warn all Freshmen to follow or risk the consequences? Ask any senior, and he'll tell you. All I'm sure of is, it isn't me!

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '45.

DURRELL DEBATE CLUB

THIS year many interesting topics will present themselves to the Durrell Debate Club. During the year the club plans to have many interesting meetings which will include informal discussion and debates. It has been decided to change the requirements for entry into the club as it has been found that a student will adapt himself more easily if he is permitted to join in the informal discussions instead of giving a prepared speech. Those students who are interested in current events and wish to increase their power of carrying on a lively conversation are invited to attend the next meeting of the club which will be held in Room 325 at the close of school on Thursday, November 30.

SYLVIA DUNCAN HALL,



BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING ELSE, LET'S GIVE TH' GALS,
TO LEAD TH' CHEERS, A HAND!



TONY FRASCA REALLY
UNCOOKED A COUPLE O'
LONG RUNS—BUT
TO NO AVAIL!!



BILLY BRAITHWAITE,
GREAT END, PLAYED
A HONEY OF A
GAME....!

RINDGE
6

C.H.S.
0

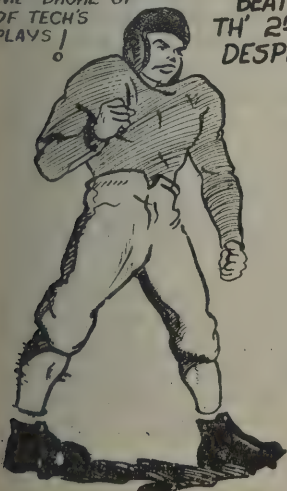
"PAT" CARDILLO'S
PASSING HAD US KNOCKIN' AT THE
DOOR, BUT WE LOST TH' BALL ON
DOWNS, JUST SHORT OF A TOUCHDOWN!

SWISH!
?!

SIZE HISTORY PUPIL;
WINN PLAYED TH'
ST DEFENSIVE GAME! TH'
MEANIE BROKE UP
ME OF TECH'S
ST PLAYS!

UNBELIEVABLE AS IT SEEMS, RINDGE TECH
BEAT A HIGHLY FAVORED LATIN TEAM 6 TO 0! SCORING IN
TH' 2ND PERIOD,
DESPITE MANY LATE ATTEMPTS BY LATIN TO SCORE!

"GILLY" SILVESTRI, JIM
LAKIS, STEVE BIDDLE,
CLAUDE DOUGET WERE
RESPONSIBLE FOR TH'
GREAT LINE PLAY!!



JIMMY LAKIS
GETS A HAND FOR
STALWART LINE PLAY!

TOM SERRAS



PATTY CARDILLO,
ALMOST PUT TH' GAME
AWAY WHEN HE SCORED
A SURPRISE BY SCOOP-
ING UP A FUMBLE AND
RACING ALMOST 50 YDS.
BEFORE BEING PULLED
DOWN!!

JUNIOR RED CROSS

ONE HUNDRED percent enrollment in the Junior Red Cross was obtained in the campaign conducted during the week of October 16. Contributions to the good work of the Red Cross totalled \$153.39, room 317 topping the list with \$15.25 and room 331 second with \$10.70.

Miss Ward and Miss Duffy, Miss Hartigan, who chose the speakers for the two talks given in each room, and members of the Junior Red Cross Council, headed by Peggy Puddister, chairman, and Rosemary Ryan, vice chairman, were in charge of the campaign, assisted by the home room chairmen.

The first meeting of the year of the Junior Red Cross Council, at which Miss Ward presided, was held just prior to Enrollment Week and plans for the campaign were the subject of discussion.

K. B. NOTES

K. B. began the year with a supper party at the home of the president, Joan McPartlin, when the members welcomed Miss Young, our new adviser. Miss Young takes the place of Miss Teresa Buckley, who was married during the summer to William Leonard. K. B.'s gift to Mrs. Leonard consisted of two silver serving spoons marked on the back with the club's insignia. Although K. B. was very sorry to lose Miss Buckley as adviser, the members are happy that Miss Young has been chosen as the new adviser.

Eileen Leary's home was the scene of the second meeting, at which members agreed to knit an afghan for the Red Cross during the coming months. A tentative date was set for the winter formal.

By the time of publication, K. B. hopes to have at least 25 new members.

EILEEN LEARY,
Secretary.

THE SMOKE GOT IN MY EYES

THE stamping of feet on the stairway, a tuneless whistle and the bang of a door might have been my only knowledge of the "boy upstairs," a vague auditory vibration received and forgotten. Nothing stood between blissful ignorance and uneasy acquaintance but a pipe.

On the afternoon of October the twenty-sixth, a date fixed as inexorably on my mind as the Fourth of July, in the pseudo-classic hall of the pseudo-exclusive Gray Manor apartments (dogs and peddlers absolutely forbidden) the fatal match was struck. The fates seemed to have conspired for it all.

Wearing that clammy, shrunken look that one acquires from having had a cold in the head for three days, I had just edged into the hall. Naturally, I desired nothing more than a box of paper handkerchiefs and a benzidine inhaler. Around the corner, at exactly the same moment, edged the "boy upstairs," attired in a voluminous apron. Now, why I, by sneezing four times, dropped my books, thereby forcing my neighbor to aid me, is just as inexplicable as the fact that exactly at 2:28 he felt an overwhelming desire to see if the mail had arrived, such an overwhelming desire that he stopped his immediate task and rushed to the hall, even neglecting to remove his apron. As I said before, it was fate.

Caught by surprise, I was put on the defensive; so with a look that would have chilled a penguin, I refrigerated his remark that it was a nice day. Sniffing mournfully, I remarked that I thought he spent his time breaking the stairs down, but that from his attire, it appeared that he went in quite heavily for the household arts. He shuffled his feet for a moment and absently put his hand in his pocket, which revealed a pipe — not an expensive, carved pipe or one of those long formal pipes that men of distinction are supposed to smoke — just an ordinary, everyday pipe that burned tobacco when a match was applied to it. Stammering slightly, he attempted an explanation for the apron and then gave it up, in the meanwhile blushing miserably and filling the pipe bowl with an evil-smelling mixture. I watched, feeling a vague pity and a twinge of conscience for being so frigid; I opened my mouth to utter one of those conventional banalities which make the world go round, when . . . he struck a match against the wall and lit his pipe.

He lit his pipe, that was all; the only thing Aladdin did was to rub an old lamp, but the results came thick and fast. With each, long puff his self-assurance grew and mine diminished. Firmly, he started his conversation going and with consummate tact kept it going. He glowed with enthusiasm, he expanded his rather scant chest and gave forth with heated opinions. Life stories were exchanged and mutual interests discovered. I listened, enthralled, worshipping, my cold forgotten, when — his pipe went out.

It was like the cold grey dawn of the morning after the night before. His hair straightened and his height diminished. Conversation languished and I began to sneeze.

Some sceptics have attributed the sudden popularity of this young man to the drastic shortage of man-power; but I know better. The worst mistake I ever made was when I gave him that beautiful, dignified pipe that all men of distinction smoke.

ANN WALKER, '45.

G. A. A.

Howdy, folks!

As usual the G. A. A. is off to a flying start.

The recently elected officers are:

President—Mary Messenger

Vice President, Treasurer—Betty Grove

Secretary—Jean Foley

Executive Committee: Barbara Goepper, Claire Rogers, Peggy Dinan, Betty Joaquim.

The freshmen had a grand time at the circus party given in their honor in the gym on Friday evening, October 27th. Our hostesses, Miss McLaughlin, Miss George, and Miss Russell added charm to the gay, colorful evening. Red and white crepe paper decorations attached to poles extended across the gym like miniature bicycle ropes. The sawdust covered floor provided an appropriate touch to the circus atmosphere. Our own Miss Brown was smartly attired in an attractive animal trainer's costume, again suggesting circus life. A tiger, a clown with adorably big ears, a pirate, a Navajo Indian girl, and many other masqueraders made up the brilliant group of fun-makers. Our entertainers deserve all the credit that can be bestowed upon them. Talented Antoinette Richie sang and played on her guitar, *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* and several Western songs. Jean Walsh and Betty Joaquim are a superbly graceful dancing team. Betty Grove, who sings beautifully, gave us *I'll Walk Alone* and *That's Love*. Joyce Tesserman, a newcomer from Chicago, came forth with the cute little tune *How Many Hearts Have You Broken?* Dorothy Sullivan and Eleanor Lapore did justice to their respective numbers.

A cheer for our cheer leaders, Patricia Donovan, Lillian Stack, Joan Howard, Marguerite Chandler, Virginia Brathwaite, Anne McMinimen, Anne Higby, Mary Mahoney, Beverly Bruno, Loretta Sheehan, Loretta Lavoie, Anne Sherman, Betty Grove, and Barbara Goepper who are doing a meritorious job for C. H. L. S. Speaking of sports, Babs Goepper has missed only one football game. That's an admirable record.

The interest in the tennis tourneys has been a bit on the negative side and has not justified any match meets this fall.

The girl's basketball practice is well under way. The freshmen play on Tuesday of every week and the oldsters on Wednesday. As yet, there is no senior team. Because playing basketball is grand fun and recreation, we hope that the seniors will consider joining up.

That's all for now, pals. So until our next REVIEW date, it's full speed ahead to Victory.

LOUISE BIGELOW, '45.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THIS year the Dramatic Club is looking forward to one of its most successful seasons in recent years. You members who haven't yet joined in on the fun had better hurry, or you'll lose your ticket to some of the best times ever.

The prologue to our 1944-45 season was our formal, the first this year; I might add that those who attended will vouch that it is sure to stand out as one of the most successful of the season.

The overwhelming success of the recent Red Cross drive was made possible in a large way by many of our members who delivered "pep talks" in the various homerooms. We are proud of those of us who aided such a worthy cause in this and numerous other ways, and we are grateful to you who responded so wholeheartedly to their request.

Members of your executive committee and your officers are to have charge of various programs during the year. All of you will have a chance to try out for the various roles needed for the performances.

Our first monthly meeting was a huge success. Robert Guest and some of his friends from Emerson came out and did various skits for us. Carty Lynch played several selections on the piano, and the climax was a drama quiz. The winner received one dollar in war stamps.

A gala program has been planned for this coming year, and we hope each and everyone of you will take an active interest in the club which is so completely yours.

ANN CORCORAN,

Secretary.

OUTING CLUB

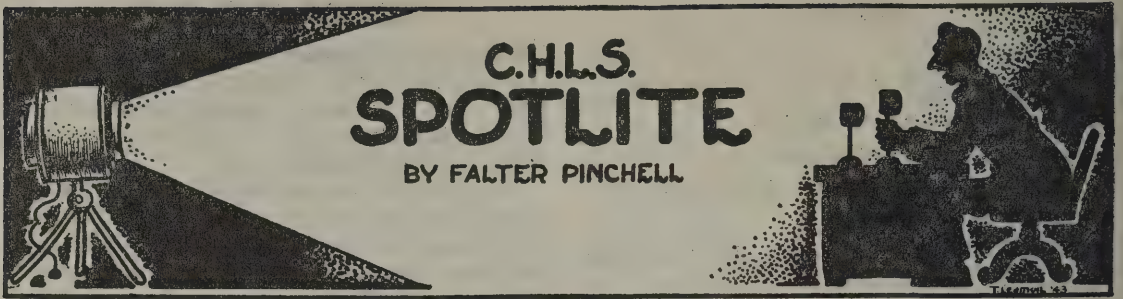
CONTRARY to the suppositions of many grossly misinformed souls, the Outing Club is made up of a group of students who simply want to have a good time and perhaps learn something, quite accidentally. The boys do not wear knickers nor do the girls wear middies; and, most surprising of all, very few know anything about nature except the most elementary of information.

We have already had walks to Mount Auburn and Fresh Pond this year. Plans for picnics and weenie roasts are underway, so why don't you don your ear-muffs and come with us? It's not too late to join! This means you, too, Freshman!

All students interested in wild-life, exercise, and the pursuit of happiness will find a warm welcome in the Outing Club. See Miss McCarthy, our faculty advisor in room 215 if you would like to join us on any of our trips.

VIRGINIA MCCORISON

NOREEN BUCKLEY



WE want to say that a great deal of credit for this column should go to Evelyn Donahue, Martin Martinian, Babe Kelly, Sylvia Hall, Phyllis O'Brien, John Linehan and Peggy Puddister, who have collected some of the bits of gossip below. With such a crew we really ought to go places this year. . . . We extend our deepest sympathy to Jimmy Haley for the loss of several front teeth. Rumour has it that there are four missing, but how he lost them is still a deep mystery. . . . Tom Sgouros is known as "The Poor Man's Frank Sinatra". . . . Seen boogin' on the downbeat at the "Y" Friday nights are Pat Foley, Dona Paris, Tommy Laffin, Katy Sullivan, Jo Lyons, and George Saideh. How long can the "Y" go on this way? . . . Enthusiastic rooters at the football games were Joan Haley, Eileen Dinan, and Barbara Casey. . . . Cherry Nicotera is very busy these days writing to servicemen. . . . Diana Kanavos has the Kinetic-Molecular theory well in hand. . . . The name that is on everyone's tongue is Daniel Nyman. I wonder why? . . . Buck Jones has nothing on Harold Minkewitz's speedy entrance at 8:29. . . . Postponement of the Dedham game from a rainy Saturday to a bright Monday saved Deirdre O'Brien, Frieda Alexander, Kay Curtis, Mary Kenealy and Irene Petrowitz from getting their feet wet. . . . They're still talking about the smooth way in which Fred Sateriale and his orchestra took charge of the dancers at the Dramatic Club Formal. . . . Steve Minkiel does not believe in over-exerting himself. . . . Question of the hour: Who is June Gurner's latest boy friend? . . . We hear that Jane Conquest is hard at work these days. . . . Seen walking to Harvard Square were Stephen Biddle, Charles Bekos and a whole bevy of girls. . . . Short Shots: Joe Defeo's grin lighting up the darkened interior of the University Theatre. Joe Roche making for the lunchroom at tortoise speed. Jackie Donahue looking forward to report card today. Dick Bond absently nibbling at his French book. . . . (Must be nerves). . . . Eddie Leary spent his summer pitching in pro baseball. . . . Joan Howard is the only junior who has the distinction of being a professional model. . . . If you ever want to see Shirley Kramer, go down to the train ter-

minal. . . . Burton Gross has recently acquired a very stubborn disposition. . . . Bob Horan covers football for the Boston *Herald* and Sonny Curcio does the same for the other Boston papers and the Cambridge *Chronicle*. . . . The energetic cheerleaders at the first Football Rally were Joan Howard, Barbara Goepper, Anna Higbee, Laurette Lavoi, Lillian Stack, Loretta Sheehan, Peggy Chandler, Eleanor Lepore, Ginger Braithwaite, and Pat Donovan. . . . Irene Barr has her own technique with lipstick. . . . Howard Smolar insists upon parliamentary procedure down at the chess club. . . . Karen Eneleusky doesn't know whether she likes publicity or not. . . . Jimmy Downey manages his home room, 317, pleasantly, but with a firm hand. . . . Sarah Bernhardt has nothing on Connie Perin. . . . Tom Kelly was going to transfer to another school, but found he liked C. H. L. S. so much that he couldn't bear to leave. . . . Glimpsed at a recent skating party: Phyll Harrington and brother Dick, Honey Boudreau, Lois Hanlon, Claude Doucet, Jean Quinn, Hugh Graham, Dave Sheehan, Tom Harney and Dave Costa. There must have been quite a time. . . . Barbara Gorman, Marie Theriault and Mary Keene are as inseparable as the Andrews Sisters. . . . What is this about Mary Messinger's partner, rushing off to the Induction Center, the day after the Dramatic Club Formal? . . . Handsome young men attract attention these days. Ask Georgie Costa who knows. . . . Carleton Clench demonstrates how to hitchhike stylishly: you cock the thumb and at the same time raise the little finger daintily. . . . Donald Craig has changed his whole personality (or so he tells us). . . . Herbert Schlein warbling at his locker like a lark at morn is a ghastly thing to encounter at 8:15 a.m. . . . Congratulations to Barbara Casey for winning first place on Filene's Hi-School Board. . . . John Loufbourow collects classical records, but Joe (Sinatra) Sheehan is definitely for jive. . . . How many girls have not stopped and admired Claire Murray's pageboy? . . . Only two girls take Gamma math. . . . Elisabeth Zacharchuk and Leslie Melville. . . . Barbara Day is always losing her notebook. . . . You can usually find an orchestra and Joe Murphy at a Formal. . . .

Mary McMenimen, Rosemary Ryan, and Eileen Dewire are such a quiet trio! . . . Dot Donovan, Nancy McMenimen, and Barbara Stack make excellent cheerleaders . . . Joe Wenchus can have the smooth manner of a headwaiter at the Ritz if he wants to . . . Milly Zimmerman is mad about El Español . . . Eddie Guiney would be called a "bon vivant" if anyone knew how to pronounce it . . . Ann Sherman cuts a mean rug . . . Herbert Lewis and Arthur MacKenzie consult each other daily on mutual weighty problems . . . What is the mysterious meaning of the initials "W. B.'s"? Why not ask the blonde in room 210? How about it Polly? . . . If all the boys headed by Raymond Mercer who dash to the lunchroom every day should join the track team C. H. L. S. would surely win the Class A Championship . . . You can almost hear Jimmy Hurley coming in those bright plaid trousers of his . . . John Skahan goes in for loud, cheerful neckties . . . Lensey Chao gets a great deal of pleasure from his Latin class . . . Paul Foley likes to stroll around before school greeting friends merrily. He must eat the breakfast of champions . . . Maunsel Babin is the First National Bank of his home room, 317, always good for a loan if you maintain a good credit rating . . . Why is it when the boys are sent to the bookroom, the short ones always come back with stacks of 20 and the tall ones always come back with two or three? . . . Paul Sprogis and Charles Black are always busy fifth period concocting a secret weapon with the leftovers of chemistry experiments . . . Betty Monahan is making quite an impression as Junior Red Cross Representative . . . It was so cold at the Weymouth game that Anna Higbee's teeth were still chattering at 7 p. m. . . . Seen at the Rindge game: Tom Sgouros, sketch pad in hand, arguing with Louis Zacharakis . . . subject unknown. Mary Messenger, waving the G. A. A. banner in the middle of the Rindge cheering section. Noreen McSorley and Joan Howard wandering around (looking for seats, no doubt) . . . Christine Kokinakis, giving an occasional cheer for Rindge. Jimmy Hughes with his car loaded like the 8:15 Kendall bus. . . . Have you seen Bud Reading's silver wings? They mean that he's an Army Air Corps cadet and he is justifiably proud of them . . . Ann (hungry) Delaney breaks records to the lunchroom . . . Betty Magison chats with herself while opening her locker . . . Frank and John Good drive to every football game in their beach wagon, but they wouldn't take a Spotlite Spy along even in a false face . . . Betty Grove is an assistant to the head of a dancing school . . . Isabel Gudas, carrying a lighted wax taper about chemistry class, appears out of this world . . . Therèse Downey had the most exciting day of the year when her sister Rosalie, Army nurse, came home after two years in the Fiji Islands . . . Jaqueline Doyle was talking about the

Spotlite in the subway the other day, and here is proof that the Spotlite, like France, has an underground. And with that little gem, we give up till next time.

ANN E. WALKER.

JOAN MCPARTLIN.

THE REVIEW extends its most cordial good wishes to former C. H. L. S. pupils now in military service. In the December issue we plan to give extensive coverage to the news and notes that come to the school daily and tell of the part which Cambridge boys and girls are playing in the world's greatest struggle for the preservation of civilization.

Service men in increasing numbers are visiting the school on furlough days. Recent callers included:

Lieut. Commander William J. Cunningham, back from action aboard a "flat top" in the Pacific. Mr. Cunningham was Head of the Modern Languages Department before assuming the Principalship of the Russell School.

Pfc. Norman Kristal, U. S. M. C., after service in the Pacific now goes to V-12 at Dartmouth College.

Richard O'Donnell, C. M. 3/c, 40 C. B., Camp Parks, California., assisted at the burial of another C. H. L. S. boy killed on the Admiralty Islands.

Pfc. A. L. Burns, back from Guam with Pfc. Ray Louf, both Marine Corps boys — Ray with the Purple Heart. Ray was one of the first from the school to enlist before the Pearl Harbor attack.

Warren Melanson, S 2/c, Waldron Field, Corpus Christi, Texas, wounded by torpedo burst while on board a destroyer in the Pacific.

Sgt. Leon Ford, with Presidential citation, Purple Heart and oak leaf cluster. After participation in many bombing missions, he was shot down over Belgium before the invasion, escaped to the Third Army Group and was wounded a second time. He is now at Atlantic City for reassignment.

Capt. John Navarro, Engineer Corps, Washington, looking hale and hearty.

Ernie Schneider and William Harris both in from completion of boot training at Sampson, New York, and proceeding to newly assigned stations.

Dick Westaway from the Canadian Royal Air Force in time for the G. A. A. formal.

Richard Harrington in from the 1st Naval District, Washington, D. C.

Arthur Murphy — address c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, California.

P. F. C. Anthony V. DeLeo, of the class of '36, from Tinker Field, Oklahoma.

Stanley Harris A/S—en route to V-12 unit, Dartmouth College.

P. F. C. Edward F. Wadden, quite sunburnt from his stay at Camp Gordon, Colorado.

The following article is based upon information found in a history of the Cambridge High School by William F. Bradbury and Elbridge Smith.

CAMBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

IN 1838 the term "High School" first appears in the nomenclature of the Cambridge Public schools. The rapidly increasing population of East Cambridge and Cambridgeport led to the establishment of a Classical or High School for the whole town. A building to accommodate this school was erected at the corner of Winsor Street and Broadway and for five years this appears to have been the Cambridge High or Grammar school. The High School at Cambridgeport was not found convenient for the population. Classical instruction in 1843 was re-established in Old Cambridge in the Grammar School under the instruction of Daniel Mansfield. Classical instruction was also given in East Cambridge in the Otis School under the instruction of Justin H. Jacobs, the city clerk at that time, and was also continued in the High School at Cambridgeport. This division of Classical and High School instruction among the three wards was found to make the labors of the grammar masters too hard, and, after a four years' trial, a High School for the whole city again was organized in the High School house originally built for this purpose in 1838.

Coincident with the re-organization of the High School by the School Committee was the action of the City Council in making better provision for its accommodation by building a new school house. The School Committee asked for a High School building which would accommodate sixty scholars. The council thought the committee underestimated the wants of the city, and made what was considered liberal provision for a hundred and eighty scholars in the second story of a new building with two rooms on the first floor for the lower grades. The School Committee had set their standard of admission very high, and insisted that sixty desks were all that would be required; yet at the first examination for admission, in July 1848, they filled a hundred and seven of the hundred and eight desks and in the September following were obliged to ask for the larger of the two rooms on the first floor. The members of the council from Ward I (old Cambridge) had said with great coolness to the members from Ward 2 and 3, "Place your High School house where you please, we shall make no use of it." When the school assembled on the 4th of October, 1841, there was one pupil from Old Cambridge (the mayor's daughter), some from Ward 3 (perhaps ten or twelve) and the remainder from Ward 2.

Sectional difficulties were encountered at the outset. It was feared for a time that the High

School might be wrecked by sectional spirit among pupils.

The dedication of the new schoolhouse on Amory Street in June 1848 was an event of considerable social and educational importance.

In September, 1848, the teaching force of the school was greatly increased by the appointment as submaster, of Thomas Chase, who was president of Haverford College, and was one of the best American Scholars. The City Council yielded not without considerable reluctance an additional room for the accommodation of the school. The city had also voted what was then considered a generous sum (seven hundred dollars) for furnishing the school with apparatus. In 1850 the City Council gave some books, which were valued at more than eight hundred dollars, to the library of the High School.

Prof. Cornelius C. Felton, who was a member of the school committee around 1850 introduced the formal study of English authors. It is believed that this was the beginning in this country of that earnest study of English literature which is now so prominent a feature in all our high schools, and which has extended to schools of other grades.

In 1854 the Hopkins Fund, which by special permission of the Legislature had been diverted from the public school to the support of a private classical school, was brought back to the High School.

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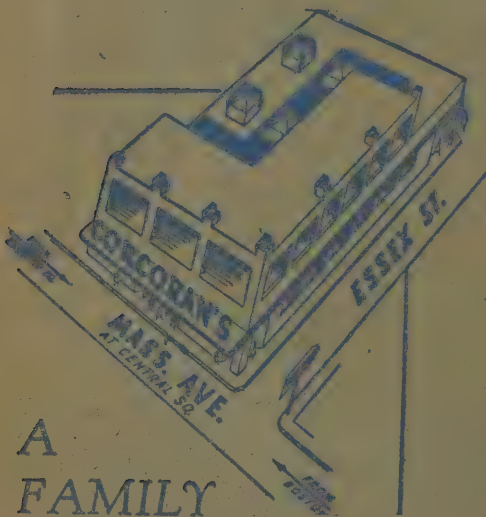
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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1944

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Editorial

War is international; it affects all countries and all the peoples of the world. But war is wrong and war is bad as is evidenced by the reading of any casualty list. Why should men die? Should they die for a principle, to make the world safe for democracy? Should they die to make a happy home for everyone? Should they die to extend the boundaries of a nation, to obtain *Lebensraum*? Should they die? No! No man should have his life taken from him and thrown into the melting pot of war, to be stirred and brewed so that the final elixir, the distillation of ten million deaths, might be sampled by people other than the ten million.

Peace is a requirement. It is needed badly. The next war, if there should be one, will be a bloody struggle waged by machines, bazookas, robombs, flying bombs and flamethrowers terrible to behold. But how to get peace? The peace that was obtained in Ethiopia in 1936 and in Munich in 1938 is not the peace we need. These attempts were conciliatory measures aiming to appease, by small mouthfuls, the ravaging beast of war. The peace at Versailles was worse since it

gave opportunities for another war to be started in the rankling and festering sores that its vindictive terms made. All the peace treaties that have been made in the world's history have been vindictive, grasping and tending to ruin the conquered country. We have seen a cycle of wars developing between France and Germany. In 1815, France was in the driver's seat; in 1870, Germany; in 1918, France; in 1940, Germany. The treaties between the wars were really armed truces, a postponement of hostilities until the other side was ready to fight again.

To counteract these evils is a difficult task, requiring calm and calculating minds. With this point in mind we submit our own idea of a peace plan. First of all there is to be a cessation of hostilities without a peace treaty for an indefinite period of time so that the scars of war may be healed by those who caused them, the Japs and Nazis. Toward this end, the entire inventive, economic, social and industrial resources of these countries should be turned. This rebuilding will not be done in the fashion of slave labor, but shall be forced in such a way that the people of these countries will realize that they are paying for the price of the war by working to rebuild

all that was destroyed, that they are paying back in kind the suffering they have visited on the peoples of the earth.

During this period of truce which shall be enforced by soldiers inside Germany, as few as possible and naturally decreasing with the years as these countries reach civilization again, the people, especially the children, shall be educated to show them the futility of war and to drive home the text "He that liveth by the sword, shall die by the sword." Towards this end the Japanese and Nazi war criminals shall be tried publicly and their crimes shown throughout the land so that the people may see their leaders for what they really are; evil, grasping, cruel men, not even men, but beasts!

While this is going on, the United Nations shall form a permanent council for discussing international problems. Such a council will not be limited to a Big Three or Five as that naturally would lead to bickering, strife, and politics, but will consist of a representative from each of the sixty-two countries. This council will have teeth to put a bite into its decisions. These teeth will be furnished by each of the several countries.

At the end of the period which Germany and Japan shall have used to educate themselves and set a form of government suitable to the people as recognized in a fair national plebiscite and to repay the damage they have done, a peace treaty should be signed signifying an end of hostilities. This treaty would limit only German oil and nitrate production as these are the two essentials of war. They shall be admitted as full and equal members of the council and have a full voice in all matters the council discusses.

That is the plan. It is nebulous, but it is practical. It sets up a permanent body to discuss and enforce matters of importance to the entire world. It is the first faltering footsteps toward a goal which is still in the dim distance, a federation of the world. It has no vindictiveness. It acts fairly to all parties concerned. It is a fair and lasting peace.

But this is Christmas time, a season of joy and gladness. Let us be happy and gay. Remember, though, the alarum bell of war also tolls for you.

IT CAME UPON A MID-NIGHT CLEAR

A COLD, biting wind blew fiercely on the bleak shores of Normandy as a shivering sentry strode up and down in ankle-deep mud; this was Christmas Eve in France. Warm lights from numerous Quonset huts reflected upon the cold quagmire without. Rough, coarse, loud voices sang the strains of a Christmas Carol inside.

This was an army at Christmas time. The men

missed the hometown traditions of Christmas, the hustle and bustle of last minute shoppers, the tolling of distant church bells, the tall, sparkling Christmas trees bedecked with gay, shining ornaments, "Mom's" huge, brown turkey with all the fixings, and round, steaming plum pudding.

Inside the shelters the men enjoyed themselves as best they could. Christmas packages sent early by well-wishers were opened, and the food contained therein, half devoured. A ruddy young man in the center of the group stood with an accordian, and as he began the strains of "It Came Upon A Mid-night Clear," the men burst out into loud singing.

This was not a real Christmas to the men away from home. For the most part all it held for them was future hopes, hopes of seeing Main Street again someday bedecked in Christmas greens, of playing with their unseen sons and daughters on Christmas morning, of walking through the snow again without fear of the lurking enemy. It was, however, thoughts such as these that retained the spirit of Christmas in the soldiers' hearts. And the wind continued to howl sharply and the sentry still strode up and down in the murky darkness.

JOSEPH WENCKUS, '45.

CHRISTMAS

OF all the holidays celebrated in our country, I think Christmas Day is the most joyful. The Yuletide season brings a spirit of love and a desire to spread happiness. Its name is a constant reminder of the original purpose of the feast, to commemorate the birth of Christ.

The Christmas decorations alone incite a jovial feeling. The spicy odor of the evergreens, the vivid red and green hues of the poinsettias, and the multicolored lights all unite to give cheer.

The carols sung at this time depict the scenes of Christ's birth and diffuse the spirit of love and hope. Just as the angels' songs brought to the weary universe the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth, so today over nineteen hundred years later our liturgical hymns revive the faith and courage of a calamitous world.

Since Christmas is intended to be one of the happiest days of the year, it seems during war to be merely a ghost of the true holiday. It is increasingly difficult to reflect the good cheer befitting the season. People try in vain to enclose some of the intangible spirit of Christmas in the packages which they mail to relatives and friends serving in the armed forces of our country. Our consolation lies in the hope of happier Christmas Days to come and joyful remembrances of feasts in the past.

DOROTHY BUTLER, '45.

A PLUM PUDDING PUZZLE

MR. PUNKERTON was puzzled. As he stood back to a cheery, wood fire, he ran his hand over where his hair had once been and succeeded only in imparting an additional lustre to his smooth, pink scalp. He frowned, causing his bushy, grey eyebrows to obscure his large, brown eyes; he tugged at his bulbous nose; he even wiggled his chins. But these facial gymnastics were of no avail. He was, as the saying goes, stumped.

While the detective, for he is an amateur detective, searches for an answer to his problem, let us acquaint ourselves with the facts of the case. On Christmas afternoon, Mr. Punkerton, as was his custom, dropped in on his family to offer the seasonal greeting. Imagine his surprise, and no doubt, dismay on seeing the entire family, mother, father and two brothers, strewn about the oak-panelled library. They were apparently in pain. His father, whom we shall call Father, was manfully trying to read the morning paper. He was not succeeding chiefly because every few seconds he dropped the paper and clutched with both hands at his prominent stomach.

"Ah, ha," thought Mr. Punkerton, "stomach ache."

Mrs. Punkerton made no effort to conceal her pain. She lay moaning in one corner of the dark leather couch. From under the fur wrap with which she was covered, wriggled the cord of an electric heating pad.

"Ah, ha," thought Mr. Punkerton, "stomach ache."

Brother Adolphus was seated in the most comfortable chair in the room. He was, characteristically, doing nothing; just sitting. Let us say now, while we are on the subject of Adolphus, he was not particularly liked by the rest of the family. In the first place, at the age of fifty, he had all his hair; most good Punkertons were bald before their thirtieth birthday, and, too, he had a marked dislike for work of any sort; a trait frowned upon by this industrious family. Peering into the haggard visage of this undesirable, Mr. Punkerton hazarded a mental guess.

"Stomach ache."

Brother Clarence, age twenty-one, was most obviously in pain. Both hands clasped over his stomach, he lay in the center of the wine colored library rug. His legs moved spasmodically, and his eyes were squeezed tightly shut. Once more the sleuth made a startling deduction.

"More stomach ache," thought he, varying his mental phrase.

In a choked voice, Clarence explained what had happened. The family had just finished dinner; the turkey was delicious; when Father had com-

plained of a slight pain in his solar plexus (here Clarence almost smiled, for he was rather proud of the medical term; he wanted to be a doctor). Then, really quite suddenly, the entire family had noticed similar pains in the . . . Had Mr. Punkerton not frowned at this point, Clarence would have given his medical term another try. Soon the pains became more severe. The family, resigning themselves to a horrible afternoon, had crept to their refuge in the library.

It was then that Mr. Punkerton had entered. He had tried vainly to question the other sufferers for he wished to corroborate Clarence's tale, but Mr. Punkerton was answered only by low moans, and the stony stare of brother Adolphus. It was at this point that we looked in upon the cheery family circle. Let us return to Mr. Punkerton, back to the fireplace.

In our absence, a smile has illuminated the face of our hero. Perhaps he has found a solution to the knotty problem. From the vest pocket of his brown, herringbone suit, he took four small sheets of blue, no, light blue, paper, and from a coat pocket, a little steel ruler. On each sheet of paper, he drew a rectangle exactly three quarters of an inch long and one fourth of an inch wide. Mr. Punkerton passed a sheet thus inscribed to each member of the family; at the same time, he gave instructions in a terse, businesslike tone.

"Each of you is to write your full name inside the rectangle; yes, inside the rectangle." He said the phrase twice, not only for emphasis, but also because he liked the sound of the words.

The family looked at him quizzically but complied, for they were awed by the workings of the marvelous brain. Stern-faced, Mr. Punkerton collected the signed papers and left the room.

Returning several minutes later, the great detective wiped a triumphant smile from his round, pink face. A wave of uneasiness rippled through the group; they knew the relentless Mr. Punkerton had solved the puzzle. The relentless one strode to the center of the library and peered into each frightened face. Suddenly he turned and spoke in measured, majestic tones.

"You did it—Clarence!" he said, whirling upon the unfortunate.

Clarence paled and sat upright on the rug. He looked pleadingly at father, at mother and even at Adolphus. Six eyes looked accusingly back at him. He rose to his knees and ventured a glance at Mr. Punkerton. On seeing those terrible burning orbs, Clarence nodded meekly and burying his face in his hands, wept bitterly. This confession, breaking the tension of this highly dramatic scene, loosed the family tongues.

"How did you know?"

"Oh, isn't he wonderful?"

"Did what?" This from Adolphus.

The great one struggled valiantly to prevent the reappearance of the triumphant smile. Clearing his throat, he prepared for the revelation.

Naturally wishing to emphasize the steps in his magnificent deduction, Mr. Punkerton spoke slowly.

"I shall set forth the facts of the case. Clarence told me that Father noticed the pain immediately after the conclusion of dinner. From this I deduced that whatever caused your extreme discomfort, I may even say pain, was contained in the last course: the plum pudding."

He paused and a chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs" rose from the company; Clarence shuddered.

Adolphus muttered, "... slow acting poison ..."

Luckily Mr. Punkerton did not hear his brother's doubting comment.

"Therefore," Mr. Punkerton continued, "I knew the culprit did not take any dessert, for he would know that the pudding was contaminated. There is brandy in, or more exactly, on plum pudding. With the aid of papers treated with my formula X5832, which when moistened reacts to alcohol, I determined who did not have brandy on his breath, and therefore did not partake of the dessert."

Adolphus tried to object, saying something about cocktails before dinner. The great detective brushed him verbally aside and hurried on with the narrative.

"I drew the tiny rectangles on the paper so that in writing your names within the oblong, you would have to squint and bend closely over the paper, thereby breathing heavily on the chemically treated portion.

"The motive for this heinous crime, the poisoning of the dessert, became clear to me, when I retired to the kitchen to moisten the papers. On the kitchen table was a second plum pudding; the cook had made two desserts in case an emergency arose. Clarence alone knew of the second pudding. He added a minute amount of some poison to one pudding in order that he might have the second pudding all to himself. Mr. Punkerton paused; then in righteous tones he concluded, "As a fitting punishment, I am going to eat the second plum pudding."

With these awful words, Mr. Punkerton strode from the scene of his triumph. Clarence moaned desolately.

"Wouldn't it have been simpler to ask who didn't eat dessert?" Adolphus shouted at the disappearing back.

Mr. Punkerton did not answer.

JAMES SILBERMAN, '45.

THE WORLD AT CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS is a holiday of "Peace on earth to men of good will." When we think of Christmas, we picture a warm, secure cottage, gaily decorated inside in red and green, while outside, the snow drops peacefully to the somber earth, covering it with a glistening white blanket. But today, Christmas cannot be celebrated with all the joyousness formerly possible; in a world at war, when nations are faced with either victory or defeat, much of our own happiness must be sacrificed for the furthering of our ideals of freedom and justice. Similarly, in Germany, where many of the most beautiful carols and other religious works had their origin, the people are engaged in a life and death struggle, and have scarcely a moment to spend for the following of their own wishes.

However, in some countries of the world, this will be a Christmas the equal of which has scarcely ever been seen. In France, in Greece, in Belgium, Yugoslavia, parts of Italy and Holland, and even in those countries still under the yoke of oppression, Christmas will be enjoyed as never before. There may not be spectacular celebrations, but the happiness in the minds of these rejuvenated peoples is a hundred times more brilliant than any feast.

In our country, where war has affected us little in comparison to the devastation wrought in other parts of the world, Christmas will be a sadder, less demonstrative holiday, for many "might have been" (to use Barrie's expression) celebrators will laugh no more.

Thus, in view of the events of today, with their promise of the war's approaching end, Christmas remains, as always, a symbol of peace in the past and peace to come.

WILLIAM KLOPSTOCK, '45.

Like a blind grasping
onward . . . the urge of life,
pulsing painfully.
Rinsing the mind in acid,
the aching urge
for change.
Deadening the mind
the Old; rotting the fine tissues of thought.
Always,
the passion for new,
corroding
at the heart of man.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

PEACE ON EARTH

IT is Christmastide, the yule season, with its blazing fires, warm hearths, and bright-faced children poring eagerly over their presents from Santa Claus. That is the way things should be, but a glance at any paper, a moment's attention to any radio, or a look at any street scene shows that Christmas is not the same this year. Men are dying. That is the big difference. Men are dying on far off battlefields, staining the snow red with their heart's blood to gain a few yards of shell pocked earth for a minor objective. This would take the joy from any white Christmas.

The reader may say "All well and good, but that fighting does not concern me; it is thousands of miles away." But the knell of war does not toll only in far off countries; it rings sharp and clear throughout the land. It was John Donne who said in 1560, whenever a man dies or his freedom is curtailed, the effect is felt by every man. Therefore, we should not send to find for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for us, you and all humanity.

JOSEPH WENCKUS. '45.

JUDY THE MATURE

A dialogue in two scenes

Scene I

(The scene takes place on the day before Christmas, in the living room of the Scotts. Mr. Scott has just entered, his nose and ears reddened by the biting cold outside. Mrs. Scott rushes over to him.)

MRS. SCOTT (whispering): Well, did you get it?

MR. SCOTT (in an equally soft voice): After searching practically every store in town, I found one.

MRS. SCOTT: I'm so glad; Judy loves it so to have her "Uncle" come and visit her every year. (Pause; then): Oh! and, by the way . . . (she goes over to him and whispers something in his ear.)

MR. SCOTT (forgetting to whisper): No! absolutely not! I refuse to do it!

MRS. SCOTT (persuasively): Oh, but you'll have to, darling. Judy would be so disappointed if you didn't.

MR. SCOTT (decisively): I don't care! I will *not* climb down the chimney! (At this point, the two are interrupted by their daughter, an intelligent child of ten, who has been attracted by the commotion.)

MRS. SCOTT (quickly changing the subject): You *do* think the gas bill will be less this month, don't you, dear?

MR. SCOTT (dense): What? . . . Oh, yes, yes of course.

MRS. SCOTT: Well, Judy, aren't you anxious to meet your "Uncle Santa" tonight?

JUDY: Oh, yes. I hope he brings me the presents I asked for. You know, the big doll, and the baby carriage, and the roller skates (emphasizing these words).

MRS. SCOTT (aside to Mr. Scott): Make a note of that.

JUDY: What did you say, mommie?

MRS. SCOTT: Oh nothing, nothing at all. (Door bell rings.) There goes the back door bell. It must be the butcher. (Exit.)

MRS. SCOTT (from off stage): Oh! Jim (very sweetly), I need some money, dear.

MR. SCOTT (resigned to his fate): All right, I'm coming. (Exit.)

(Judy is left alone; she sighs and seats herself in an armchair, with a bored look.)

JUDY (in an ostentatiously Harvard accent): Oh, if they would *only* desist from their ceaseless attempts to keep me three years old. I suppose I shall have to endure their childishness 'till I have reached my seniority. (She yawns, and falls asleep on the chair.)

Curtain (end of Scene I)

Scene II

(The living room on Christmas eve; as usual Mrs. Scott has had her way, and Mr. Scott, well-padded with pillows, is just going out the front door.)

MRS. SCOTT: Be careful, dear.

(The door slams and Mrs. Scott goes up to Judy's room, wakes her, and brings her into the living room.)

MRS. SCOTT: It's about time for Santa to come now, Judy, so I called you. Aren't you anxious to meet him?

JUDY (with a yawn): Oh, yes, mommy, positively.

(At this point, scraping noises are heard from the chimney above the fireplace. The two approach the source of these noises. Suddenly, weird cries are heard.)

MR. SCOTT: Help! I'm stuck! Get me out!

MRS. SCOTT: Is that you, Santa? Oh Judy, he's here!

JUDY (with half-closed eyes): Yes, *isn't* it exciting?

(Mr. Scott finally frees himself, and comes down the chimney. As he straightens himself, he bumps his head on the mantel, and falls on one of his pillows. When he has completely regained his composure, we notice that his costume is sooty and dishevelled.)

JUDY: Your beard is on crooked, Santa.

MR. SCOTT: Oh! . . . Oh, yes (colors and straightens it).

MRS. SCOTT (covering up for her husband): Now say hello to Santa, Judy.

JUDY: Hello, Santa. I hope you've brought me everything I wanted.

MR. SCOTT (with a paternal air): Now just a moment, Judy. First we have to know if you've been a good girl this year.

JUDY (slipping): You should know, daddy . . . Oh! I mean . . . that is, ah . . . of course I've been a good girl, Santa.

MRS. SCOTT (sadly): Oh Judy, you know . . . who told you?

JUDY (slowly, with a solemn air): Well, mom . . . and dad, I think it's about time you learned the truth. There's a war being fought now, and when we see sadness around us, we have to grow up quickly, so we soon outgrow the Santa Claus legend.

MR. SCOTT (joyfully): Well, I for one am glad that you know the truth.

Curtain (the end)

WILLIAM KLOPSTOCK, '45.

DRAGON-FLY

LIKE a slim, glittering dragon-fly, an aeroplane pierces the soft blueness of the sky. It is a wisp of silver thread catching brilliance from the light of the sun. Wings poised, slim-nosed, the fly hovers in the air, dancing happily in the warmth of the sky. It seems a simple, innocent creature, the slender plane, but in the fluid passage of this embodiment of grace, there is a silent partner. Hidden in its bowels, "withered murder, alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf, towards his design moves like a ghost."

Within the sleeping plane, swiftly slitting the innocent sky, lies quiet the blackness of unnatural death. Sharp, thin projectiles, grey-shimmering, sleep in the bosom of the dragon-fly. In the space of a drawn breath, the warm, brown earth beneath will erupt in shattered clouds, and the stink of blood will reek in the air. Spoors of vivid liquid red will slash the gentle greenness of the landscape. The scream of death will tear the stillness, and vibrant nature will be palled in "the dunnest smoke of hell"! The sharpness of pain, the dull ache of sorrow will fill to bursting the souls of those beneath, an aching throb to be dissipated only by the passage of a heavy load of grinding years.

And in the instant of this havoc, the dragon-fly, heartbreakingly beautiful in the glistening sun, will dart among the wispy, white clouds, and disappear into the blueness of the sky.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

A SCANDINAVIAN CHRISTMAS

IT was Christmas Eve! Outside it was a bleak, dismal, bitter cold night in France, as Eric looked thoughtfully, out of his tent, up at the starry sky. Watching the shadows of the tents, he thought of home; one of his buddies, reading his thoughts, said, "Tell me about your Christmas, Eric." The soldier smiled and proceeded to tell the customs.

"The biggest celebration used to be on the eve of that great day. It is strictly a family affair with the exception of very close friends. The gifts from and to the different members of the family are laid around the glistening tree. When we were young, my sisters and I used to try to sneak close to the tree to see the names on the biggest packages. Dad would always chase us away. There was a lutefisk supper to be consumed before the packages could be opened.

"Lutefisk used to be almost exclusively a Scandinavian dish, but is now a common delicacy all over the United States, during the holiday season. There were also such rare pastries as futimons, lepsa and flatbrod.

"Finally grace was said and we'd turn to the meal with the voracity of a pack of wild boars. We were still wondering what was in those big candy colored packages.

"When supper was finished, the big pine logs in the fireplace were lit and the story of the birth of Christ was read, from the Bible, usually by my oldest sister as there has been no mother of the house since I was five.

"The youngest ones that were able to read were given the privilege of reading the names and distributing the presents.

"Then the bedlam really started. We played with our new toys and ate candy and nuts till the wee hours of the morning. When we had finally had enough candy, enough nuts and enough of the wee hours, we would gather up our newly gained possessions and scramble into bed. Tomorrow would be Christmas.

"As years went by and we all grew older, little details of that greatest of all occasions were eliminated. When I was last home, Christmas was a mere skeleton of what it used to be. Today it is probably given very little thought by anyone in the family, although I'm sure that, if the days when the world was at peace would return, the feeling and spirit of Christmas would be the same."

Slowly he turned away, knowing deep down in his heart that the Scandinavian customs would never be stopped by the reckless destruction of war.

THERESA D'AVENI, '45.

CHRISTMAS IN WARTIME

It seems rather paradoxical that soon the majority of the nations of the world will, by word, pay homage to Christ, The Prince of Peace, while, by deed, they will be glorifying Mars, the god of war. The world is apparently slipping backward rather than going forward. It has reverted to the ancient practice of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," rather than to the Biblical injunction of turning the left cheek when you have been smitten on the right. Forty out of the sixty nations of the world are engaged in war at the present time, and, as the Feast of Christ nears, apparently men have forgotten the real meaning of Christmas, which is a celebration in honor of the birth of Christ.

The people at home this year will not find Christmas so merry. Many families will have brothers, sisters, sons, and daughters, in the service, some of whom have never before been away from home. Mothers will be saddened by the thoughts of their sons, once happy children waiting impatiently for old St. Nick, now waiting resignedly in jungles behind trees or bushes for the enemy. In homes where there are small children, parents will put on a brave front, and old Santa will visit all the good children, but beneath this bravado many hearts will be breaking. Parents will remember former Christmas Eves when their children went to bed with visions of sugar plums dancing in their heads. Today Christmas has become so un-Christian that the children no longer dream of elves and fairies, but of machine guns and WAC dolls.

Sad as will be Christmas in our own country, basically and internally it will be much sadder with those in the armed services who are on the far flung battle fields. Boys from the South, who have always known warm, green Christmases will think of them while they plod through the knee-deep snow of Alaska or the Aleutians. Boys from the North, who remember cold, white Christmases will, no doubt, recall them while sitting on the limb of a palm tree in New Guinea or Guam with the slashing rain beating upon their outwardly brave faces. Boys who have been carollers and messengers of cheer will be bearing the instruments of death and destruction to peoples in other lands. Wherever Christmas is spent by the American boys, in the hearts of all will be home and Christ.

Christ preached "Peace on earth to men of good will." Apparently what is wrong with the world is that there are few men of good will. With so much of the world at war, this fact is very clear. Not until men return to the primary principles of Christianity will there be any individual or col-

lective peace. If we all hope, and pray fervently, God may grant us the grace to see next Christmas the happiest one ever celebrated.

ROSEMARY RYAN, '45.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

TOM MARSHALL, a Vice-President of the United States, once rose above the obscurity of that office by remarking, "What the world needs is a good five cent cigar." The fact that the cigar now costs six cents is neither here nor there, but a good cigar is not the world's main requirement. The world needs peace, world-wide and everlasting peace. Another war would be the most destructive yet, with bazookas, rocket planes and robombs.

The only way to get a secure peace is to educate all nations. I don't mean the education of Euclid, Virgil and McGuffey. I mean the education of Wendell Willkie and Henry Wallace which teaches that all the world is one neighborhood. All attempts at World Courts, Leagues of Nations, and United Nations are destined to fail if a man in Iowa says, "the Russians" or if a man in England says, "Those Americans."

It is true that the literacy rate might be increased in a great many countries. It would help the cause of peace greatly, if everyone in the world would read books such as *One World* and *The Century of the Common Man*. Books such as these would internationalize the thinking of the man in the streets, the man in the office, and the man behind the plow. It would drive home to this important single man that the world is not a sphere broken into two-hundred and eighty-six different countries but that it is a solid unified whole with common problems, dreams and ambitions. In time this idea would naturally lead to the casting aside of nationalism, the idea that all those who live outside a certain boundary are foreigners. It would open the way to a world organization, although probably not within our time. This organization would not be a meeting of sovereign nations, but it would be a united group with federal power. It would be a United States of the world.

We see then that the world needs peace and the only way to get peace is to educate people to work for a federal international organization. This idea would be the outgrowth of a people who understand and sympathize with the ideas of all those in their neighborhood, the world.

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '45.



CHRISTMAS CORRECTS A MISTAKE

IT was December 26th and Mrs. VanCort was recovering from the physical exhaustion of the Christmas season. She lay in bed moaning and groaning over her pains and aches, but inwardly happy with life. Although Mrs. VanCort was blessed with wealth, health, social position in life and a wonderful son named Robert, she had never felt this inward satisfaction before. But to explain this change in Mrs. VanCort's feelings, we must relate parts of her past life.

Mrs. VanCort was a most systematic woman, who never had any troubles because of her extensive planning. No matter whether she gave an elegant banquet or an afternoon tea, she had all arrangements looked to days in advance, and she left nothing to chance. Her two interests in life were her social position and her son Robert. Mrs. VanCort's husband had died from an overdose of sleeping tablets, which he claimed calmed his nerves. He left his fortune to his wife and son, and these lived comfortably, never suffering any financial hardship.

Christmas, along with other occasions, had fallen prey to Mrs. VanCort's systematic planning. She bought her cards and gifts in July, and by August 31st had them addressed and neatly stacked in the closet awaiting December 1st when they would be mailed. Her gifts were always chosen with a thought toward her position in society, and they never lacked refinement or elegance.

Early in '44 Robert, poor boy, was caught in the draft. Mrs. VanCort, disturbed by his absence and worrying over his welfare, failed to accomplish things as systematically as in the past. When Robert came home for Christmas and reassured his mother that the Army agreed with him, she came forth from her trance, and realized that she had made no plans for Christmas. Monday morning, December 21st, found Mrs. VanCort being pushed to and fro in a subway crowd, for she had left the car at Robert's disposal and the cab service seemed to her revoltingly poor. She spent the day being pushed forward and sideward, a new sensation to her for she had always avoided crowds. Besides buying suitable gifts for her acquaintances, she spent some time observing the buyers around her.

That night she thought long about the words of a private, who had said, "I have only two dollars to spend, but I know my mother will understand this is sent with all my love." Mrs. VanCort had never sent a gift with a thought of love, but always with a thought of the necessity for doing it. She decided then and there to give a gift to her son with a feeling of affection. She hit upon photographs, and the next day obtained an extraordinary pocket size picture of herself to

give to her son. On Christmas Eve, when Robert opened the special gift he was a little surprised at its inexpensiveness, but regained his composure and remarked to his mother, "You have learned just as I have in the Army that true love and friendship are worth more than all the money in the world."

Although her son left the next night, Mrs. VanCort was happy, for she had found the loose link in her life; namely that true affection can be expressed without wealth and carefully planned actions, and that these smaller expressions of feeling are often more appreciated than the most lavish gift. Indeed Mrs. VanCort remarked to herself that the Christmas of '44 would be one she would never forget, for she had just begun to live as other people do.

JIMMY DOWNEY, '45.

A YANK'S CHRISTMAS

WITH ear-splitting shrieks, German bullets hummed through the air and etched a curious pattern around a prone figure of a wounded Paratrooper, as he awaited the final charge that would end in his capture and possibly his death. "Rusty" was the only survivor of a plane-load of American Paratroopers who had been dropped behind the Nazi lines on Christmas morning to relieve the pressure on the small Belgian town of Hydse; his buddies, however, had been killed by murderous fire from a hidden machine gun nest before their feet had even touched the ground. By some unknown miracle, he alone escaped death in the air.

As the scenes of his life flash through the mind of a man before being hit by a speeding automobile, so did the memories of his youth and early manhood pass through "Rusty's" head. Thoughts of home, of the many happy days at High School and College, of his numerous dates and evenings at the corner drugstore, and of his job on the Pine Bluff Courier came to him. He remembered his Mother talking about Dad, who was killed in France during the last war, fighting for the same ideals that "Rusty" was fighting for,—freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom of the press, and—

The low whine of a speeding bullet brought him back to his senses. Putting the last clip of ammunition in his battle scarred sub-machine gun, he steeled himself against the next charge.

"Rusty" was killed in that next attack by a Nazi shell. He died fighting for us, for the safety of America, for the safety of the world. Let us reverently thank God that there are enough "Rusties" in this world to keep us from the horror of war on this Christmas Day, 1944.

KIRK TAYLOR, '47.

POMP AND PICKLES OR THE CUCUMBER CAVALIER

THE ground is shrouded with a thick blanket of snow and the wild wind moans dismally about the black towers of a gaunt castle. A jaundiced moon rolls its eyes coily around a frowning cloud, but shivers and withdraws at the icy touch of the frost. Suddenly, the sound of galloping hoofs breaks the silence of the night and a handsome youth draws near, mounted on a snow-white charger. He breathes a gusty sigh of relief at the sight of the lowered drawbridge, but he knits his brows as he sees two bottles at the foot of it. "Zounds, the milkman has beat me again."

Swiftly he stables his trusty steed and cautiously makes his way along the outer court. Furtively he unlaces his buskins, and, in his stocking feet, proceeds down the long hall of the outer castle. Lord Worcestershire of "Hamme on the Rye", his reverend grandsire, glares down forbiddingly from his portrait. However, the youth makes his way over to the pictured countenance of that grand old man and gazes at his coat of arms, a unicorn rampant on a pickle pot, "Never fear, my lord. While yet I live thy mighty works shall never fall to ruin." After this eloquence Julius Tertius, second son of the second Lord Worcestershire of "Hamme on the Rye" scratches a match on the seat of his silver mounted britches and by aid of this feeble illumination is making his way to his chamber. But, alas! he feels a sudden desperate craving for a turkey sandwich, he goes to the kitchenette, adorned with stuffed stags, trophies of the first Lord of Worcestershire, and there is the second Lord of Worcestershire seated on a stool, gnawing a drumstick. "Hah!" the lord's bellow of rage makes the glass eyes of the stags roll in dismay. The lord, pleased with himself, tries again, "Hah!" Rather smugly, Lord Worcestershire clears his throat and glances sideways at Julius Tertius to see the result. Julius Tertius is disappointingly unmoved.

"Well, sirrah, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nought, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"I can not say, sir."

Lord Worcestershire meditatively chomps on the drumstick for a moment and then, bending a fiery look upon his son, "We shall see what your mother has to say about this."

Lady Gwendolyn, curled up in bed, is reading the latest ballads, and attempting to sing them. She has also, surreptitiously, taken a bowl of potato sticks, sprinkled with grated parmesan cheese, to bed with her and her mouth is filled with this

tender dainty, when her husband comes storming in. Lady Gwendolyn swallows hastily and gazes with gentle surprise at the pair. "Look at our boy, look at him, I say!" bellows Lord Worcestershire.

"Darling, you have a spot on your shirt-front. Do remember to put it in the laundry bag, before tomorrow," murmurs Lady Gwendolyn.

"Do you realize the enormity of this cabbage-headed imp's offense?"

"Oh dear," says Lady Gwendolyn, growing pale.

"Here he is, coming in at dawn, and has the temerity to announce that he has taken out my charger, when horseshoe nails have been rationed."

"Not my baby?" howls Lady Gwendolyn. Overcome with this terrible news, she buries her head under the pillow and bawls loudly.

"Father, forbear! I shall speak the truth as I cannot tell a lie," cries Julius Tertius.

"Shades of George Washington", mutters Lord Worcestershire.

"Father, you know that I do not like the society of girls. They frighten me."

"You aren't the man your father was," gulps Lady Gwendolyn.

Lord Worcestershire hears this and a pleased, fatuous grin spreads over his countenance, as he remembers past days.

"Nor do I like horses or bridge. I am a businessman."

At the mention of the word business, Lady Gwendolyn turns her head away and Lord Worcestershire winces.

"Some day, father, I shall own your mustard pickle factory and, therefore, I am on the night shift, learning the business from the bottom up."

"How far up from the bottom are you?" asks Lord Worcestershire.

"I have progressed to chopping up cucumbers which is considered quite exceptional at my age, even if I do say so, myself."

"My baby!" shrieks Lady Gwendolyn, falling into violent hysterics.

Lord Worcestershire absently empties a pitcher of water upon Lady Gwendolyn, and thinks deeply.

"Nothing could persuade you to leave cucumbers and take up crusading?"

"Nay, father. After even three hours upon a horse, it would be impossible for me to crusade with enthusiasm."

"Then, my boy, cut cucumbers with my blessing."

The first grey streaks of dawn break over the horizon. Far away a cock crows, and the morning breeze blows the snow into little piles. Lady Gwendolyn dreams of the new spring wimple which Julius has promised to buy her with his

first wages. Lord Worcestershire smirks unpleasantly in his sleep and we think that he is dreaming about his younger days. In his chamber, young Julius sleeps tranquilly, his hands moving in perfect rhythm, cutting bushels and bushels of pink cucumbers.

ANN E. WALKER, '45.

THE contest announced in these pages last month will be conducted during January, the results to be published in the February issue. Although the papers to be submitted are essays, they are not to be judged so much upon literary excellence as upon their originality of thought and careful, logical arrangement.

In an effort to smooth the path of pupils just entering C. H. L. S., we want to find out what details of our school life you think a new pupil should be told, in advance of his actually attending classes. What mistakes did you make, for example, when you were a freshman that you could have avoided—or what pitfalls did you nearly tumble into—or what embarrassment could you have been spared if you had known C. H. L. S. customs and rules? What extra curricula activities did you miss through ignorance? Did you know all about scholarships, honors and awards made at graduation? Arrange your ideas—include all the regulations governing our daily life in school as well as those provided for on special occasions like air-raid drills or assemblies—in orderly, logical fashion.

The rules governing the contest follow:

1. The title shall be "Facts Which a New Pupil Should Know about Our School, Its Background, Present Set-Up, and the Rules and Regulations Governing General Procedure."
2. The winner is to be awarded a War Bond.
3. The judges are to be a board selected by Miss Butler, head of the English Department.
4. Entry blanks bearing the number under which the pupil will submit his paper must be obtained from Miss Kelley in Room 329A.
5. The essay should not exceed one thousand words in length.
6. The essays must be written on one side of the paper only. They may be either typewritten or legibly handwritten.
7. The essays will not be returned to the contestants.
8. Papers may be submitted to any member of the REVIEW Staff or to Miss Kelley in 329A on or before January 19, at 2:00 P. M.

THE WORLD AT CHRISTMAS

THIS Christmas, my heart is burdened with grief, as are the hearts of thousands throughout the world. Loved ones have been taken from us so suddenly that the realization of death has not yet registered its blow. Often it may seem to us that the burden of sorrow and woe, cast upon our hearts, would load us to the breaking point were it not for Him, who shoulders our troubles and soothes our aching hearts. How many times are "man's material things" causing us to neglect God's heavenly blessings? Only now in these days of fear, loneliness, and darkness does the world look to God for help and strength, for too well it is understood that "man's material things" have brought about the loss of loved ones, and it is He alone to Whom one can turn and beseech for peace.

And what of the millions who find themselves on foreign soil this Christmas? What must their reactions be when Christmas finds them in a blood-stenched foxhole, or on the muddy banks of a captured beachhead, or lying helplessly strapped on a cot in an improvised hospital while straffing, ravaging, death laden "man made things" belch fire and flame above them? Surely they too must turn to God for strength and comfort. The hearts of the world will be opened this Christmas to the Christ Child, so that He may calm and comfort the troubled, strengthen and renew the oppressed, heal and encourage the wounded, and enfold in His bosom, the aching, sore tried hearts of those whose dearest ones will never more return home to see another Christmas with "peace on earth to men of good will."

MERLYN OWENS.



THIS SPACE IS FOR COACH ELCEWICZ! WITH ONLY A FEW LETTERMEN RETURNING, THE GREAT FORDHAM STAR MANAGED TO FIELD ONE OF THE BEST TEAMS IN RECENT YEARS AS FAR AS SCORING IS CONCERNED! COACH ELCEWICZ CAN NOW RETURN TO A NORMAL LIFE!

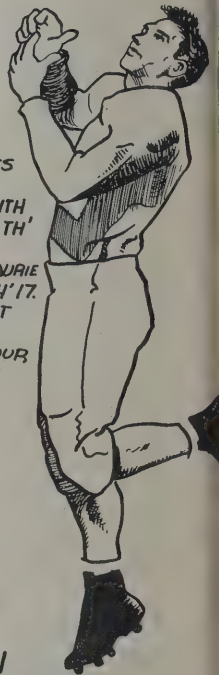


IN TH' 2ND QUARTER, RAY FOLEY CAUGHT A PASS AND THEN PROCEEDED TO BOUNCE TH' BALL FROM N.H. ENOUGH FOR A 1ST DOWN.

NASHUA-26 C.H.L.S.-6



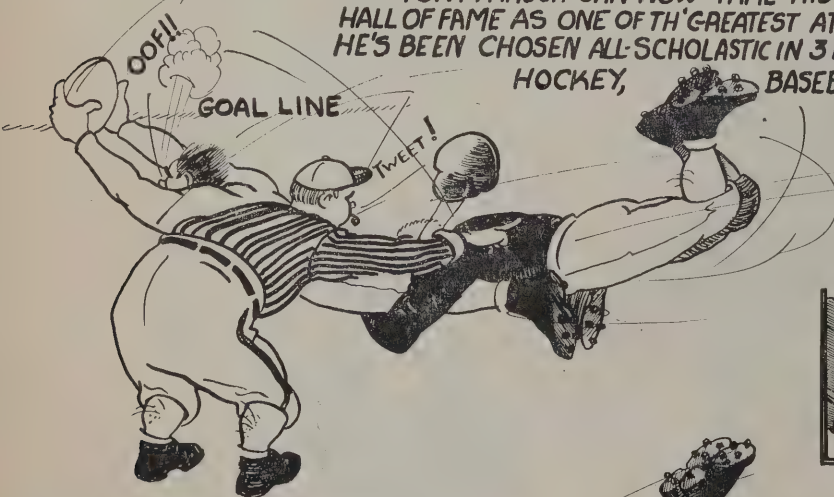
AFTER TWO PREVIOUS SCORES HAD BEEN FOILED (SEE BELOW), LATIN, WITH FRASCA PITCHIN', PUT TH' BALL ON TH' 32. ANOTHER PASS TO DAURIE FOR A 1ST DOWN ON TH' 17. THEN FRASCA WENT TH' REMAINING DISTANCE FOR OUR ONLY SCORE!



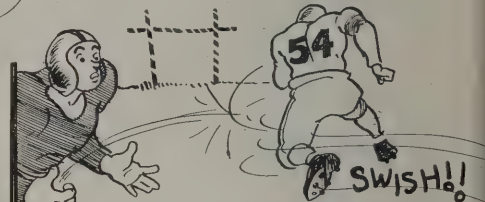
TONY FRASCA

TONY FRASCA CAN NOW TAKE HIS PLACE IN TH' LATIN HALL OF FAME AS ONE OF TH' GREATEST ATHLETES IN OUR HISTORY! HE'S BEEN CHOSEN ALL-SCHOLASTIC IN 3 MAJOR SPORTS, HOCKEY, BASEBALL, AND FOOTBALL!

WALLY LYONS, PLUNGING FULLBACK, SHOWED HIS VERSATILITY BY TAKING HIS PLACE IN TH' LINE! RAY FOLEY SWITCHED TO TH' BACKFIELD!



PASSING CONSISTENTLY TO FOLEY, BRATHWAITE, AND DAURIE, FRASCA FLIPPED A PASS TO PAT CARDILLO, WHO WAS FINALLY STOPPED ON TH' GOAL LINE! TH' REF CALLED THE PLAY BACK AND HANDED US A PENALTY FOR GOOD MEASURE! THE HALF ENDED SHORTLY THEREAFTER!



IN TH' THIRD QUARTER, FRASCA PICKED UP A FREE BALL AND RAN FOR A TD! TH' REF THEN DECIDED TO CALL TH' PLAY BACK! OUT OF THREE PERFECTLY GOOD SCORES, ONLY ONE WAS COUNTED!

JIMMY "MASSIVE MOOSE" LAHIS SET UP OUR ONLY SCORE BY RECOVERING A NASHUA FUMBLE DEEP IN THEIR TERRITORY!

"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"

JOHN P. MARQUAND'S book, "The Late George Apley", has been made into a play with the same title, and is now beginning its New York run. The work of converting the novel into a play has been shared with the author by George Kaufman, and the adaptation is a skillful piece of workmanship.

The three acts are all laid in the parlor of the Apley's Beacon St. home. The action centers around the figure of Mr. Apley, who represents the conservatism of old Boston, and the plot deals with the attempts of his children to break away from their background. The epilogue informs us that the daughter has married a Yale man, and is living in New York, but that the son has settled down, not without rather painful adjustment, into the time-worn rut of his ancestors.

The play does not follow its model exactly, since the latter deals with George Apley's life as a series of notes, collected after his death, by a friend, for the purpose of publishing a sort of "memoirs" (to be circulated, of course, only among the right people). By this method, we are taken, diary-fashion, into Mr. Apley's youth, and follow him through his marriage, his children's marriages and his death. In the play, it has been necessary to contract the span of time, somewhat. This has been done by telescoping George Apley's youth into that of his son, so that we have, at the same time, on the stage, a portrait of the youth and the age of one man. Margaret has been made somewhat more interesting on the stage than in the book, but the greatest character change has come in Mrs. Apley, who was, as I remember her in the book, a domineering, narrow, unsympathetic wife, whereas in the play, she has been molded into a rather dominated than dominating person, with both more enterprise and more understanding than her husband. Indeed, she is a charming woman, in this version, with whom you have an instant sympathy.

The acting was so uniformly good that it is difficult to single out any one person for special applause. Leo Carroll created a complete and rounded picture of George Apley, with not the slightest over-emphasis, and with the most scrupulous taste. His acting has the same mellow quality as Mr. Marquand's novels, and his work in the last scene is especially admirable. Janet Beecher and Joan Chandler made a very appealing mother and daughter, creating the illusion of an actual relationship by the resemblance of their personalities. Reynold Evans and Catherine Proctor were so quaintly natural as the elder Willings that it would be impossible to imagine anything finer, and the restrained pathos of the scene between Agnes Willing (Margaret Phillips)

and John Apley (David McKay) was touching without being the least bit sloppy. The only members of the cast with whom I was dissatisfied were Margaret Dale, who played Amelia Newcombe, and Howard St. John (Julian Dole). Miss Dale seemed to me to force her caricature somewhat, to shout a little too loudly, to try a bit too hard to be quaint. Mr. St. John's Julian Dole struck me as rather too smooth for the intended character. One of the most amusing scenes in which the feminine characters participated presented Mrs. Apley and the elderly aunts returning from a heavy thanksgiving dinner, belching delicately.

In general, I thought the play one of the finest I have seen. The humor was quiet and satisfying. The style was admirable, like that of the Marquand novels; smooth, unruffled, rather detached, yet warm; but with the warmth rather of a deep, slow-burning grate of coal, than the blazing flare of wood; an elusive quality, something like that of aged wine. I would quarrel only with the epilogue, which seemed to me to tie together all too neatly all the little strands of the plot, rather unnaturally collecting too much pertinent information in a short conversation. Considering how sincerely I liked the play, I was somewhat worried about its reception in New York. It might be too slow-moving for that glittery, exciting city, and besides, there's a question in my mind whether one doesn't need a bit of Boston background oneself, fully to appreciate this very sectionalized play.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL First Marking Period 1944-1945

Benson, Ruth	Miskovitch, Sophia
Berman, Robert	Nikas, Virginia
Colburn, Marie	O'Rourke, Louise
Corcoran, Ann	Pearlson, Paul
Darveris, Virginia	Rich, Elizabeth
Downey, James	Roseman, Leonard
Faria, Leona	Santamaria, Joseph
Gaipo, Dorothy	Schlein, Herbert
Hayes, Audrey	Shine, Marilyn
Heller, Sydney	Silva, Mario
Leary, Eileen	Supple, William
Levy, Lillian	Swinamer, Olga
Maxwell, Theresa	Taylor, Winifred
McMenimen, Mary	Thompson, Gloria
McParland, Gertrude	Walker, Ann
McPartlin, Joan	Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
Melville, Leslie	





HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

To former pupils of the High and Latin School now in military service:

In the splendid example of your service and sacrifice, future generations of High and Latin School pupils will find ennobling inspiration. We of the student body and faculty want you to know that we are thinking of you and are deeply appreciative of the part which you are now playing in protecting us here at home.

If at any time and in any way the school can be of service to you, we are here to serve. We realize that what little time there is for writing belongs very properly to the folks at home, but we should like to include a word about you in the school news, if opportunity presents itself to you to send it along.

May God bless you and keep you safe. May He grant, too, that the day of reunion be not far distant.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "J. F. Downey".

Headmaster

(Facsimile of the letter sent to former pupils now in service)

C. H. L. S. in Service

THE cover cut of the present issue of THE REVIEW is a representation of the memorial to the boys of the High and Latin School who died in service during World War I. As a member of the committee which selected the memorial, I was curious to know the process of thinking which prompted Mr. Cyrus Dallin, the sculptor, to give expression to his ideas in the form we know. Mr. Dallin's reply to my query was in substance that war could be justified only as crusade against the forces of evil. And so his statue took the form of a Crusader of old.

The Crusaders mentioned below and elsewhere in THE REVIEW are of course but a fraction of the number of boys and girls from this school who have answered Duty's call. In the months that have passed since those dark and early days when we were shocked at the news of the death of Lieutenant Charles Conlan, the first of our faculty members to enlist, of the passing of Bill Morrill and Bobby Paine, the list of known dead has grown to 38. It would be futile to attempt to express in fitting fashion our debt and gratitude to those who have accepted service in our country's cause. The full measure of our tribute must ever remain in "the silent homage of thoughts unspoken".

T. F. DOWNEY.

Members of the faculty now in service include:

Major Dalton C. O'Brien
594th E B S R, APO 40
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California

Capt. David E. Hockman, A.C.
Hdqt. 68th A A C S Group
APO 565, c/o San Francisco Postmaster

Pfc. David D. Ronan
26 Hq & Hq Det Sp Tr
Fourth Army, Ft. Riley, Kansas

Lieut. Charles Bridey
Naval Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot:

McAlester, Oklahoma
home add.:
330 East Adams
McAlester, Oklahoma

Lieut. John A. Kelly
Iowa Pre-Flight School
Iowa City, Iowa

Lieut. Albert J. Leonard
Civilian Personnel Officer
Freeman Field, Seymour, Indiana

Lieut. George J. Lovett, USNR
Naval Air Station
Wildwood, New Jersey

Ensign Florence M. Hunter
Hotel 210 N.R.M.S.
Northampton, Mass. (changed after Dec. 26)

Lieut. Ann L. Canney
16 Haskell Street
Cambridge

Pvt. Mary K. Doherty
118524 Med. Det.
Quarters 1—Fitzsimmons Gen Hosp.
Denver 8, Colorado

Mr. Gerald Barry of the Navy, Mr. Walter Conlan of the Army Air Corps, and Mr. John O'Brien of the Marines have returned to their teaching duties after active service in the branches mentioned.

Major O'Brien, who gave us devoted and efficient service as our school doctor, writes from New Guinea:

"Thanks for the letter and the enclosure about Ed Waitkus. The writer had a good subject in Ed, who knows other things than baseball and is using them at this very time. He's throwing more than curves now. We talk a good deal about the school and the teachers and Ed laughs when he speaks of how you used to keep after him as a freshman. I'd like to be at Russell Field to see the boys in their work-outs but this must wait. Nobody here expects a short war in the Pacific."

Captain Hockman:

"I'm presently stationed at Amberly Field which is about thirty miles from Brisbane. But I am going to New Guinea, where things are moving all the time and the tempo of war is in the air. We now have five squadrons in our group and the job grows bigger each week."

Most important of the preparations made prior to the actual declaration of war was the organization of medical units staffed by representatives of the larger hospitals and medical colleges throughout the country. Colonel Thomas H. Lanman, Commanding Officer of the 10th Station Hospital, a member of the class of 1908, was among the first of graduates to go overseas. He writes: "It was very kind of you to send me the greeting from the Cambridge High and Latin School. I spent many pleasant moments looking at the picture. Altho' the buildings have changed since 1908, it is pleasant to look at a street corner that is only a few minutes walk from my father's old home and a corner with which I was very familiar when I was at school, and later when I used to walk by there on my way to go to Harvard Medical School."

From Colonel Lanman, who is perhaps the oldest of our graduates to write, to Pfc. Ray Louf, the youngest of our boys to enlist, is quite a jump. Colonel Lanman's base was overseas in the Atlantic area while Ray's service was in the South Pacific. Ray left us in his sophomore year, enlisted at 16 before war was declared and turned up in a snappy Marine uniform to bid us good-bye. Ray saw plenty of action as a member of Co. A, 1st Bn., 5th Marines, as may be judged by a few notes from one of his many letters:—"Just a few lines to let you know I am still O.K. I am now in action again, but I can't say where. I killed my first (censored) the other day—the bullet went through his neck. I've met quite a few boys from school and they all seem to be in pretty good shape. Boy, I sure would like to be near Fresh Pond right now instead of this place—it's two years since I saw you last."

Corporal William Francis McTernan, '39, the first Cambridge Marine to receive the Purple Heart, was killed in action September 16. He had been overseas 29 months and had participated in the invasions of Finschafen, New Guinea, Cape Gloucester and New Britain before reaching Peleliu Island where only 17 men of a 290-man outfit survived. Cpl. Roy Harding Davis, C. H. L. S. '36, was with McTernan for awhile while the latter was recuperating in Melbourne, Australia. Both had seen action in the landing on Guadalcanal in August 1942, with the first Marine Division. "Whitey", as Cpl. McTernan was familiarly called, received a bullet wound in the shoulder during the battle of Tenaru River. Cpl. Davis himself, was recently honorably discharged after four years of service, most of it in the Pacific. On his recent visit to the school, he spoke feelingly of "Whitey" and other boys from the school whom he had seen in action.

Captain Matthew J. Coughlin, '24, army chaplain with the Liberator Wing of the 15th A. A. F., had the honor of assisting at a mass celebrated by the saintly monk, Padre Pio, the Capuchin friar of Stigmata fame. The ceremony took place in a picturesque Capuchin church atop a cragged peak on the spur of Italy.

Pfc. A. L. Burns, recipient of the Purple Heart and Presidential Citation, is now at the Marine Barracks, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Pfc. Walter Plausky was recently mentioned by Andrew Tully, war correspondent, in a story from France. Enemy Panther tanks were within 100 yards of the tank in which "Plausky, staggering but unerring, fed shell after shell into the breach". For his "heroic action", Walter was awarded the Bronze Star Medal.

Dennis Costa, S 1/c, who enlisted in the Navy in 1942, is somewhere in the Pacific. His address is:

Dennis Costa, S 1/c
L Division, U. S. S. West Virginia
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California
Lieut. Paul W. Edmonds, '33, entered the Army in December 1941, was commissioned in November 1942; is a veteran of the North African and Sicilian campaigns, 1943, and of the Norman, Belgian and German campaigns, 1944. He was awarded the Silver Star for bravery in action at Troina, Sicily, in August, 1943; and the Bronze Star for valor on the Normandy beachhead in June 1944. Paul is now with the 16th Infantry First Division, First Army, Germany.

The speed of war action may be judged from the addresses given below of the boys who graduated last June:

Pvt. William Farrell 988292
Co. B. PLT-2 10th Training Bn.
Inf. Training Regt. T.C.F.M.F.
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

A/S Paul Feloney
Co. 447 Unit F—2—U
U.S.N.T.C. Sampson, N. Y.

Pvt. James E. Finnegan U.S.M.C.R.
Hg. Sq. 91—9th Wing
M.C.A.A.F. Kinston, North Carolina

Pvt. Louis Gorod 31453366
Co. F 800th S.T.R.
Camp Crowder, Maryland

John H. Griffin, S 2/c
U.S.S. Dade
Newport, R. I.

Pvt. Paul L. Hanlon 565170
Pl. 531—2nd Br. M.B.
Recruit Depot
Parris Island, South Carolina

Stanley Harris Navy V 12 Unit
Dartmouth College
305 New Hampshire Hall
Hanover, N. H.

William Harris H.A. 2/c
Company 580, Brks. G18L
U.S.N.T.S. Sampson, N. Y.

A/S John Hiscock
Co. 264 D.10L.
U.S.N.T.C. Sampson, N. Y.

Thomas Kirkpatrick
c/o Mrs. Myers
107 So. Lexington Ave.
White Plains, N. Y.
(Honorable Discharge 1943)

Pvt. Norman Klopstock
Co. D. 6th Bn. 2nd Regt. Infantry R.T.C.
Fort McClennan, Ala.

Don W. Kurth
S/2c (CA) Naval Air Crewman Trng
Barracks 39, Recruit Center
Co. 9 Plat. 1 NATTC
Memphis 15, Tenn.

P. F. C. Richard Learnard, U.S.M.C.
M.W.S.S. 9—9th M.A.W. F.M.F.
M.C.A.S. Cherry Point, North Carolina

Joseph Libitz, S1/c
Amphibious Tra. Command
U. S. Atlantic Fleet
N.O.B. Norfolk 11, Virginia

Pvt. Robert Lourie 31453363
140th Inf. Reg, Co I
Camp Howze, Texas

Pvt. James MacMellon
S.C.O. 1195 A.S.T.R.P.
Thatcher Hall, Room 216
Mass. State College
Amherst, Massachusetts

Pvt. Paul Mahoney 31435241
Co C. 32nd I.T.B.
Bldg. #163
Camp Croft, South Carolina

Pvt. William Maytum 31432979
Troop M 1st Regiment
Barracks 2446 C.R.T.C.
Fort Riley, Kansas

Marcus McCorison A.S. U.S.N.R. (V-12)
Hepburn Hall 110
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont

Francis Mullaney, Seaman
U.S.M.R.
Sampson, New York

Pvt. Gerald Murphy 31430684
Det. Med. Dept.
61st Gen Hos. A.P.O. 63
c/o Postmaster New York, New York

Pvt. Michael Majorian
Camp Blanding, Florida

James Nixon S2/c (C.A.)
Recruit Center Barracks 31
N.A.T.T.C.
Memphis, Tennessee

Hugh O'Rourke A.S.
Co. 565-G-11-U
Sampson, New York

Pvt. Joseph Quinn Air Transport Command
Ground Service
General Logan Airfield
c/o American Airlines
East Boston, Massachusetts

Pvt. Lester Rogers #11141460
#3704 A.A.F. Base Unit
Section U
Lowry Field, Colorado

Ernest K. Schneider
Hospital Apprentice 2/c
Co. 176 C-16 U.N.T.C.
Sampson, New York

Thomas Sheehan
a/p Seaman
Sampson, N. Y.

Ray Traynor (Pvt.) 11141441
Section L Pho. 1452
A.A.F. Base Unit
Truox Field, Madison, Wisconsin

Pvt. Robert F. Williams 31434720
Co A 6th E.T.B.W. A.S.F.T.C.
Fort Belvow, Virginia

CLASS OF 1944

Pvt. Robert Bane
A.S.T.R.P.—S.C.U. #1145
University of Maine
Orono, Maine

William Brennan
Apprentice Petty Officer 2/c
Co. 161
U.S.N. Training Center
Sampson, New York

Pvt. George S. Brinkerhoff 11141440
Section H 3705 A.A.F. BU.
Leowry, 2, Colorado

Thomas Bryce S 2/c
U.S.N.R. Camp Bradford
Norfolk, 11, Virginia

Pvt. James Cleary
A.S.T.R.P. SCU #1145
404 West Oak Hall
University of Maine
Orono, Maine

Pvt. Henry F. Daley 31430683
103rd General Hospital
APO 505 c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Francis Donovan

P.F.C. U.S. Army

Co. B 422 Infantry

Camp Atterbury

Indiana

John Dwyer

P.F.C. John F. Dwyer 912769 U.S.M.C.R.

U.M.R. 153 M.A.G. 25

1st Marine Fleet Air Wing F.M.F.

c/o Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, California

Paul Erickson

Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School

Laredo Army Air Field

Laredo, Texas

Joseph Temmallo, 19th Replacement Div., Inf. Trng. Regt., Tr. Command F.M.F., Camp Lejeune, N.C.—“In 1941 I entered High and Latin and after two and a half years, I enlisted in the Marines. I was immediately sent to Parris Island for ‘boot training’ and then to Camp Lejeune. Now I am waiting to be sent overseas. Getting up for school is nothing compared to the exacting schedule of the Marines.”

Cpl. John J. Sheehan, Jr., son of our Assistant Headmaster, is one of a group with right to wear a Presidential citation for heroic action on Saipan. The war doesn’t bother John Jr. too much, evidently. His latest letter home devotes a good deal of space to the lobster traps with which he and his buddy were tempting Saipan lobsters to become better acquainted with American Marines. Tom Sheehan, younger brother, has finally achieved his ambition and entered the Navy.

Sgt. F. X. Garner, 1941, son of a former custodian of the school, has been reported as missing in action somewhere in France. Francis was serving with the 26th Division, 328th Infantry. He joined the Army from the National Guard in 1941.

William H. Scully, 1932, has been promoted from Major to Lieutenant-Colonel. Bill received the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Tunisia. He also wears the Purple Heart. Two brothers, John, 1930, and James, 1928, are also in service, John is a Lieutenant (j.g.) and has been in the South Pacific for two years; James is a prisoner of war in Germany and was captured after being shot down while on a bombing mission.

Pvt. John J. Tierney, 1927, former member of the City Council, is now in New Guinea.

Tom Burke, ’44, and Joe Breen, ’44, are now in the Navy in boot training at Sampson, New York.

T/Sgt. Benjamin Seron, 1932, is now with the Eighth Air Force. He was wedded recently in an old English village church to Enid Hemington of Red House, Over, Cambridgeshire.

Arthur J. Coffey, ’40,—U.S.A.A.F., is now a prisoner of war in Germany. While on a mission over Holland, he was forced down in a crash of several planes.

From Yellow Springs, Ohio, Addison Hamilton’s father sends word that Addison, C.H.L.S. ’35, was a member of the 1st Field Artillery, Observation Battalion, U.S. Army, receiving a citation from the French Command, for assistance given the French during the Italian campaign. In addition to the Croix de Guerre with Gold Star, Addison is entitled to wear the following distinguished ribbons: European Middle Eastern, North African Campaign, with three bronze battle stars, and the Good Conduct Medal.

Corporal Tom Messori, 1942, is at Lowry Field, Colorado.

Cpl. Margaret E. Mahoney, is in the WACS at Army Air Base, Alamogordo, N. M.

S/Sgt. Edward D. Lynch, 1930, now wears the Distinguished Unit Badge with one cluster. He is a veteran of thirty-eight missions, the cluster added to his citation ribbon for an attack on the Ploesti Oil Refineries.

John J. Monteiro, Jr., 1937, AMM 2/c, C.A. S.U. 31, c/o Fleet P.O. San Francisco, writes from the Pacific:

“I have never forgotten my days of study and play at Cambridge Latin. It seems like a short time ago I graduated from high school. The students at that time all planned on what they intended to do. I don’t think anyone realized what the future had in store for us. I never realized I would see the many places I often studied in my geography class. I always wanted to see these places but never under these same conditions.

One thought I want to convey to the boys and girls now attending school. They as students must realize that each day, each hour and each minute, the boys throughout the world are shedding their blood and losing their lives, so that the boys and girls in school may be able to study and thus gain the opportunity of a better future. They must not let us down.”

Lieut. (s.g.) Joseph F. White, ’36, is now somewhere in the Pacific on an L.S.T.

Capt. Thomas J. White, ’37, was in the first group of paratroopers to drop behind the German lines before the invasion forces struck the Normandy beachheads.

1st Sgt. John A. White, ’40, is in England after service on the continent as a paratrooper in O.S.S.

S 2/c Robert P. White has just been transferred from Sampson, N.Y. to the V-12 at Dartmouth.

Margaret White, ’39, is in the Waves on duty at Westerly, R.I.

To be continued

WE SING TH' BROOKLINE BLUES

TH' TH' FIELD MUDDY
WITH A BRISK WIND
ING, C.H.L.S. TRAVELED
BROOKLINE. WE PUT
A GOOD FIGHT
TH' "RICH CITY" BOYS
IE TOO MUCH AND
LOST 14-0

EARL DAURIE,
SOPH END,
REALLY SHOWED
HE COULD GET
UP IN THE AIR
FOR THAT BALL!

BEFORE

AFTER

"MOOSE" LAKIS
WAS A HUNK
O' GRANITE IN
TH' LINE! LAKIS
WAS NAMED
ON TH' ALL-
CAMBRIDGE TEAM
BY "SONNY" CURCIO!

BOY!! WAS IT MUDDY!! TH' WEATHER
MAN SURE GUESSED WRONG THAT DAY!

THERE WERE
PLENTY OF
LOYAL C.H.L.S.
ROOTERS
PRESENT!

RALPH
POWERS

TED
ZACHARAKIS

GENE
AMARAL

RALPH
"MORTIE"
TALARICO

DID YOU SEE
TH' BROOKLINE
MAJORETTES?

FALTERING CAMB. LATIN WAS DRUBBED
ONCE AGAIN BY A STRONG BROOKLINE
TEAM! BROOKLINE: 14
CAMBRIDGE: 0

ESPIE TH' MUDDY FIELD
NY "FRASCA" WAS STILL
ENTY TROUBLESOME
R THE BROOKLINITES!

WALLY LYONS WAS
A BIT ROUGH ALL
AFTERNOON, MORE
TROUBLESOME THAN
USUAL BECAUSE TH'
FIELD WAS ONE BIG
MUDPUDDLE!

SPLAT!

TOM SGOUROS at
BROOKLINE '44

Spotlite

○NCE more the holiday season has rolled around, bringing vacation, blissful mornings spent in bed and, best of all, the C. H. L. S. Scandal Sheet. The G. A. A. Formal has been the biggest event of the past term and was a great success. The Sophomore class was well represented, John Leary and Barbara Doyle, Donna Calgagni and John Burns, taking an active part in the proceedings . . . Peggy Keefe emerged the winner of the "IT" contest . . . Among the hot stepping jitterbuggers were Willy Kokinakakis and Claire Rodgers, Bud Reading and Betty Grove, Theresa Fitz and Joe Murphy . . . Dot Sullivan was a charming ticket collector . . . Claude Doucet, that fighting Frenchman, attended with Lois Hanlon . . . Mary McMenimen was sporting a crown of roses and Polly MacGillvray an orchid . . . Twins for the evening were Helen Stanton and Elaine Gregerman . . . Chinatown did not please Ann Heffernan . . . Others taking an active part in the proceedings were: Rose Mary Ryan and Jimmy Downey, Maunsel Babin and Joan Fitzpatrick, John Paredes and Dede Nevins . . . Jean Walsh had a dance with the "man with the tails."

We saw John Loufbourow wandering around school one sunny morning, with a bright, red umbrella in his hand. Looking for a rainy day, no doubt . . . Miss Haggerty has three sets of twins in her homeroom . . . Bernice Reilly thinks a sense of humor is essential . . . Seen dismally wandering around 5th period was Ruby Morgan, looking for her first aid class, which (so she said) had simply disappeared . . . Red Landis and Robert Hughes are quite the men about town . . . Dotty Butler is more than willing to carry book bags home for her friends . . . Confidentially, Marion Cooper is even beginning to dream about her 5th period class . . . Has anyone measured the length of Lillian Moniz's flowing tresses? . . . Peggy Puddister, Beverly Blackhurst and Marian Crocker are frequently seen at Watertown High's dances . . . When is Pauline Sullivan going to realize that there is a gum shortage? . . . Netty Rubin could sing an Irish lullaby to a Scotchman and get away with it . . . Marjorie MacArthur is always blushing . . . I'll bet anything, that when Anthony Cadullo stands on the brink of the Lethe and gazes over to the Elysian Fields, he will still be taking his ease in a comfortable chair . . . Basilla Neilan's future plans include the Cadet Nurse Corps . . . Room 317 serenaded Eileen Dewire on her 17th birthday, much to her embarrassment . . . Dorothy McGovern is considered a "right

smart gal" . . . Let anybody insult the Navy before Mary Panzer and see what happens . . . John Morris has a beautiful time sweetly caroling in the chorus . . . Lorraine Hackey does her bit by writing to all her friends in the service . . . John Hogan and Angus Hogg hash over geometry problems, earnestly, every first recess . . . Cris Crane is famous for her sunny smile . . . Has anyone noticed the soft spoken ways of Arthur Schwatz . . . Anthony Travers is quite some punkin' in the Dramatic Club . . . Charlotte Johnston came through with an E in English . . . Helen Bequart is the prospective genius of the class of '47 . . . Vi Nichols has the appetite of an underfed boa constrictor . . . Charlie Lowry and John Martin are always the first in the lunchroom and the last out of it . . . Words cannot express what a beautiful sight it is to see Chester Roberts sauntering down the hall with his best bow tie on . . . You will probably be seeing Noreen Buckley on Broadway in a few more years . . . Warning! "Explorators" are on the prowl! Ask the students of 105 for further enlightenment . . . Question of the hour: What can disturb John Conant's unruffled calm? . . . Jim Linehan, George Costa, George Larsen, Hugh Graham, Frank Canina, Dave Sheehan and Larry Linehan are Junior hockey stars . . . In some strange fashion, Marshall Fosgate's name has been twisted around and now he answers to the name of "Fossil" . . . We hear that J. Russell, Esq., was contemplating the purchase of an automobile . . . Louis Aegean is planning to become a violinist. We'll be right there in the front row of Carnegie Hall . . . Lucille Grenier is still on the wings of the wind and a mighty strong wind at that . . . Betty Alden, Polly MacGillvray, Eleanor Wallace and Anna Cash attend the Arlington Sport Hop every week . . . Lester Roffer is such an important and indispensable person, now that he is busily running errands in the morning . . . There is nothing that pleases Mary Gonsales like a good joke . . . Has anyone seen those Marine insignia that Marilyn Greenburg trots around with? . . . Alice Appleby would be lost without those flowers in her hair (apple blossoms, perhaps?) . . . Virginia Goodwin is always dashing in at the last minute. Reason: her locker. (Where have we heard that before?) . . . Virginia McCorison and Ruth Marshall were wrestling with knots in first aid class. The knots came out ahead. . . . Is that dreamy look of John Donato a customary thing? . . . If you have never heard Jackie Franjello sing "Black Magic", you ought to . . . That flash of

red that dashes around the second floor is Lorraine Roffer in her red coat . . . Mary Ellen Priester had a bit of trouble with the transportation system on the night of the G. A. A. Formal . . . Therese Galadi is very talented with water colors . . . Bill Klopstock is a regular walking dictionary . . . What can be done to make Carolyn Carruth remember her glasses? . . . Margie O'Brien is forever struggling with arithmetic problems . . . Barbara Walker and Marion Wentzel are very enthusiastic about the French Navy . . . Can anyone tell the Rosenberg twins apart? . . . Barbara Peck finds typing fascinating . . . Ann Herlihy and Madeline Jordan are seldom apart . . . Ann Corcoran had a terrible day in chemistry, first her bottle of hydrogen exploded with a bang, then she cut her finger and had to have first aid . . . Has anyone noticed those dazzling cravats of Herbert Lewis? . . . Mary McGillvray and Rita Gaynor may be seen in boy's jackets . . . Dorothy Sullivan sings on station WMEX, Wednesday nights . . . C. H. L. S. has a budding tailor in its midst, Dick Fuller, who can sew a button with the greatest of ease . . . Naomi Rockwell's hairdo is knocking the gallery over . . . Dirinda Fernandez can give with plenty of South American dance steps . . . Gil Sylvester has been seen in a pair of sharp pegged pants . . . Doris Reagan and Patsy Shea can usually be found in the Latin Hall before school, resting up for the hard day ahead. And after we editors have gotten this far, perhaps we should crawl away and rest also.

THE MIRACLE

ABOUT forty years ago, in Greece, in my mother's small city lived a little old lady called by young and old, σοφύ υνρούλα, "wise grandmother." As far as any one knew she was related to no one, but she was kind to both man and beast and beloved by all.

One night a week before Christmas the old grandmother had a dream in which she saw the Blessed Virgin, who, with her hands outstretched, was crying bitterly. When granny saw her, she gazed in wonder and fell upon her knees. She asked Our Lady to tell what was the matter. After a while, Mary stopped crying and said, "Ten yards from here there is a well; turn left and face the east; walk three paces and then dig far down into the ground. You will find an ikon of me. Exactly where you find the picture erect a church in my honor." Then, the blessed Virgin disappeared and grandmother woke up, frightened.

She thought nothing about the dream when she awoke because after all, it was nothing but a dream, she thought. But that night, when she

went to sleep she had the same dream. Many nights she had it.

At last, two days before Christmas, at night, when the snow was falling softly on the ground, and covering it like a white blanket, she went to the priest to tell him just exactly what she had dreamed. He did not believe her, but to humor her along, he went with her to dig up the ikon.

Both of them walked ten yards away from the house, where they found a well; then they turned left and faced the east; they measured three paces carefully, and dug into the ground. Lo and behold, they found the ikon of Saint Mary and tremulously, they fell upon their knees and prayed to Virgin Mary for forgiveness because they had doubted her.

Then, they carried the ikon to church so that they could show it to the village folk who would come to church on Christmas morning.

The next day, wise old granny with many of the people went to see the ikon of Saint Mary. Upon seeing it, they fell on their knees also, and began to pray fervently. One, who was old and crippled and had more faith than the others went up to the ikon, blessed himself and kissed her. Then again, wonders of all wonders, the man arose, dropped his crutches, and walked away like a man. A great hush fell upon all the congregation and then someone recited Πάτερ Ἡμῶν, *Our Father*.

After the Christmas season was over, the people built a church on the very spot that the ikon was found. Those who have undying faith in the Lord go there and are blessed and even now in that small city in Greece many miracles are performed there.

DIANA KANAVOS, '45.

Sitting on my GI bed,
My GI hat upon my head,
My GI pants, my GI shoes,
Everything free, nothing to lose,
GI razor, GI comb . . .
But GI wish that I were home!

—William Post, Cincinnati.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO WIN A WAR BOND?

JOIN THE ESSAY CONTEST . . .

TRY FOR THE PRIZE!

* * *

WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER WAR BOND?

Sports

SINCE in this issue we must cover four sports, we cannot devote as much space as we should like to each, but can dwell only briefly on each one. First of all, let us finish the remainder of the football season.

The football team won its only victory of the year in a free scoring contest at the expense of Norwood, 31-12. The first period of this game at Norwood was highlighted by several fumbles, with the Cantabs usually benefiting. The initial score came early in the first period, after the enemy fumbled on his own 17 yard line. Pat Cardillo went over from the five after Tony Frasca had advanced the ball to that point on the first play. The point after, on a pass from Fraska to Lyons, was good, and the score was 7-0.

The second score was tallied in the second period, with Tony Frasca doing the honors after a sustained march had carried the ball from the 48 to the 5 yard line. After Norwood scored on a long pass, Latin came back with a brilliant passing attack, with end Bill Brathwaite finally scoring on a pass from Tony Frasca. The two remaining scores were tallied in the second half by Wally Lyons and John Vigneron. The second Norwood score came in the waning moments of the tussle.

Now let us go very briefly over the Brookline and Nashua games. On the muddy Wealthy Towners' field, the Cantabs were held scoreless throughout the game with the hosts scoring twice, to win 14-0. On Thanksgiving Day, Latin was overpowered by the strong Nashua team, to the tune of 26 to 6, in a hotly contested struggle.

In the latter part of the season, Ray Foley shifted from his end position to the backfield, where he did a very good job. Sophomore Earl Daurie moved up to take Ray's place on the end of the line, and he did a sensational job in the remaining games. The team never lessened its efforts in any game, even when bitter defeat was inevitable. It played the best brand of football it was capable of from start to finish, regardless of odds. With these few well-deserved words of praise we bring down the curtain on this year's football team, with the hope that next year's team will prove more successful.

Now we turn to our State Champions, the indoor track team. Although suffering from the loss of last year's Co-Captain, Henry Petrow, and shot-putter Johnny Griffin, this year's outlook is very bright. Without a doubt the most brilliant

star of this team is Captain Bill Brathwaite, whose herculean efforts last year did more than any other member of the team to obtain the State Championship. He is the 600-yard state champion, placed third in the broad jump, and ran the anchor leg in the Championship relay team.

The team has another outstanding performer in Jimmy Downey, who copped second honors in the 1000-yard run at the State Meet last February. Art Scalise, who took second place in the broad jump, although at present suffering from an injured ankle, will be another factor aiding the team in its efforts to repeat its last year's performance by retaining the state title. Among other returning lettermen are Tony Travers, who shows promise in the hurdles; Fred Sateriale, who runs the 1000 yds.; Gil Silvestre, who is trying to replace Johnny Griffin in the shot put; and yours truly, who aspires to fill at least partly the shoes of Henry Petrow in the 300. Coach Ed Murphy issues a desperate appeal to Freshmen and Sophomores to come out for the team, for all of the returning lettermen are Seniors, whose places must be filled by experienced hands next year if the fine record of this team is to be upheld.

Turning to the hockey team, we learn that the first game was with Newton on December 9. Captain of this year's squad is Tony Frasca, all-scholastic star. Among other returning veterans are goalee Ray Foley, Earl Daurie, Dinny Downey, Jack Donahue, George Costa, Art Foster, and Paul Boudreau. Besides these veterans, several newcomers contribute to round out what looks from here as a very promising, aggressive team.

Last, but not least, we come to basketball. The squad is out, and with the call to practice came several players who were on the team last year. Heading the list of veterans are Co-Captains Pat Cardillo and Johnny Paredes. Continuing down the list we find Jimmy Downey, Tom Sgouros, Art Foster, Johnny Vigneron, and Wally Lyons. The team at present displays much ability, and with the able coaching of Mr. Koslowski, should be well represented in the Suburban league competition this year.

This finishes the sports news for this issue. If you cannot attend all of the games, try at least to be at some, and you will find it well worth your while. I hope to see you at the games, but until then, good luck to our several athletic teams and a very Merry Christmas to all.

JOHN HARRINGTON, '45.

THIS THING CALLED SWING

LET'S put on another platter and have another session with this thing called swing . . . with the lifting of the ban on new recordings for Columbia and Decca, you'll soon be hearing new records made by Harry James, Benny Goodman, Kay Kyser, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Charlie Spivak, Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore . . . First recording made after the ban was lifted was "The Trolley Song". Vaughn Monroe's orchestra with Marylin Duke singing . . . Artie Shaw has a new band, no violins this time . . . Have you noticed that quite a few songs are being revived with great success? A few examples are "Sweet and Lovely", "On the Sunny Side of the Street", "Always", and "The Very Thought of You" . . . T/Sgt. Dave Rose conducted the pit orchestra in the pictured version of "Winged Victory" . . . Joe (Flip) Phillips, Woody Herman's Star tenor, was injured in an automobile accident in New Jersey but rejoined the band in time to fill their next date . . . Bing Crosby back from his overseas tour, reports that "White Christmas" still leads the list of service men's favorites, while "San Fernando Valley", "Star Dust" and "Swinging On A Star" are close behind.

Digging the Discs Department:
Recommended: Frank Sinatra with Harry James' orchestra, "It's Funny To Everyone But Me" . . . Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters get together on "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't" . . . Donna Dae with Fred Waring's orchestra singing "Now I Know" and "Tess's Torch Song" . . . Perry Como singing "Lili Marlene" and "First Class Private Mary Brown".

Happy Jones, who sang bass with the Ink Spots, died recently.

Listen for "Christmas Candles", "Don't Fence Me In" (Cole Porter's latest) and "Strange Music".

Until next issue, then, we'll be listening too.
JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THOSE of you who made the grade at our recent try-outs are David Nyman, Betty Goldbergh, Warren McIsaac, Lucille Grenier, Mary O'Brien, Isabel Gudas, Lawrence McMenimen, and Yola Forte. Congratulations to you all! We want you to know that you're very welcome, and we're glad to have you among our number.

There's so much news this month that we'd better go in chronological order. To begin with, Mary Eddy, our vice-president, had charge of the Armistice Day program in which Noreen Buckly and Anthony Travers took an active part.

Our November meeting proved to be most interesting. Our guests were president of two years

ago, Bob Guest, and last year's treasurer, Carty Lynch. Bob entertained us with several short poems and his own interpretation of "The Human Comedy," Carty Lynch played Grieg's "Piano Concerto" for us, and very beautifully, too. This part of the program was followed by a short drama quiz of which Beverly Bruneau was the winner. As a reward, she received a dollar in war stamps.

At a recent meeting of the "Sons of the Union Veterans," two of our present members, Marjorie MacArthur and Anthony Travers, and one of our former members, Carty Lynch, took prominent parts.

The Thanksgiving Program which was so successful was under the direction of Lucia Toscano. Carolyn Townsend and Claire Rodgers did several readings, while Betty Grove, Yvonne Bulger, Rose Garioian, Constance Perin, Jean Foley and Lucia herself took part in the "playette" that was presented.

In December we are planning a singularly exciting meeting. We have been invited to attend Emerson College's production of "Romeo and Juliet." This promises to be an outstanding performance especially since it stars four of our former members: Bob Guest, Paula Hillery, Olive Carmen, and Mary Broussard. Doubtless we shall learn many pointers for our own productions from it. We hope you'll all be there to witness it.

Until next time, a very Merry Christmas to you all.

ANN CORCORAN, '45, Secretary.

QUALITY . . .



In spite of the many difficulties that confront us due to wartime shortages, QUALITY is one thing that we will not ration.



HOOD'S ICE CREAM

Freshman Notes

AMONG the members is George Lakis, another of that popular and athletic family . . . Elizabeth Jenko and Lorraine Kaminsky are worth hearing when they sing Jingle Bells . . . speaking of talent, Doris Jordan is going on the radio in December singing *Together* . . . the best of luck, Doris . . . We are sorry to hear that Theresa Kelly cannot be with us on account of illness . . . cheer up, Theresa, we'll still be here when you get back . . . there must be an appendicitis germ, after all . . . Lois Lubin and David Lutz, both of room 102, have fallen victim to it . . . the best of luck to George McLaughlin, who is trying for the hockey team . . . that's the spirit, George! Room 108 is happy to have Miss Ready back . . . Carolyn Turosky has been studying so hard that she's now wearing glasses . . . Christine York is a very enthusiastic Girl Scout, and a fine one . . . Florence Oliver is on the sick list . . . we have a cornet player: Shirley Cohen is a splendid performer on that instrument . . . Theresa Callinan blushes easily . . . a great deal of dramatic ability was shown in the Thanksgiving play given in Room 124 . . . The Dramatic Club had better send a scout at Christmas . . . Sarah Delba, who has been ill, is now out of the hospital . . . Basil Burke and James Donovan played football . . . Norman Goldberg is a talented artist . . . Leonard Travers does an excellent job at taking care of the chalk in his home room . . . Alberta Hogan has had appendicitis, too; Leo Maloney is going to try out for the Civil Air Patrol . . . Patsy Kokinakakis enjoys basketball . . . Ethel Patroulia creates shortages in pencils . . . Why can't Fern Lewis walk once in a while? . . . What trouble did Phyllis Kane get into over her locker? . . . We hear that Mary Kennedy is a very satisfactory room chairman . . . Ann Kennedy, we hear, is always laughing . . . Robert Kiely is one of the last-minute boys who dashes in, almost late . . . Does Ann Foley like to have her locker shut? . . . William Connell thinks that the success of our school teams depends upon the support of the student body, and he appeals to you Freshmen to attend the games in person . . . There are others who feel that way, too, William . . . How did Paul Fougere acquire the name of "Fudgy?" . . . Daniel Dwyer is very, very quiet . . . We hope that by now George Dane and Margaret Caulfield are both out of the hospital and feeling strong again.

To close these notes, we use, with apologies to Superman, a few lines describing a Freshman . . . We hope William Montertieth doesn't try to imitate Superman too closely.

THIRD PERIOD LUNCH

"Faster than a speeding bullet,
More powfereul than a locomotive,
Able to leap a staircase in a single bound,
It's a bird!
It's a plane!
It's a Freshman!"

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Andelman, Evelyn	Grossman, Selma
Archibald, Joan	Haskell, Cecily
Ashenden, David	Herbert, Rosemary
Boyle, Ann	Hill, Gladys
Brown, Shirley	Hiscock, Fred
Bruneau, Barbara	Kane, Phyllis
Bryning, Harvey	Landry, Marylin
Burgess, Nancy	Lawrence, Lorraine
Butler, Jane	Loggan, Wilfred
Camelio, Louise	Lombardi, Josephine
Canning, Audrey	Lowrey, Mary
Carr, Helen	Martin, Ida
Carwile, Roger	McCabe, Evelyn
Casey, Mary	McInnis, Phyllis
Conroy, Eleanor	Nichalowski, Gladys
Cosman, Alice	Nelson, Gloria
Cronin, Timothy	Orrok, Timothy
Donnelly, John	Perkins, Roland
Dooley, Pauline	Nixon, Lela
Dragun, Phyllis	Roderick, Ann F.
Dubay, Jessie	Sack, Irene
Duggan, Marjorie	Scalise, Frances
Durakis, Charles	Smith, Margaret
Egan, Thomas	Sullivan, Florence
Farmer, Marianne	Sullivan, Marjorie
Fields, Doris	Tenore, Elizabeth
Fougere, Paul	Thornhill, Elsie
Frisoli, Leonard	Traveis, Leonard
Galvin, Betty	Tufentian, Richard
Gardinier, Charmaine	Turner, Josephine
Gerasim, Constance	Walters, Mary
Gillis, Robert	Walthrop, Carol
Giragosian, Zaben	Ward, Joan
Goodhue, Edmund	Weinburg, Vivian
Goffredo, Margaret	Whitham, Margaret
Goldberg, Myron	Williams, Joan
Goolst, Theodore	Yorshis, Stanley
Green, Shirley	Zacharakis, Stella



ON THE SHORE

A wave
crystal blue, with a
crest of foaming white,
rolls in
from the ocean,
dashes itself madly
at an ominous reef,
and attempts to scurry
back, only
to be vanquished
by another.

The golden moon,
clothed in shimmering effulgence,
casts a glistening path
of light
across the turbulent waters
of the boundless sea.

And then,
a tern's wailing cry
breaking the monotony
of the roaring
of the waves.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

* * *

GIVE WAR STAMPS — THE PRESENT WITH A FUTURE!

* * *

JUNIOR RED CROSS

A LETTER of commendation has been received by Miss Duffy from Mrs. Constance S. Ross, secretary of Volunteer Special Services, Cambridge Chapter, American Red Cross, for the work of eight girls who helped with the printing of *Red Cross Front*, the Cambridge Chapter's monthly news letter.

Mrs. Ross wrote: "I want to tell you how much we liked the girls who helped with the *Red Cross Front*. They worked like grown-ups, and enjoyed themselves so much that they came back again and finished up the job for us. They were dependable and watched what they were doing so well that there was almost no waste work. They were Edith Aylward, Dorothy Azadian, Claire Barrett, Beverly Bruneau, Eleanor Lepore, Elizabeth McLaughlin, Alice Seelinger and Ursula Von Zarsk, and they have volunteered their services for next month when the *Front* comes out again."

A new Home Nursing course has been begun, meeting on Tuesdays at 2.00. It is under the direction of Miss Barry, the school nurse.

Some of the money which was collected from this school and others during Enrollment Week will be used to purchase medical kits. These kits, each of which is large enough to serve 400 children, contain such items as aspirin, boric acid, scissors, soap and gauze; \$87,000 worth of these kits will be sent to both liberated and occupied countries in Europe for distribution.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, *Secretary*.

Compliments of . . .

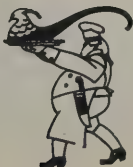
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G. A. A. COLUMN

THE G. A. A. formal which was held at the Commander Hotel, on Friday evening, the 17th of November, was a notable success. There were approximately one hundred and thirty-five young people present.

We were deeply honored to have as our patrons for the evening Miss Bligh, Miss Feeley, Miss McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Olson, and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser. All members are indebted to Miss Brown and the other teachers on our faculty for their untiring efforts to make the formal a blue ribbon event.

Fred Sateriale and his orchestra, who can beat out the rhythm of anything from a peppy fox trot to a sophisticated waltz, afforded invaluable musical support for the evening of dancing. As the minute hand approached 8 P. M. attractive association members in pretty party frocks of tulle, taffeta, and chiffon, accompanied by their escorts gradually commenced to fill the ballroom. Some of the escorts were in tuxedos, and some were in the uniforms of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. The Canadian and British services were also represented.

The *it* or *big surprise* of the evening was the choice of any two of the many expert dancers, who possessed the most *it*. The winners, Margaret Keefe and Ralph Dresseler, received identification bracelets. Toward the end of the pleasant affair the G. A. A. officers led the *Grand March* which concluded with group singing of patriotic songs, conducted by Mr. Olson.

There is no other news at present, colleagues; there is, however, a Christmas party in sight which is something to look forward to.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

LOUISE BIGELOW, '45.

K. B. REPORT

TWENTY-NINE new members were initiated into K.B. at a dignified candle-lit ceremony at the home of Ann Corcoran. The new senior members are Louise Bigelow, Dorothy Butler, Marie Colburn, Isabel Gudas, Mary Herlihy, Ann Lyons, Virginia McCorison, Constance Martin, Muriel Menzies, Mary Messinger, Peggy Puddister, Catherine Jean Quinn, Patricia Shea, Marilyn Shine, Barbara M. Sullivan, and Winifred Taylor.

The 13 junior members are Beverly Bruneau, Noreen Buckley, Helen Collins, Margo Downey, Barbara Goepper, Alice Harris, Florence Kelly, Eleanor Lepore, Basilla Neilan, Muriel Nevins, Mary Reilly, Lucia Toscano and Eleanor Wadden.

EILEEN LEARY, *Secretary*.

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1944-1945

Bozyczka, Irene	McGovern, Dorothy
Calcagni, Donah	McKenzie, Arthur
Carter, Barbara	McMenimen, Ann
Center, Marilyn	McMillan, Robert
Cremens, Carolyn	Martinian, Martin
Davies, Jean	Michalchik, Nadia
Donato, John	Miner, Eleanor
DiVito, James	Nichols, Marie
Enebuske, Karin	O'Brien, Virginia
Goewey, Elizabeth	Regello, Serafino
Hall, Sylvia	Romanicks, Mary
Hogan, Paul	Ridlow, Florence
Katsulis, Jennie	Skitgis, Helen
Lee, Nellie	Souza, Alice
Lewis, Herbert	Sprague, Virginia
McCarthy, John	Walcott, Kathleen
MacLeod, Doris	Wood, Richard

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FAMOUS UNDER-GRAD SHOP

KENNEDY'S

ALUMNI NEWS

OUR recent alumni have left their imprints in so many scattered places that we find it difficult to keep track of them, but here's news of a few we have managed to catch up with. . .

Billy Fitzgerald is finally on his way home after 31 months of service in the South Pacific where he and the Marines took part in no less than 12 major engagements. We think he deserves a furlough, don't you? Another of our "heroes home from the war" is Lt. Walter Feeley, just returned from Italy where he took part in 60 bombing missions. He is the proud recipient of the Purple Heart, the Oak Leaf Clusters, and a Presidential Citation. Congratulations, Walter!

Marie Russell, last year's valedictorian, is doing as well as, if not better than, you would expect out at Wellesley. Barbara Murphy and Sullivan, along with Mary Barrett are drinking from the cup of knowledge at Regis while Jean O'Leary is putting her scholarship to good use at Emmanuel.

Peg Toohey, Jean Faulkner, and Barbara Rundlet are experiencing the trials and tribulations of learning to be a teacher at Framingham Normal, as is Barbara McSorley at Salem (institution for the same purpose).

Lois Clark and Catherine Cooper look very chic nowadays in their cadet nurses' uniforms. Ruth Sandock is at Mt. Ida. Bessie Amidon is at the Boston Nursery School.

June Becker is at Kathleen Dell. Also aspiring to the secretarial vocation are Cecile Andlemen, Eunice Dion, Beverly Taylor, and Ruth Wenskus who are at the Fisher School.

Captain John Navarro, recently returned from action in France, returned to his Alma Mater only to greet all his former teachers by their first names. Boy, I'll bet that took courage, or did it?

Pvt. Anthony D'Aven, '43, took part in the invasion of France where he was wounded in the leg and became the proud recipient of the Purple Heart. He recovered in England, and has since seen action in Belgium and Germany, where he was wounded again. That's tough luck, but we're all very proud of you and all our other boys just like you, Tony.

Lt. Thomas J. Campbell, '38, has recently been appointed an instructor at the Bombardier School in Big Spring, Texas, after having seen combat action in England. Pvt. Gordon D. Tuttle has begun training at the A. A. F. Training Command Radio School in Scott Field, Illinois. That's quite a long name for a school, Gordon; we hope it's not as bad as it sounds. Among our other graduates who are just beginning their training are Paul Mahoney, who is in the Army at Camp

Croft, S. C.; Bob Lowrie, '43, at Camp Howze, Texas, and Billy Farrell, '44, who is getting his Marine boot training at Camp Lejeune, N. C. Ted Wadden, '43, is home on furlough from Colorado, and St. Paul Butler, '40, is in the A. A. F. at Kansas.

Cupid reports that Ann Lundquist and Peggy O'Brien, classmates in '43, are engaged. WAC Sgt. Laura Cooper, '37, was recently married at Carlsbed, New Mexico.

Barbara Gilbert, '40, has been honored by Monsignor Fulton Sheen, famous lecturer, who has selected her to be his secretary. Corp. Doris E. Carrier has been in England since August with the Allied Airborne Army and is known as a Para-WAC. Her sister Jean is an Air WAC now touring the country with the "Shot from the Sky" exhibit. Two air-minded gals, eh?

Bill Reardon, '43, is a para-trooper in the Airborne Engineer Battalion in Holland. Charlie Mains, '43, has recovered from wounds received in Sicilian action and is now stationed in Togus, Maine. Sgt. Fred Addonzio, '28, received the combat badge on Guam.

ANN CORCORAN, '45.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1944-1945

Alexander, Frieda	Lombardo, Vincenzia
Balcom, Lincoln	Marathas, Catherine
Balcomb, Margaret	Martin, Carmen
Banks, Janice	Nyman, Daniel
Browne, Barbara	Obermeier, Mildred
Callahan, Marie	Reid, Cynthia
Camenker, Edna	Rosenberg, Earl
Champi, Dolores	Rosie, Anne
Curtiss, Catherine	Scannell, Helen
Dansereau, Geraldine	Sparkes, Hazel
Dooley, Dorothy	Toscano, Lucia
Downs, Theodore	Turner, Gertrude
Enos, Mary	Wadden, Eleanor
Gomatos, Peter	Wallace, Eleanor
Hildebrand, Mary	Williams, Barbara
Iwanski, Wanda	Wilson, Elaine
Johnson, Charlotte	



THE OUTING CLUB

AN amendment has been added to the Constitution of the United Conspiracies of Nature: videlicet, that on every Friday following the opening meeting of the Outing Club of Cambridge High and Latin School, until some date to be designated later, there shall be rain. In spite of the hardships suffered as a result of this law, all members skilled in the art of swimming have survived although the program has been severely curtailed.

We have had several walks this fall in search of those birds, characteristically modest or timid. A site, the Audubon Society rooms, has been found where we have kept dry while spending a rainy day with the birds. Some of our members find

locating the rooms as difficult and damp as locating a whippoorwill!

Plans for an active winter season are being made. Prominent in our program will be the annual picnic, skating parties, and a few sessions with skis.

The officers elected to serve during the term of 1944-1945 are:

Noreen Buckley—President.

Daniel Nyman—Vice-President.

Helen Culodius—Treasurer.

Virginia McCorison—Secretary.

We're always glad to welcome new members so don't be shy. That goes for you, too, boys!

VIRGINIA MCCORISON, '45.



The Squander Bug thinks it's just dandy

When you spend all your money on candy.

He shouts in high glee,

"How jolly for me,

Uncle Sam would have found that money handy."

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Lana Turner

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"MADEMOISELLE FIFT"

WEDNESDAY — REVIEW DAY — DECEMBER 20

Robert Donat

"THE GHOST GOES WEST"

Robert Young - Laraine Day

"JOURNEY FOR MARGARET"

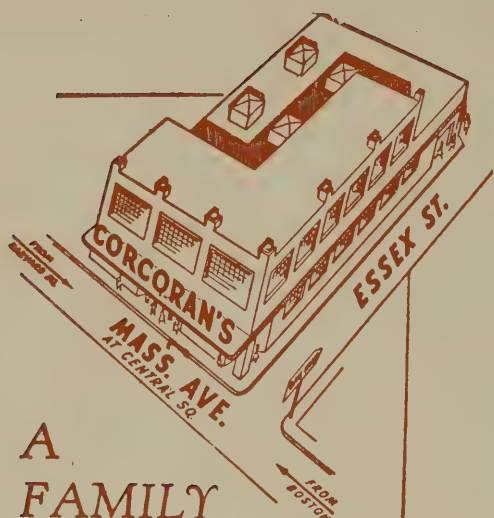
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Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge Mass. February 1945



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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

FEBRUARY, 1945

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 60

NUMBER 3

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Editorial

OVER three hundred years ago, John Donne stated, "No man is an Island, intire unto itself; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine." Today the thought may be applied more broadly to the nations, rather than to the men, of a world made smaller by such comparatively recent technological advances as radio and the airplane.

Twenty-five years ago, powerful leaders of a world emerging from war gave that world precisely what it did not need. They were deaf to Donne's voice echoing through the centuries; perhaps old English phrasing was not to their taste. In any case, these leaders effected a return to the narrow nationalism they had embraced before the struggle. Their own selfish ends, national strength and gain, were to them more important than the welfare of a world to which, they seemed to feel, they did not belong. These men, led by Senator Lodge in America, by Clemenceau in France, and by Lloyd George in England, would not relinquish their own petty desires, despite desperate world need for such a sacrifice.

Today, we have been given another war and another opportunity to create a peace. The world wide need for international organization is seen more clearly than it was a quarter century ago; action is being taken even before the cessation of hostilities. Beware of those men who wish to delay and delay until the United Nations are no longer bound by the common threat of war. Out of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference has come a tentative plan for world peace. The key to the desirability of the plan is in the word "tentative," for only through constant revision in theory, and, later, in practice, can an idea of such magnitude fit world need. Revision is in progress even today, two short months after the presentation of the plan to the peoples of the world; witness the Anglo-Russian, Polish conferences, called to reach a decision on the delicate Polish border situation. Other such conferences will be called as the need for them arises.

Once the leaders of nations failed; let them not fail again. If the world had need of cooperation after the "Great War," it has many times that need today. Donne has made himself heard once more, despite the raucous voices of individual power and greed. The leadership of the United Nations is acting upon the realization that the family of nations must cooperate in the formulation of a flexible plan for the maintenance of a lasting world peace.

FRANKLY, we are not much impressed with the month of February. In the first place, it is the shortest month of the year. Had the men who planned the calendar been at all considerate, they would have borrowed a day from one of those months with thirty-one days and given that day to February. But it's too late for that now; the horse has been stolen. Thousands of people have gone to all the trouble of learning the rhyme, "Thirty days hath November . . ."

February lacks those festive holidays which give other months prestige. January has the New Year; July has the Fourth; December has Christmas; February has . . . February has . . . Well, of course it does have Washington's Birthday, but you just try shooting off firecrackers on the twenty-second. Go ahead, try it.

Let us also record an objection to February's weather, or rather the weather in New England during this month. In Florida it's warm all year 'round. We don't have to tell you that up here, February is cold. An eminent German philosopher once said, "Was ist so kalt wie ein Tag im February?" Being a rhetorical question, this needs no answer. Besides, there is no answer; nothing else is as cold as a day in February. It snows, too, during this month. The less said about snow, the better. We are definitely opposed to snow shoveling. And who isn't?

But enough of this idle chatter. Adieu to February, an insignificant month.

A SABER

A saber,
dull; worn, rusty,
hangs on the wall:
an object
of wondering awe . . .

What militant hand
last drew it
singing from its scabbard
as a tool
for deeds of glory?

Whose blood
last stained
its silvery blade,
and stopped
its flashing path?

For answers,
I can only stare,
and ponder
over days of yore.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

THE Short Story Contest of the REVIEW will be held during the next two months. Stories must be original and never before published. They may be submitted—preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only—to any member of the REVIEW Literary Staff or to Miss Kelley in 329-A. Two prizes will be awarded, one for the best entry from the two lower classes, and one for the winning story from the two upper classes. Members of the staff may not enter the contest. Material should be in our hands by Monday, April 2.

WHY BE ANNOYED?

WHILE I sat listening to the calm, methodical voice of the radio announcer mechanically relate the news of the progress of the war, I remembered an incident that occurred a few days ago. It meant nothing to me at the time, but now, while hearing of the sufferings and hardships endured by our boys on the far flung battlefields of the world, it filled me with shame. Here's how it all started!

I had spent about two hours of a perfectly good Saturday morning trying to get two pounds of stars for my birthday party. You know what stars are—those small star-shaped gumdrops that look so attractive and tempting on a party table. However, they seemed as scarce as five-footed dogs, so I had to buy the ordinary round ones instead.

That I had not been able to get the stars angered me considerably, and I went home in a rage, bitterly complaining under my breath that the candy industry must be pretty hard up if it can't make star-shaped gumdrops.

As I recalled this incident, a thought suddenly came to me. What in the world do you think the emotions of an American soldier, ankle-deep in mud, would be if he saw me being provoked about not being able to get a certain shape of candy? Not about the fact that I could not get candy at all, but about its shape! I thought that in a way I was letting our G. I.'s down by getting angry over such a trivial thing as that. Why, the man whose job it was to cut the gumdrops into star-shaped pieces is now probably fighting on some far-off battle-front.

We know that all the manufacturers of America are doing their level best to keep us supplied with everything we need to carry on a normal and happy life. So when you can't get some small, unimportant thing like star-shaped gumdrops, don't be irritated. After all, there *is* a war on. Why be annoyed?

KIRK TAYLOR, '47.

THE PASSING OF FAMILY LIFE

THE family is the unit of society. The members of a family make up the members of society. A person, in order to be a good citizen has to be first a good mother, father, sister, brother, son or daughter. The training for world life comes in the family life. Family life should encourage young children early to discuss their problems with their parents and let them expect, in response, as wise a piece of advice as possible. Father is the head of the family and should rule wisely over the other members so that they will be good citizens and fine people.

In the first decade of the nineteenth century family life was very important. There were few outside attractions for the members of the family. And, although they did not have a radio such as ours today, life centered around the living room. Many quiet scenes are depicted wherein mother is darning socks and father reading his newspaper while the children play checkers or pinochle. The vices of the world were few then, or could it be that mothers and fathers protected and loved their children more than the mothers and fathers of today?

Mothers and fathers of today may love their children just as much as the parents of earlier years, but they evidently feel children can care for themselves. Many mothers are working today in war plants and shipyards when they should be at home teaching Johnny to play fair with Jimmy. To keep these small children of working mothers off the streets, many nursery schools have been created. The family life that these children know is a very dismal one. The teacher is the one to whom they go when they have a sore finger or a cut knee. How can their mothers leave these children in care of practically a stranger? When the child leaves the school at six o'clock, the mother is cross and tired and does not pay any attention to him. The child does not know the love a family life should give him.

Although much has been said about family life today, there has been some good out of the war and its effect on home life. Many boys who are away from home very young, now realize what a fine upbringing they have had from their home life. Boys are meeting different kinds of people of all races, classes and creeds. As members of such a group, the boys have come to realize how important family life is. With the end of the war I believe we shall see a change for the better from today's family life.

ROSEMARY RYAN, '45.

* * *

WAR BONDS DON'T GROW ON SPREES!

* * *

THE PERIL OF PLINY'S POND

THERE is nothing so beautiful as a full moon glinting on a pond whose sparkling blue has overnight changed to a priceless silver. A huge bonfire on the bank, the ring of merry voices and the clash of skates on ice; there is nothing that so fills the heart with joy. Perhaps, you may understand, then, with what breathless anticipation, I awaited the night of the skating party on Pliny's Pond. Not one bit was my ardor dampened by the fact that I had not been on a pair of skates for three years and that I had never at all been expert at that sport. However, armed with a pair of skates that had been my mother's pride and joy, I went off to the party with a light heart. It was several hours before I even hit the ice. Perhaps Daniel Boone had captured the trick of shoving a thick piece of deerhide through a hole designed for a simple shoestring; I hadn't. At last my skates thoroughly tied on, with a shout of joy, I prepared to glide gracefully into view. I forgot, however, that there was a snowbank to be navigated before I hit the ice. Some hardy souls had walked over it, some had taken a leap over it—not me. I painfully got down to my knees and crawled over it, while the rest of the party, attracted by my moose-like bellow of greeting, cheered me on. Then with a superhuman effort, I leaped to the sides of my ankles and then pitched head-long into the arms of the rather anemic-looking delivery boy. As I slowly closed my arms in a strangle grip around his neck, I attempted to apologize. Then some resourceful person, realizing how desperate the situation was, handed me a hockey stick, meanwhile gently disengaging me from my drowning victim. Now, in self-defense, I wish to say that the hockey stick was thin, old and mended in places by pieces of tape. Nevertheless, I grabbed it and leaning on it peered around out of the sides of my steamed-up glasses, like a decrepit old body looking for a boy scout. Then a sudden crack filled the air and I fell headlong, with pieces of the hockey stick spread about me. That was the last straw. Crawling blindly across the ice, I retrieved my glasses and then, with classic dignity, I prepared to tear off my skates and throw them at the captain of the basketball team who was crying with joy. Alas! I had forgotten about the deer-skin thongs which had, by this time, frozen solid.

Mercifully, the greater part of the following hour has been erased by fleeting time; but I can never forget how the captain of the basketball team nearly committed suicide for me that night. Now, the strange thing about my skating was that I could go backwards with comparative ease. But as the pond was dotted with holes where the boys had been fishing that afternoon, it was rather dan-

gerous to skate backwards, especially when one meandered in my inebriated fashion. Having given up the idea of my ever being able to go forward under my own power, he decided to get behind me and push, in order to reach the fire and warmth. For a while it was a very pleasant trip. I stood erectly on my ankles, with my hair blowing across my face and felt just like the figure head of a clipper ship. I ignored the desperate panting of my locomotive power. Suddenly, I saw a terrible sight. We were headed for a yawning hole. Desperately I yelled "Timber!" but to no avail. My escort, blindly pushing me along, did not see the terrible danger. Or did he? Perhaps he wanted to get rid of me. Perhaps he wanted to push the blonde from South Carolina, who also could not skate forward. With a blood-curdling shriek, I fell to my knees. My engine, with difficulty cleared my prostrate form, and headed straight for the open water. With terrific presence of mind, for which my reputation has been forever made in my little home town, I reached for his fleeting trouser leg. It is said that he could easily have stopped or cleared the hole in the ice, but I still think that I saved him from an untimely death. I grasped him around the ankle and pulled. He fell. There was a sharp crack and he lay still.

He came to at three o'clock the next morning. His mother, bending over his bed, heard his first words. He murmured brokenly, "Timber. Why did she yell 'timber'?"

ANN WALKER, '45.

THE AIMS OF OUR SCHOOL

WHY are we students compelled to take such studies as English, Latin, French and Mathematics, which we consider so hard? Did you ever stop to consider the aims in education which our school is trying to meet?

The educational aims in our school are numerous, but all are trying to develop each of us to the best of our ability. To be able to speak, read, and write the mother language effectively is the purpose of the English and Oral English departments. Social ideals and standards are presented through studies such as Principles of Democracy. Economic principles and standards are taught in classes in economics. Instruction in good citizenship is acquired from civics and law classes. Calculating and clear thinking are stimulated through courses in mathematics. A scientific approach to problems or the desire to seek the truth and prove facts for one's self is obtained through courses in general science, physics, biology and chemistry. An understanding of human nature and a knowledge of man's problems can be obtained from English literature and history. Knowledge of foreign languages increases one's vocabulary and cul-

ture. Health and hygiene are promoted through first aid courses. Opportunities for participation in athletic events in order to develop co-ordination and sportsmanship are provided for by having organized school teams. Opportunities to develop talents and acquire skills are provided for in hand craft, art, music, dramatics and mechanical drawing.

When our high school curriculum is viewed with these aims in mind, we are able to understand the significance of our educational system and thereby are able to apply ourselves with greater interest to our studies.

JOHN WILSON, '45.

THE CHARMER

WHAT the manhood of today needs is a puncture in its ego. When a minister's son, ten years old, hurries back to school after lunch because the boys "slay the dames at one o'clock," a need for drastic deflation is evident. If I may have the privilege of being the one who punctures, my first thrust will be at the charmer.

Take any ordinary individual who has found an oil that holds his hair in place exceptionally well, who has a memory strong enough to remember the clever lines of a movie actor, who has a physique not too frail and not too brawny, and who has a collection of startling neckties, and there you have the makings of a charmer. Add a dash of gallantry and daring and there you have the perfected "smoothie," or "shiek" as our charmer's predecessor was called. It is the captivated gushing girl who worships the ground he walks on. As long as such followers flatter him with admiration, he is in fine fettle, but, as soon as the complimentary breeze dies, his sails droop and take on the aspect of the ill-fated ship of the Ancient Mariner.

The charmer, having little interest in anything but his social success, has learned to progress in no other way. If he were to attend a lecture he would be either bored or bewildered. His mental processes are so slow and undeveloped that, with educated and widely interested people, he is a failure. Nevertheless, a coy glance or a giggle directed at him will reassure him of his charm and winsomeness.

The only way in which our charmer can be brought down from his pedestal is through depriving him of his followers. Unfortunately, however, as the female of the species is more deadly than the male, the girls are fighting a fierce battle of their own with charm for armor and a man for the aim.

VIRGINIA MCCORISON, '45.

CLASSROOM SOUNDS

HAVE you ever stopped to consider that the modern trend has even extended as far as classroom sounds? Yes, it's true; they have become standardized. This momentous realization came to me as one of my teachers was explaining a very important point. Suddenly, a fleet footed freshman burst into the room, dashed up to the teacher, winked at a familiar face in the fourth row, thrust the notice (which officially declared that no custard pie would be served in the lunch-room) on the desk, wheeled about and clattered out of the room.

So that you may better understand the circumstances which surround such a dramatic entrance, I shall tell you the events which lead up to such a devastating climax. As the class assembles at the beginning of the period, with much conversation, shuffling of feet, and manipulating of desks, the teacher waits patiently. Having called the class to order, she puts a baffling query to the students. A strange silence hangs over the room as thirty-two mental machines go into operation. Waiting expectantly for the result, the teacher motions a late arrival to sit down quietly; the late arrival promptly drops two books. The suspense is ruined, the question completely forgotten, and the culprit glances apologetically in the direction of the front desk.

Then, following in a seemingly planned sequence come a series of sounds which would fall under the label "Routine." The dropping of pencils and other apparatus, stage whispers, scratching pens, squeaking chalk, all combine to add atmosphere to the classroom. Each little sound serves its purpose; some interrupt important explanations, while others merely make a little more noise. But now it is time for the climax of our period. The teacher is in the midst of a complicated discussion that is just beginning to penetrate, when in strides the conquering hero. The discussion is obliterated by the untimely arrival and clatter, and the teacher, deciding that even fate is against her purpose, gives the class the remainder of the period to study.

The classroom sounds have reached a point of near perfection. They are timed for the most awkward moments, usually interfering with something important. At the rate science is going now, we may have machines installed in classrooms to produce these vital sounds!

LEONARD ROSEMAN, '45.



ON WRITING A THEME

IN the dim past, just before the English teachers got full control of the language and a man could still split an infinitive without being a criminal, some fiendish old gentleman was struck with an idea, and as such fiendish old men do when a flash hits them, he wrote a book. In this finely written tome he said, "There shall be themes." A small group of English students struck in protest. Failing in this strike known in history as the "War of the Roses" (I think there were four), they became Pilgrims and left England. However the Pilgrim spirit has gone from the American scene and now, to the joy of all waste paper dealers, a point has been reached, in the legendary world of "higher education" where students write *a theme a day*.

Fortunately, here on this lower plane, seniors have only weekly themes, weekly sessions of torture as we struggle for dear U. C. E. (Unity, Coherence and Emphasis). This torture has for its rack only a blank sheet of paper. We stare at the paper until we can see the teacher telling us just what we are to write. These weekly themes are given over the week-end so that we may have a few days to crystallize our thoughts, collect some epigrammatic sentences, a few quotations, dozens of allusions to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Swinburn, Olsen and Johnson, Gallagher and Shean, Van and Skenk, and other authorities on our chosen subject.

Oh, but I jumped ahead of myself. How are we to pick a subject? Every Friday, come rain or storm or dark of night (what would we be doing in school then) we are given a list of twenty words taken at random from a dictionary and thrown together so as to form five theme titles. These titles range from "How to Plant Hydrangeas in an Acid Soil" to "The Nuances of a Zephyr Passing Over Violets." The best method of selection that I have found is to throw a big party on Friday night and play "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" with the list of titles. The title that has the most pin-holes around it is the one to write on. With the large "head" that parties usually give me, I find I could write on anything.

With the subject, the allusions, and a filled fountain pen, the weary student (myself) climbs to his padded garret to pound out his weekly stint. And here, with respect to the feelings of any reader who has gotten this far, at one o'clock Monday morning we draw our tattered curtain on our theme for this week.

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '45.

THE BEST BUY TODAY . . . WAR BONDS
WILL BUY THE BEST FOR YOU
TOMORROW.

LINCOLN, WASHINGTON AND THE
AMERICAN PEOPLE

IN February we recall two great Americans, Lincoln and Washington. These men were not only great American leaders, but also typical of the ordinary American. For over 150 years Americans have adopted the same principles which Lincoln and Washington believed in and waged successful wars to preserve.

Washington, besides being interested in a free America, wanted to see his country develop in wealth and new land. Almost till the end of the last century American blood was moving westward, and settling unknown lands. These pioneers took up the call of the west, and went out to seek their fortunes in untransversed wilderness. Besides our westward movement, we grew in industry and wealth, till at the turn of the century we were the richest country in the world.

The ideals of Lincoln can be found in the hearts of all Americans today. Lincoln fought one of the *bloodiest* wars in our history to save the union, and to prove that all men have equal rights. American soldiers are fighting to keep their country, and to come back to their former way of life. Their second reason, which is as important as the first, is to free the people, whom the Germans and Japanese have enslaved. American blood begins to boil when people hear how the Philippines or French have been treated by their conquerors. Like Lincoln, they went out in power to crush that power which attempted to enslave free people.

Washington and Lincoln were two of the most honorable and honest men who ever lived. They never dodged an issue, but always faced it squarely. Lincoln, who loved peace and hated war, saw the only way to serve the union was to fight a war, so we fought it. Likewise today Americans face squarely the problem of victory and security. They want a decisive end to the war and are not looking for the easy way out so that they may return to their carefree way of life. Washington and Lincoln set forth American principles by their actions and words, and Americans in preserving their country have followed the ideals of these two great leaders.

JAMES DOWNEY, '45.

OLD MAN

Sallow folds of skin
drape a long face.
Pale eyes peer
from great wrinkles
Despair
hangs heavy on his flesh.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

RINDGE ROUTED!

PICK-OFF PLAY CAUGHT
RINDGE NAPPING MANY-A-
E! LATIN SCORED WHEN
A THEY USED IT!

THE ANNUAL LATIN-RINDGE BASKETBALL GAME
DREW A RECORD CROWD OF 300! AS TH' CANTABS
TROUGHED TH' TECHNICIANS 40-22!

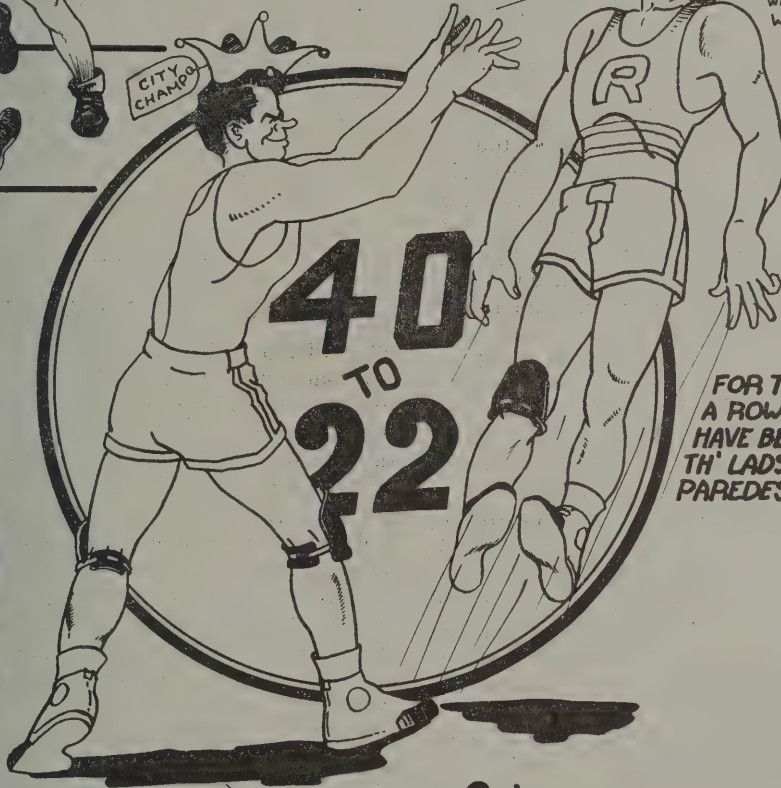


BONK!

LITTLE JIMMY LYNCH SHOWED
WHAT A TERROR HE WAS
WITH A BASKETBALL!
RINDGE COULDN'T FIND HIM,
MUCH LESS STOP HIM!



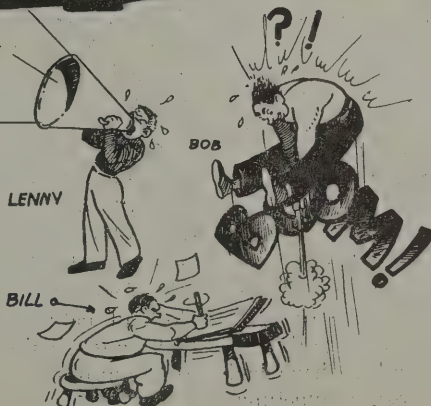
CAMBRIDGE GENDARMES
ON HAND!



FOR TH' SECOND YEAR IN
A ROW, TH' RINDGE HOOPSTERS
HAVE BEEN DEFEATED BY
TH' LADS FROM LATIN! JOHN
PAREDES WAS TH' BIG GUN!



GENE AMARAL - KENNY
LYONS DID SOME EXPERT
BALL HANDLING.



THE MANAGERS! LENNY ROSEMAN,
BILLY SUPPLE, AND TH' FELLA WITH
TH' GUN, BOBBY HORAN!



JOHNNY PAREDES, DAZZLING FORWARD
AND ED LEARY, SWEET GUARD! LEARY
AND PAREDES FIGURED MANY TIMES
IN COACH KOZLOWSKY'S PICKOFF PLAY,
TO RUN TH' SCORE UP TO 40!

COMING, MAJOR!

Ezra Stone and Weldon Melick

(J. B. Lippincott Company)

WHEN Ezra Stone left civilian life and the Aldrich Family to become a strictly G.I. guy, he thought he had left Henry Aldrich behind, too. But his commanding officer yelled "Private! —Private Stone!" and Private Stone automatically answered "Coming, Mo—" turning "mother" into "major" just in time.

"Coming, Major!" is the hilarious tale of Ezra Stone's escapades in the Army, faintly reminiscent of "See Here, Private Hargrove." But "Coming, Major" is not all comedy. There is also the story of the soldiers who wear grease-paint, that division of the Army now called Theater Section, Special Services Branch, which was responsible for "This Is The Army."

Ezra Stone, now Master Sergeant Stone, tells, with the aid of Weldon Melick, of the tour of "This Is The Army," of how he worked with Irving Berlin, hobnobbed with Billy Rose, chatted with Mayor LaGuardia, visited President and Mrs. Roosevelt and was cold-shouldered in Hollywood.

Although "Coming, Major!" has an underlying vein of seriousness, it is easy reading and full of laughs.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

THE SILENCES OF LIFE

AT many times in life there are significant silences, due to a variety of causes. These reasons range from extremely comical to extremely serious—from a light pause after a witty remark, to the inward questioning and inward contemplation of the meanings of life and death themselves.

One of the occasions upon which silence is necessarily maintained is the time when one is endeavoring to think, and have his mental labor produce results. When a chemist in his research laboratory is engrossed in a problem, the answer to which may shed new light on the scientific world, he is so involved in his thoughts that outside noises have no effect upon him.

Besides concentrating to think out scholarly problems, one sometimes stops to remind himself how much pleasure he received from a joyous event long passed by, or how much he will have at some anticipated occasion. Revelling in these happy thoughts is one of the ways we spend our lighter moments.

When one is in the company of others for the purpose of fellowship and fun, someone in the crowd may have an inspiration and make a remark which, at the time, seems extremely comical, very likely side-splitting. When the others have had their fill of laughter, there comes a pause, sometimes

ever so slight, when everyone enjoys it by himself, inside of him. This is one of the most pleasant silences of all.

In a place like church, however, the quietness is of another kind. Here one thinks over his life and its various phases and significances. Such a mood is essential to the prayer and meditation which are associated with worship.

An even more grave silence is prompted when there comes news of a loved one's death. The shock at first is benumbing, and after that follows a searing grief during which one almost forgets the outside world and takes refuge in a silence of sorrow. This mood induces one to take counsel with himself and his Maker about why life at times is so sad.

There are all types of silences, befitting all kinds of occasions. Some are grave, searching silences, and some are light-hearted, gay ones, all playing their own important part in that wonderful adventure called life.

CORINE CARWILE, '45.

IN PRAISE OF EARLY MORNING

CHARLES LAMB'S facile pen would have encountered a "silence of life", had he been asked to write, in his long rambling sentences, in praise of the early morning. Unless Lamb did not practice his own philosophy, how could he possibly write encomiums for the early morning during which he supposedly slept obliviously? For this inability, I am moved to compassion for Lamb. To have missed forever the sight of the ethereal mists of Dawn, to have slumbered while the world awakes slowly from the "drowsy numbness" of sleep, to have missed the radiance of the rising sun, all this must surely detract much pleasure from life.

While we are speaking of the early morning, we might say something laudatory of early rising. Sleep is one of the most notorious "thieves of time". To waste half the day in bed is a folly perpetrated only by honor pupils in the "school for scandal". In the early morning, the brain is probably at its keenest, refreshed by a night of repose, and prepared by Nature for a day of labor. For me, a long sleep is conducive to a drowsiness which lasts all day. My brain is muddled, my lips are so swollen that they interfere with each other's action, and, above all, my body is numb and cries for more slumber. The dawn is the alarm clock of nature, and we should heed its ring so that we may enjoy the beauties and benefits of the early morning.

W. KLOPSTOCK, '45.

MOTION PICTURES

THE field under discussion here has been rather barren recently, and what new productions have come our way, have been mainly dull piecing of threadbare trifles. *Hollywood Canteen*, for instance, presents Joan Leslie at her loveliest (which will, I think, be universally conceded to be very lovely) but otherwise the plot (two wounded heroes go to Hollywood Canteen, one meets Joan Leslie, the other an unknown girl, and desultory romances develop) is trite and uninteresting and the performers in the Canteen, to whom about half the picture is devoted, are much less interesting than the performances given in an earlier picture (the name of which I have forgotten) on the same lines, which included Gracie Allen and Iturbi.

Winged Victory gives an interesting glimpse of soldiers' reactions to exams, and in this sense was a good documentary film. The girls were pretty, but not outstanding as actresses. When all the major characters in the picture meet as a crew on the same bomber—except one, a man who had died—it must have been a terrible temptation for the director to bring *his* ghost to this pretty reunion, just so that everyone would be happy—the plot has long been stale, and even where the action arrives, it is too tame and too shallowly treated from the point of view of the soldiers' reactions to be worth much.

Of the various other romantic and war pictures floating around, I shall say nothing mainly because I am beginning to develop a condition of uncomfortable acidity from this paean of criticism. I will, however, mention "A Song To Remember," which is a well-executed production enough. It is a life of Chopin, grossly inaccurate in particulars as such things are apt to be. Paul Muni, who is cast as Chopin's piano teacher, Professor Joseph Elsner, does a marvelous job. As Madame George Sand, Merle Oberon is quite good (she is more beautiful than she has been in any other picture for years). Cornell Wilde, as Chopin, is reasonably good. The picture's main attraction, however, is the music, of which there is an abundance (Polonaise E Flat, Minute Waltz, Polonaise Militaire, Revolutionary Etude, Etude A Flat, Nocturnes—C Minor and E Flat, and others) played by Iturbi (Wilde obviously knows *how* to play—his synchronization is excellent). Iturbi plays the fast pieces brilliantly, the slower ones with less beauty, too little appreciation. However, the picture is a treat for any Chopin-lover and has good acting thrown in as a sort of "hors d'oeuvres."

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.



THE NEW STATE DEPARTMENT

THE recent "shakeup" in the State Department has been greeted with howls of anguish on the part of many "liberals." These people, led by PM, failed to see any good points in any of the men appointed, except, perhaps, MacLeish. A less liberal, that is more practical, look at the past actions of our president's choices may reveal the reason he chose as he did.

Stettinius, as Secretary of State, heads the list of appointments. It is not hard for us to see why he was chosen. As a successful business man, he is well equipped to grasp the problems of post-war trade. As an industrialist, he is acceptable to fellow magnates who must produce the goods America must sell to the rest of the world. Ex-ambassador Grew is another logical choice. Here is a career diplomat, to be sure, but one who knows as much about Japan as any person alive today. This knowledge can be put to use both in the prosecution of the Pacific war and in the organization of the vitally important peace. MacLeish, the choice of the "liberal" group in America, is far less easy to explain from a "practical" point of view. Perhaps he has administrative talents; the running of the Library of Congress would call for ability in this line. There is no doubt that he has marked literary gifts. That he is a favorite of the progressive groups is certain. He is said to be in the department to "balance off" the more conservative appointees.

The men spoken of above, in addition to the others, Clayton, Holmes, and Dunn, make up a well balanced State Department. This balance is undoubtedly what the President sought in making the appointments. Apparently the "liberals," in their criticisms, have forgotten that we are striving for a unified America with peak industrial production resulting in prosperity.

JAMES SILBERMAN, '45.

A LETTER FROM HOME

DO you know what a letter means to some one 'way out here?

It's a kiss, a caress, a memory; a work of faith and a word of cheer.

It's something to wait for and think about in the mud and the cold and the rain

When the shelling's bad, and men go mad in a hell of fear and pain.

It's the bridge that goes beyond the guns, the battlefield and the sea,

The slender bridge between what a man is now, and what he used to be.

JEROME P. CROWLEY
Somewhere in Germany
C. H. L. S. 1939

SPORTS

It gives me great pleasure to begin this issue with a word of congratulation to Kenny Lyons, Captain-elect of next year's football team. Good luck, Ken. I hope your team is very successful.

The hockey team started off its season in grand style this year, emerging from its first three games without a defeat. But after tying Newton and Melrose, and trouncing Belmont, the Cantab sextet fell into a slump from which it couldn't seem to recover, losing four straight, to Stoneham, Medford, Arlington and Rindge. Then Latin went into the playoffs, matched against the other second division teams.

Here's the way the team lined up every Saturday in battle array, from early December to the middle of February. Starting at center was Dinny Downey, Speedy co-captain, who teamed up with co-captain Tony Frasca to form a powerful scoring combination. Jack Donahue, the remaining forward, also had his share in the scoring. Art Foster also saw considerable action as a forward. On defense, it was scrappy Earl Daurie and George Costa, whose brilliant solos highlighted much of the scoring. Then, doing a fine job of net minding, we had imperturbable Ray Foley (and his gum), who did his best to keep the opposition from alerting our strings too much.

The basketball team opened its season on a different foot, dropping its first three games, but it bounded back into action to create a winning streak and to bring the record at the time of this writing to three wins and four losses. Individually and as a unit, the team has exhibited some classy performances, sinking spectacular long shots, setting up sure-fire scoring plays, and picking the ball off the backboards. Ed Leary can really sink those long shots, and co-captain Johnny Paredes is so fast and shifty that he catches the opposition flat-footed almost every time he handles the ball. Jim Lynch is another outstanding performer, and co-captain Pat Cardillo can always be counted on to come through in the clinches. Also seeing much action and doing their share in the scoring were John Vigeron, Ken Lyons, Wally Lyons, Jimmy Downey, Tom Sgouros, Art Foster and Ed Amaral.

The track Team began its competition this year in the A. A. U. meet at the Boston Y. M. C. A. Jimmy Downey and Bill Brathwaite let the opposition know that this championship team is going to go places again this year. Jimmy, showing a fine piece of running, ground out a very nice second place in the 1000. Bill won his heat in the 600, but was forced to accept a third place on a time basis. The relay team, which is the same as last year's except for the addition of speedy Billy Goldberg, won its race, in which it was pitted

against Worcester Academy and the Boston "B" team.

The next meet was the Northeastern meet, in which 32 schools were entered. The schools were not divided into two classes, A, and B, as they are in the State Meet, and the competition was especially keen. Cambridge Latin finished in fourth place, but it was beaten by three Class "A" teams, against which it will not compete in the State Meet.

Jimmy Downey left all opposition far behind and romped to an easy first place. Bill repeated his previous performance, winning his heat, but being tied down to a third in the first competition. However, he was beaten by two Class "A" runners, and he should have a clear field in the State Meet 600, where he will have only Class "B" to contend with. The relay team didn't click quite quickly enough to beat Weymouth, but I feel that it will succeed in the State Meet. Tony Travers made a good showing in the hurdles, and he should fare well when he has only Class "B" competition to defeat.

In the dash we have Franny Silvestres, who is coming along very nicely, and Dick Benfields. Gil Silvestre and Joe Wentkus have been taking care of the shot-put, but Wally Lyons has shown amazing ability to heave it, and he may pick up some points for the team. Billy Kokinakakis was developing into a good 600 yarder, but he suffered a leg injury in the first meet and is lost to the team for the remainder of the indoor season. Art Scalcese and Bill Braithwaite should repeat their performances of last year in the broad jump, and add some more points to our total. Joe Winn has shown outstanding endurance in running the thousand, and may possibly score in the State Meet. In the line of high jumpers we have Cliff Herman and Billy Peck, a freshman.

Add all of these factors together and you will have an idea of why this team is confident of winning another State Championship. By the time you read this, you will know whether I am right or wrong when I prophesy that nothing can stop them.

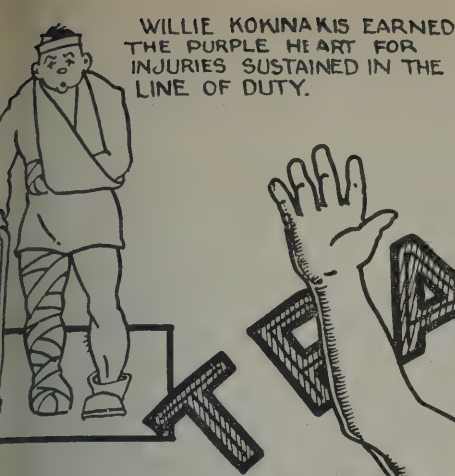
JOHN HARRINGTON, '45.

WHERE THE BOND DOLLARS GO

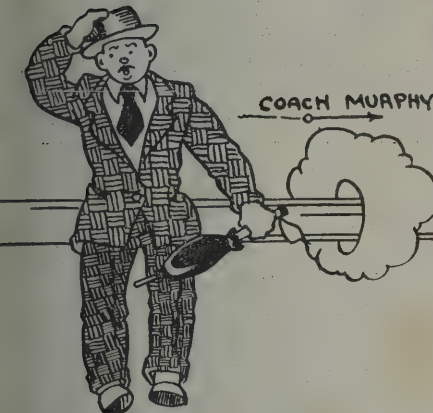
Bond Dollars are used as follows:

(OWI Release)

- 19c for aircraft
- 12c for ordnance and signal equipment
- 10c for Navy and Army vessels
- 4c for merchant ships
- 11c for miscellaneous munitions
- 25c for non-munitions war items(pay, subsistence, travel, export commodities, etc.)
- 5c non-war uses



RELAY CAPTAIN, BRAITHWAITE CAN BE JUSTLY PROUD OF HIS RELAY TEAM—BILL GOLDBERG, JOHNNY HARRINGTON JIMMY DOWNEY—THEY WON A SWELL RACE

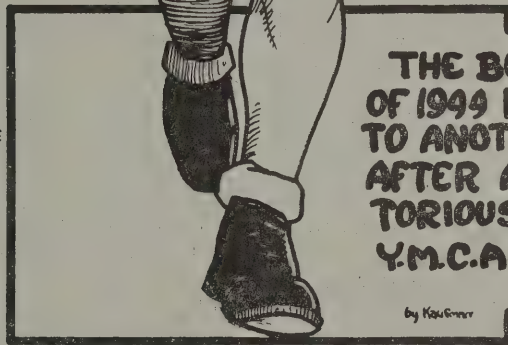


MURPHY OUTDID HIS OWN BOYS MAKING RECORDS AS HE NEARLY EDED IN BEING EVERYWHERE NCE



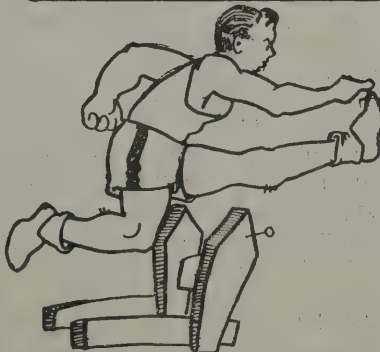
JIM DOWNEY TOOK SECOND PLACE IN THE 1000 YD RUN—IT TOOK A COLLEGE MAN TO BEAT HIM. HE THEN AIDED HIS MATES TO VICTORY IN THE RELAY

OTHERLY LOVE/ BILL BRAITHWAITE MEDFORD'S ARMAND FURY WERE IN ARM IN ARM BEFORE THEIR NT, THE 600 YD RUN

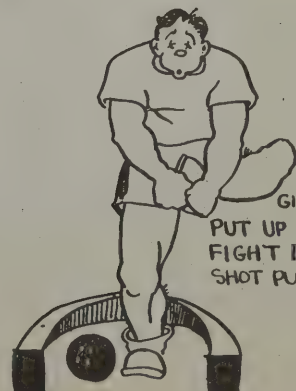


THE BOARD CHAMPS OF 1949 LOOK FORWARD TO ANOTHER TROPHY AFTER A NEAR VICTORIOUS DAY AT THE Y.M.C.A.

by KAGGNEY



TONY' TRAVERS DID A SWELL JOB AGAINST SOME TOUGH COMPETITION



GIL SYLVESTRE PUT UP A STALWART FIGHT IN THE SHOT PUT EVENT

SPOTLITE

WHAT with report cards, class rings, class pictures, formals and winter sports, we seniors have covered town, and here, Mr. and Miss C. H. L. S., are a few items we picked up as we Review'd the situation:

First, because we're tired of hearing cracks about Frank Sinatra, we'll just say that Bud Reading sings like Bing Crosby, in his first period class . . . Gloria Travers wears a lieutenant's bar, and all else is a military secret . . . Frequent visitors at the "Y" are Pat Doliber, Barbara Holland and Lil Miller . . . Dorothy Tobin has in her wallet a file of photos as interesting as Life itself . . . Dick Harrington and Jim Linehan look as if they had just stepped out of Esquire; the corduroy jackets are responsible . . . Jimmy Lakis wears his rubbers in bad weather, like a good boy, but his struggles to put them on are pitiful to see . . . Doug Crocker didn't go out for basketball this year, protesting that he didn't like the rules . . . Every morning Ann Heffernan, attempting to board the crowded school bus, steps out of the milling throng, howls to no one in particular, "Save me a seat, will yuh?" and returns to the push, a performance that entertains people immensely . . . Mary Sateriale had a little trouble with an elusive plate of ice cream at the G. A. A. boy-girl dance . . . Nominations: For a Quiz Kid, Herbert Schlein; the marks he gets! For a Whiz Kid, John Parades; he certainly breaks records streaking around a basketball court . . . Phyllis O'Brien should crash the *SatEvePost* in a few years with that art work of hers . . . Dave Sheehan was reported determined not to shave till he was made hockey goalie. He achieved his ambition in the Arlington game, and the Harvard-sq barbers disbanded their posse . . . Lillian Marshall, sophomore girls' basketball captain, was overcome with embarrassment the day her team lost to the freshmen . . . Martin Martinian plays a mean violin (this is a compliment) . . . One of those early-to-class girls is Grace Maher, who gets to first period class before the bell rings . . . Mary Shea had a little difficulty buying her class ring . . . Dorry Ayon, that talented songstress, has even the pin boys applauding her scores when she goes bowling . . . Inseparables: Anne Wagner and Jackie Doyle. Ditto: Barbara Graham and Barbara Hippert . . . Connie Marcellino, ordinarily sweet-tempered, gets quite impatient with her locker at times . . . Dorothy McGovern's nickname is Percy: grows on you, doesn't it? . . . Lillian Levy skims down to the lunchroom with robomb speed . . . Ann Coleman is the wit in 331; always has a funny story . . . Dinny Downey didn't hit

the nail on the head one Thursday afternoon. He hit the tack instead, and howled with pain . . . The song, "How Many Hearts Have You Broken?", must have been written for Art Foster Peggy Puddister is the girl you see flitting around the corridors on 40 different errands, every recess . . . Betty Dawe doesn't have the least bit of trouble with her arithmetic homework . . . Lorry Breviglieri's house is known as "The Canteen" by the throngs that crowd into it all the time . . . The noise in 307 centers around Marian Crocker . . . Sunday night is considered *t h e* time to go skating, by Lois Hanlon, Joan Howard, Pat Sargent, Dick Harrington, John Hogan and Dave Sheehan . . . That was Mary Messenger wandering down the corridor the other day, mournfully muttering "T. S., T. S.," to herself. She must have been thinking of the manpower shortage . . . Mrs. Roosevelt, with all her committees, has nothing on Joan Fitz's worries over one—the dance committee at the "Y" . . . Kathleen Montgomery suddenly lost her voice the afternoon oral tests were coming up . . . William O'Connell is *s o* tired, 6th period . . . Helen Pantos, that ardent member of the Modern Languages Club, will be known as "Senorita Elena" from now on . . . Dick Bond worries about rationing, but won't tell anybody why . . . Jean Quinn's only comment on tardiness is "Better late than never" . . . It must be an ambition to be another Sonja Henie that attracts Beverly Garfield to the Cambridge Skating Club every afternoon . . . The maps and charts class has a great attraction for Charles Lowry . . . Joe Sullivan dazzles the eye with his shiny new identification bracelet . . . Arthur Shaatz's writing hand is awfully tired, but does he know Latin verbs! . . . Sidney Heller bears up bravely under the onslaught of girlish chitchat in his home room, first recess . . . Richard Monahan and Richard Fernald could write a column as wacky as Grace Allen's, if they put their minds to it . . . If Gene Parker wore a string of pearls with that purple sweater, doughboys would pin up his picture . . . Barb Day and Claire Doherty feel that "a coke a day keeps the blues away" . . . Louis Zacharakis, his car crammed with friends, rides up to Harvard Square every day after school, merrily tooting his horn and giving one and all a big hello . . . Catherine Paselina is every bit as good as Dinah Shore; she's just too modest to admit it . . . Bob Wise, as Review advertising manager, does so much telephoning that his fingerprints are on half the dials in Cambridge . . . A memo reminds us that Constance Morreau's red hair and blue eyes are knocking people for a ground-loop . . . Claire Doherty is a regular Sherlock Holmes (without

the peaked cap) when it comes to finding trouble . . . Georgia Anestis gets desperate when she can't find gum . . . Chris Kokinakis and Basilla Neilan, those artistic souls, tie a head bandage so that it looks like a Lily Dache hat . . . Nothing disturbs James Silberman's poise; he sails into school at 8:27 with his editorial calm unruffled . . . John McCarthy should have a cart in which to carry around that load of books . . . Don't-Send-Flowers, Just-Sympathize Department: Monny Babin was popped into quarantine with chicken pox just before the K. B. Formal . . . Ardys Karbaum and Ann Corcoran were so overcome by "The Song of Bernadette" that they wept softly into strengthening cups of tea for an hour afterwards . . . Margaret Ciccola in that fuchsia-and-pink ensemble looks good enough to eat . . . No one can outshine Gilbert Robicheau in bright ties and sharp sweaters . . . Diane Perin is fascinated by the squirrels in the Harvard Yard, but they annoy Diana Kanovas, who considers them little gray beggars and nothing else . . . Rosemary Corkery can think up the strangest questions to ask in fifth period . . . Patsy Shea should get the Purple Heart for that black eye . . . Helen Mahoney is always studying—and look what that got Lincoln! . . . Beverly Bruneau, who gives as many parties as the USO, recently entertained Jean Foley, Barbara Goepfer, Betty Grove, Franny Heffernan and Hugh Graham, and a fine time was had by all . . . Dot Donovan thinks snow is so much fun! She's always tossing somebody into it . . . Barbara Martin is enthusiastic about basketball. So is Mary Reilly, but she divides her enthusiasm between the game and the knitting she brings along . . . Tom Kelly liked his Christmas job of mail-carrying because he could ring doorbells without having to run . . . Mary Hughes takes shorthand so rapidly that you can't see her hand move . . . Lawrence McMenimen is interested in the Navy proper and not in the Waves, whatever people tell you . . . Donald Doyle, at the "Y" dances, is just as good a stepper as Arthur Murray . . . Eddie Leary is a little uncertain as to his home room . . . Joe DeFeo is the polite usher at the University . . . Leo Harrington wants to be a lawyer, he says . . . Marie Sullivan didn't like to pose for her class pictures because she had to look serious . . . Billy Braithwaite and Ramon McCree took the photographic ordeal in their stride . . . Gourmets (hungry people, to you) tell us that Helen Kulolius cooks a delicious hamburger . . . Ann Delaney's newly acquired sweaters, so widely envied, are her brother's. She took them over when he entered the Navy . . . James Russell comes out with "the most killing remarks" in his sixth period class, or so says a fatally injured bystander . . . Joan Howard and Teresa Fitzgerald look like Powers models in their rein-

deer sweaters . . . Jean Francoeur, Louise Monahan, Edna Williams, Jimmy Downey and John Harrington got as much attention with those first class rings as if they had been carrying two-pound steaks and pounds of butter . . . Mary McMenimen solved the problem of what to do with a child you're taking care of. She took the infant to a Latin basketball game . . . George Costa and Claire Colnane appear to have a great deal to argue about . . . Sally Messina attracted much attention with her gay plaid slacks . . . Among the Girl Scout leaders' aides are Virginia McHorison, Marjorie Babcock, Basilla Neilan, Isabel Gudas, Mary O'Brien and Evelyn Cherelli . . . John Wilson is Joe Popularity himself in his chemistry class; he's always ready to lend a helping hand in an experiment . . . Anne Rosie, that talented artist, gave a party so good that Claire Rogers and Deidre O'Brien were still recovering four days later . . . History doesn't move fast enough for Tony Frasca; he fell asleep during Andrew Jackson's administration and woke up in Tyler's . . . What Virginia Nikas saved up for a rainy day is a pair of high black rubber boots . . . They tell us David Most hasn't got up on time since the wartime shortage of alarm clocks began . . . Janice Banks has great difficulty getting out of the girls' locker room in one piece, such is the crowding therein . . . Early birds at their lockers outside Latin Hall were considerably startled when they saw John Harrington running around with half a sweater draped over his shoulders . . . A belated orchid to Lorraine Roffer, who planned and staged the Christmas entertainment in the gym . . . The memory of the mistletoe in 315 is still green to Rosemary Ryan, Mary Messenger, Mary O'Brien and Bud Reading, while the bravery of Dick Bond is remembered in 317. Christmas Note, also—Constance Bolduc and Jeanne Hyatt decorated the deans' desks with Christmas trees and angels. Mary Mazza made a block print that was used by the Art Department—as were also the cards of Patricia Davis, Eileen Joyce, and Richard Kirk.

At the Rindge-Latin basketball game: That was Eileen Dewire in the red cap, as if you didn't know! . . . Billy Braithwaite and Cynthia Green were right under the basket . . . Joe Wenckus was the young man with the horn . . . Sonny Curcio, Billy Supple, Bob Horan and Leonard Roseman had a table to sit at—privileged characters!—but no knives or forks . . . Joe Winn and Charles Black teetered on the top row . . . Barbara Goepfer played a game of her own and was seen emerging from under the bleachers, red as to face; she had lost a mitten . . . Nancy McMenimen was with that handsome sailor cousin of hers . . . Paul Carroll wore a jacket louder than the cheering section and Jimmy Hughes had its mate in Reader's

Digest size . . . Joe Sheehan crossed the floor so many times that he should have been in the summary with the substitutes . . . Eddie Guiney had a seat in the balcony . . . Will Kokinakis was tossed around by his pals until spectators were dizzy . . . Jean Foley turned up in collegiate garb—slacks and a shirt that her father was probably looking for just at that moment . . . Tilly McCool chatted with so many friends that she doesn't yet know who won. Still, that's one way to get your name into the Spotlight.

Another way is just to write the name down, like this:

ANN WALKER, '45

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45

FOUR WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD

IN the course of my years as a student, I have collected four astounding phenomena which I look upon as the four wonders of this modern world.

The first of these is bridge building. The most difficult part about bridge building, in my estimation, is the start! How does the engineer go about beginning a bridge? I suppose he digs a little hole as part of the ground-breaking ceremony, but I must admit my complete ignorance as to what comes next. Frankly if I were asked to build a bridge, I should be at a loss for what to do. I might be able to finish a bridge were it started for me, but as for making the first move, I should be left blushing furiously!

The next wonder is the haphazard way in which this younger generation have come to throw themselves about with some pretense of rhythm. This is known to all as jitter bugging. My view point is that of an actual practitioner. I have the bruises to prove it! The basic step is mere child play. As for what follows, I offer this as testimony: While in the midst of a breathless twirl, I lost my hold on my partner and I slipped, fell, and skidded directly in the path of an oncoming couple, a marine and his girl. Nothing need be added, except that now, influenced somewhat by the marine's fist, I have given up jitterbugging. I am now content to sit and gaze in wonderment at the "jumpin', jivin', hepcats"! "Jittering" is still a complete mystery to me, and it will continue to be a mystery, for nevermore shall I don my "box back" and "pegs" and get my "worm" to "squirm"!

The third modern miracle is the "Windsor" cravat. How does one tie a Windsor knot? Bob Eberle looks positively debonair wearing his Windsor. Cary Grant looks suave and sophisti-

cated wearing his Windsor. Thomas Sgouros looks—(at this point, the reader is permitted to choose his own adjectives)—wearing his Windsor. Honestly, when I tie a Windsor, the tie is either all tie and no knot at all, or the knot is so monstrous, it jabs my collar deep into my neck! As a result of countless hours of thought on this subject, I've discovered that they only worrying-saving way to wear a Windsor cravat, is not to wear a tie at all! Instead, I wear a tee-shirt where no tie is required.

The fourth wonder, and this is purely in my opinion, is "theme-writing." If you've read this far, (and if you have you are either one of my greatest friends or you are curious to see how one of the other half thinks) you've already discovered the truth of this statement. Shall I ever write a good essay? A good essay would be to me what a square meal would be to "Starved Rock!" Both are highly improbable!

These, as far as I'm concerned, are the four wonders of the modern world. Of course, there are other lesser ones, but the theme has to close at some point!

THOMAS SGOUROS, '45.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

THE calm restfulness of the country, the quiet and repose that fill the soul in close touch with nature, have long been recognized. There is a feeling of timelessness that pervades one when surrounded by the eternal freshness of nature, a sense of the great, unchanging values that are the bases of life. And that too often becomes obscured in the feverish surges of the city. From time immemorial, men have sought the calm of the country to readjust themselves, and thus regain their adjustment with others. They retire to the country to lick their spiritual wounds, where they may truly rest, without the galling bruises that life among others inflicts on the too sensitive.

Travel books celebrate the great scenes, revel in the magnificence of a landscape measured by square miles. The greatest painters knew better; Claude Lorraine, with his broad prospects, never neglects to introduce small delightful spots; the Dutch, perhaps the finest portrayals of landscape, dealt with small intimate scenes; and Rembrandt's most admired etching consists of three trees against the sky. It is perhaps because their approach was so monumental that we are never really at home with the Italian landscapes; they excite admiration, not sympathy. For it is the little, almost personal things that appeal to us most in nature; a rough stone, covered with moss, a graceful tree, a tiny brook, a small corner shaded by brush, known and

understood by us alone, that is the most delightful. In his "Ode to Autumn," Keats dwells lovingly on humble scenes—

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees . . . "

It is understandable why doctors used to send their patients to the country for all description of ills. Much of sickness is produced or irritated by the mental condition, a fact now recognized, and those wise old medics were employing the most ancient and reliable remedy for trouble of the mind—contact with the soothing, intimate peace of nature.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

LITERARY CLUB NOTES

DURING this past year the Literary Club, one of the newer organizations of the school, has been holding its meetings every other week in Miss Butler's office. There are some requirements for admission, yet, any prospective member will be welcome.

All reports and discussions are conducted informally; this has proved more interesting to listeners. Our members feel that these meetings are not only enjoyable but also informative. So far the books read have fallen into various categories, and almost every type has been represented. Reports have been given by Frieda Alexander on "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano" and by other members on similar books.

In addition to our regular meetings, we have taken a trip to the Boston Opera House to hear "Sunday at 4:30" conducted by Arthur Fiedler. This was broadcast through the facilities of WBZ. Our first trip having proved such a success, other excursions have been planned for the future.

- The officers for this year are:
- Elizabeth McLaughlinPresident
 - Lily RootTreasurer
 - Alice SeelingerSecretary

THEODORA DOWNS, '46.



OUR AMERICA



A figure,
huddled, ragged,
selfishly hugs
the dying embers
of a tiny fire.

It is the winter
of 1777
and the place . . .
Valley Forge . . .
This soldier
endured untold agony
and suffering
in hope that America
would become
what it is today.

And today,
on a hitherto
unheard of isle
in the far reaches
of the Pacific,
a boy of seventeen
hurls himself
on a hand grenade
to save the lives
of his comrades.

Impressed?
You need not be.
As long as there is
an America,
men will continue
to die for it,
to preserve
the homes and families
they left behind.

It is a magnificent land . . .
. . . Our America.

DAVID WALSH, '47,



CHIVALRY IN C. H. L. S.

ASK any lad-about-Latin if he ever heard of the quaint old custom of holding a door for a lady. The chances are he'll reply, with a coarse chuckle and a wicked leer, "Where's the lady?" implying in no subtle manner that there is an evident lack of ladies in the near vicinity. This is but one instance of the gentlemanly courtesy with which we girls are favored.

Moreover, it is not only in school that we receive such treatment. In the morning, every football and hockey player uses his brawn (brains are poorly distributed among this group, as a whole) to shove down to the rear of the schoolbus, where they settle in a crowd and regard any comrade who gives a girl his seat as a dastardly weakling. These lads indulge in snow-ball throwing, feeling it gentle fun and good exercise for a pitching arm. I speak with authority, having been socked in the nose with a particularly large ball hurled by the most promising member of the baseball team.

In school, it's considered quite the thing, for every senior boy at least, to saunter into class, lower his weary body into a seat and languidly stretch his feet into the aisle. From then on, it's every girl for herself; if any one should happen, as if frequently the case, to trip over his feet, he'll glance up reproachfully, as if to say, "What do you mean, disturbing me like that?"

I have become quite adept at catching swinging doors with the heel or toe. No boy will take the time to ease a door gently into place. It seems to be quite manly to smash through a door, and the louder the noise at the impact as boy meets door, the better is the boy. Most of my friends deem it a sign of esteem for some lanky adolescent to slam shut a carefully poised locker door. I'm touchy that way; I don't like my door shut when I'm taking books out and I do consider it rude.

I must admit not all boys are like that. The bad outnumber the good, though, and they're very annoying. I definitely dislike, when chatting with a boy in a corridor, to have another sidle up behind me—mutter a long, low whistle, and murmur gleefully "Look out, babe—he's a wo-o-lf!"

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

* * *

Fifty 50c War Stamps will pay for a blood transfusion apparatus. This apparatus will save hundreds of our boys wounded on the battlefields.

* * *

CHANGING FASHIONS

I'VE often wondered what my grandmother thinks of the fashions of today. From what I have seen in pictures and from what I have heard, I gather that the fashions are very different now. Some have improved whereas others have improved too much. To illustrate the latter, let me discuss the skirt.

The skirts of grandmother's time were long and full, resting upon mountains of petticoats. Today they are so short and so tight that if one more petticoat were put under them, a seam would burst. I have no objection to short skirts if you have the legs, but who, other than Betty Grable, has slim and pretty legs? The drape of the skirt in some respects hasn't changed. Some skirts are sold with bustles attached. Why anyone would want to buy them, I can't understand; but everyone to his own taste. Some skirts have a gather down the side that, as far as I can see, does nothing to improve one's figure.

The hat is another article of clothing that has changed. According to the men, they become "worse" each year; sometimes I'm inclined to agree with them. This past Easter I thought some of the hats would fly away with their feathers and frills. If I had to wear the wide brimmed hats of my grandmother's time, I should go crazy. I can't stand even a little pill box that sits on top of the head. I'm quite sure that I'm not the only one who shares this feeling.

Shoes are something else again. If I had to lace the high top shoes of grandmother's every morning I'm positive I would always be late for school. As it is, I just make it; and all I have to do is to slip my feet into a pair of loafers. Speaking of loafers, I wonder what our grandparents would think of them, especially since men and boys are wearing them.

I have so far talked of fashions which concern only the women. Now let me dwell for a second on the men. In the time of the Spectator, men wore silk stockings, knee breeches, and, on a cold rainy day, bright red capes. The above of course does not mention their high shoes with silver buckles or frilly silk blouses. I wonder how some of the country's best dressed men of today would look in such attire. With the exceptions of the bow tie and hanging shirt tails, I would say that men's fashions have greatly improved.

ALICE M. SEELINGER, '46.

* * *

LET FINAL VICTORY BE OUR SPUR!

* * *

ON BROAD HINTS

EVERY year at the times when it is customary to give gifts, I get numerous, supposedly subtle hints on what to write on my gift list. Brother, Dad, Mom, and my special chum comment favorably on articles we see in stores or in advertisements. It is no great difficulty for me to do my shopping swiftly. However, I miss the confusion which is the exciting part of buying gifts.

Jackie, my brother, firmly believes in asking for just what he wants. After all, think how incorrect it would be for me to give him something really useful! Clothes are on his 'don't-give-me' list. This member of my family brings out his skates and shows me, quite convincingly, that they are worn-out. That is my hint; I take it!

A V-Mail letter arrives from Dad, full of comments on his shipmates' family portraits. He adds as a postscript, that he is practically the only officer without such a picture. To me that means make an appointment at the photographer's and try to get Jackie and Mom to smile sweetly at the 'Birdie'.

"Aren't those earrings lovely?" Mother says as we pass a jeweler's. Of course they just match her new pin; again I know what to give a person, without any pondering on my part.

When my chum informs me that she thinks the fashionable barrettes of silver are "just too wonderfully elegant," in the language of teen-agers, what can I do but make one my birthday gift to her? Why, she even says that she would like her nickname on hers, just in case anyone is thinking of getting one for her!

It may be wise to give broad hints about what you would like for gifts. That way you do get just the things you are longing for. However, think of what happens to the element of surprise. It simply disappears.

CATHERINE CURTISS, '46.

FRESHMAN NOTES

HERE are the Freshman notes for this issue—keep the news coming, Freshmen, if you want to be represented in your own column.

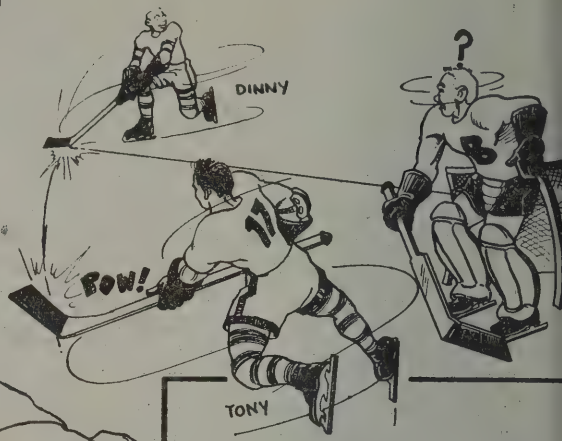
Margie Sullivan is always at her locker—Adeleine Molorzo can lose herself easily, especially in Civic class—Walter Stoniewicz has taken to spending all his time at his books, and is now being addressed as Professor—Connie Marks is the girl with the dimples—Anastasia Manolos is always at school early, to do her homework, we understand—on the other hand, Teresa Martin arrives one second before the last bell—a certain fourth period

Civics class is in mourning for its lost teacher—Doris Fields is becoming known as a walkie talkie—Marjorie Duggan is headed toward a writing career—why not try your luck with your Review?—it's good experience—Eugenia Felipe has been honored with an invitation to join the Spanish club, a group to which few Freshmen are invited—congratulations, Eugenia—Lawrence Corcoran must enjoy being angry—does Leonard Frisoli sing like Frank Sinatra?—James Dwyer is trying hard to make the honor roll this term—Rita Ferolito is a very likeable girl—Shirley Brown seems to be worrying about putting on weight—Richard Rigazzo and Charles Durokis are two freshmen who have made good in school athletics—Paul Quinn, we understand, has an excellent voice—Roland Perkins is a great basketball fan—Jennie Prengie, the serenader—David Sutz has returned to school after an illness.—Welcome back to the fold, David!—Why does everyone laugh when Jackie Towers talks?—A political discussion occupies the attention of John Maciel, Joseph Lepore, and Wilfred Loggum at recess every day—Phyllis MacInnes carefully hides the fact that she has a beautiful voice—doodling is a good pastime, eh, Mary Lowry?—Jeanann Hogan wears a locket containing a picture—Dotty Walsh has three brothers in the Navy: no wonder she admires our Fleet—Dorothy Burke likes to fish—Geraldine Nugent looks like an angel; we don't know her well enough to be sure whether looks are deceiving—Marilyn Knox and Doris Duffy are as inseparable as Phyllis Kane and Patsy Kokinakis—these last two girls won the jitterbug contest at the G. A. A. Dance—The theme song of Room 101 should be "An Apple for the Teacher"—Charles Conley has acquired a nickname, Jinx—Why does Roberta Wilkie have so much trouble with her locker—Georgianna Nyman really studies every fifth period—Edward Spencer must have made a resolution to be on time lately—Roberta Reardon talks all the time, we hear—Louise Priest tries a new hair do almost every day—Stanley Poole is still managing to beat the bell—We hear that Viv Weinberg made an E in a Latin Term Test—Betty Galvin makes drama out of every little thing—Mary Spirito and Rose Silva work at the City Hospital as aides—Room 122 is so rich that it doesn't know what to do with its funds—Betty McGonigle likes bananas, we understand—Mary Parker, Barbara O'Connor, and Eileen McCarthy have apparently never heard that "children should be seen and not heard."—Barbara McIntosh has almost forgotten now that she ever had an appendix—Maybe it's the war, but we understand that Lorraine Kaminski, Christine Karon, and Helen Lewis are economical with regard to sneakers.

BELMONT BOWS

COCKY BELMONT, HAVING PLAYED SWELL GAMES ON THEIR TWO PREVIOUS TRYS WAS PROMPTLY PUT ON THEIR GUARD WHEN TONY FRASCA AN' DINNY DOWNING COLLABORATED ON TWO GOALS! AN' BELMONT WAS LEFT IN TH' DUST! ART FOSTER GOT MAD A COUPLE O' TIMES AN' TOOK IT OUT ON TH' PUCK!

IN TH' FAST AN' FURIOUS 2ND PERIOD, FRASCA AND DOWNING PULLED THIS NEAT LITTLE TRICK. AT THE END OF THE PERIOD, LATIN LED 5 TO 2!



RAY FOLEY HAD ONE OF HIS BETTER AFTERNOONS!

WITH AN UNDEATED RECORD, LATIN FLEW INTO BELMONT, J. KELLEY+CO. AND LAID THEM LOW BY A SEVEN-TWO DRUBBING, AS TH' SCHOOL BOYS TOOK OUT THEIR STICKS, PADS, AND SKATES AND ONCE MORE TOOK TO TH' ICE TO PLAY.....

GEORGIE COSTA TOOK TH' PUCK PAST BELMONT DEFENSEMEN THREE TIMES BY VIRTUE OF FANCY SKATIN' AN' STICK HANDLING!



IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE IN TH' 2ND PERIOD, EARL DRAURIE GOT A HOMERUN--OVER TH' FENCE--!



HOCKEY!

BELMONT WAS REALLY FINISHED BY COSTA'S THIRD GOAL! BUT FRASCA ADDED A BLISTERING TALLY, FOR GOOD MEASURE!



Service Notes

{Continued from last issue}

Pvt. Louis DeMillia, '42, was wounded in the Italian campaign and has been awarded the Purple Heart. Louis expects to be again in action by the time this is in print. He has two brothers and a sister in the armed forces. One of his brothers landed in Italy a week ahead of Louis.

Macbeth B. Spriggs, '40, spent two years in Lincoln University, Pa., after graduation, and then joined the army. "Next lap was overseas, North Africa; then to Italy, where I am at present." His account of side-trips to other locations was too much blotted out with censor's ink to permit inclusion here.

Cpl. John J. Sheehan, Jr., '42, gives as his latest address, Hq. Sqd. 3, 3 MAW, FMF, c/o Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Pvt. Jerome Crowley, '39, writes: "I've travelled all through France and Normandy and now am in Germany. Believe me, Cambridge has them all beaten. I'm lying in a field alongside of my fox hole writing this. The pen I'm using belonged to a German until yesterday. I speak French pretty well and hold more or less intelligent conversations with the Belgians. I can't tell you anything about our position excepting that we are resting near the Siegfried line. We are back with the artillery, and I am reminded of Tennyson—'Guns to the right of them, guns to the left of them,' etc. Thank the good Lord they are nearly all our guns. There is nothing in song or story capable of doing justice to the appearance of a town after thorough bombardment—St. Lo is the worst I've ever seen."

S/Sgt. B. E. Alberico, '30, sent Miss McCarthy a copy of the "Nouveau Testament . . . de Adolf Hitler," a circular which gained considerable prominence in the ridiculing of Der Fuehrer and others by the underground in Paris.

Capt. M. Ettenberg, M. C., '34: "The Hawaiian islands are only a memory now—and New Guinea is hardly a fair exchange. The jungle is fascinating in a gruesome sort of a way." The Captain then gives a lengthy and interesting description of the varieties of birds, ants and snakes encountered, with due respect paid to the weather as well.

Lt. James Healey, '35, "I am dropping you a line from what was part of Hitler's Europe a few weeks ago. Events have been quite exciting and I found myself in the midst of them. However I'm still in one piece much to my amazement and pleasure. Our unit has done a tremendous amount of fighting and its record will go down in history as

an unsurpassed example of raw courage and determination. Regards to everyone at school among the staff."

Francis Grande, '40, writes from the Pacific—"We are glad to hear that the pupils of CHLS are 100% with us. Of course, many will not come back. Longingly do I remember Bobby Paine, who fought hard and gave his life that others might enjoy freedom. As I sit here and write I keep thinking how different our high school training is from that of Axis boys, who are taught the use of guns and how to kill, while the only weapon we knew was a football or baseball. I feel lucky that I was educated the right way."

Pvt. John F. Malloy, '41, was killed in action in France on November 9th, 1944.

Pvt. Paul Mahoney, '44, writes from Camp Croft, S. C.—"The army isn't too bad. It doesn't fool around and teaches us pretty fast but if you keep awake and listen, you'll never forget it. I do get homesick at times and wish I was back in good old Cambridge."

Cpl. William H. Reardon, Jr., class of '40—most recent address 293 JT Assault Signal Co., APO 159, P. M. San Francisco.

Capt. Richard F. Casey, '35, is in the Burma-India theatre of operations. His brother, Cpl. James J. Casey, Jr., '34, is stationed at the Mason General Hospital, Brentwood, N. Y.

Cpl. Walter McCloskey, '42, Engineers' Maintenance Division, landed in France a few days after D-day. He is now with the First Army in Germany, after serving in two major campaigns. While in France he met Pvt. Thomas Young, '42, who is serving in the Ordnance Battalion of the Medical Division.

Recent addresses are S/Sgt. B. E. Alberico, Btry B, 407th AAA Br., A.P.O. 654, Postmaster, N. Y.

Cpl. Harry Loder, '40, Btry. B, 467 AAA Awbr APO 230, c/o Postmaster, N. Y.

John H. Griffin, '44, S 2/c RDM, C Division, U.S.S. Dada, (APA-99) Fleet P. O., N. Y.

Henry F. Greene, '38, writes from the U.S.S. Bushnell, c/o Fleet P. O., San Francisco—that "Paul J. Lamb, who served with me on the Senior Drama committee, was killed in action."

Edna G. DuBois, Fra M 3/c, of the class of 1935, may be reached through Main P. O., Taden, Shoemaker, California.

Sgt. Bill Bartel, '39, wrote from England before moving into action. His brother S/Sgt. Paul Bartel, '36, was home on furlough from South Carolina in July and gave us Bill's address, as well as that of Cpl. John Bartel, '41, now with the 305th Signal Company wing.

Pvt. Robert Heckman, '43, wrote from Belgium on October 5 and from Luxemburg on October 16—"We are using a school building for sleeping quarters. It is equipped with showers and everything to keep us happy. I have had a chance to get a workout on my French and German since coming here. Hope all is well at the school. Please write and send the news."

The six Boudreaus, brothers of Helen, are serving on widely separate fronts. Their addresses follow: Pvt. Alfred J. Boudreau, '36, 31204166, N. S. G. H. A. P. O. 957, c/o P. M., San Francisco. Lt. Russell J. Boudreau, U. S. M. C.—VMF 523 MAG 52, MCAAF Congaree Field, Columbia, South Carolina—Pvt Charles T. Boudreau, '44, 31311622 Co. C, 261st Inf., APO 500, Camp Shelby, Miss.—Lt. James Boudreau, '36, Combat Crew Center, Hunter Field, Georgia—C. J. G. Walter G. Boudreau, MTB RON 20, c/o Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Calif.—A/C Herbert W. Boudreau, '40, 11087873, Class 45a Barrack 100, Sect. H, Majors Army Air Field, Greenville, Texas.

Robert J. Brown of the class of 1943, sends the following number and address: Pfc. Robert J. Brown 31303999, Hdq. N. S. Army (Surgeon's Office), A.P.O. 339, c/o P. M., N. Y., N. Y.

Lt. Walter C. Feeley, '39, a veteran bombardier with a B-25 group, is home on furlough. Greece, Albania, Bulgaria, Italy and Southern France were among the 60 combat operations flown by his unit. He was wounded while on a mission over Italy and was awarded the Purple Heart.

Cpl. Elsie M. Annal, '39, has been promoted to Sergeant in the WACs. She has served with the European Division of the USAAF Air Transport.

Cpl. William A. Perry, '28, has now been made Sergeant at the Army Service Forces Training Center, Camp Lee, Virginia. He is a band leader in the 1st Quartermaster Training Group of the ASFTC.

James A. Feeley, '33, now a Major, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his dive bombing operations against the Japs. He was decorated for "extraordinary achievement" from May 13 to June 12. His targets included the Solomon Islands and Bismarck Archipelago areas. He was also at Kavieng Airfield, New Ireland.

Henry Feeley, '31, a brother, is a Navy Ensign.

Pfc. Edward J. Culhane, '42, writing from Headquarters Marine Aircraft 13, 4th Marine Aircraft Base Defense Wing: "Each new island we approach in the South and Central Pacific carries the thought that it might be different from the others, but in vain; coral rocks, cocoanut trees, and you've seen them all. My duties have varied from digging fox holes to clerical work, and the emergencies bring plenty of surprises."

S/Sgt. Joseph E. O'Connell, '39, wounded in Italy, wrote: "I'm writing this from a hospital in Italy, where I have seen plenty of action." I know that no one likes this war, but I'm sure that we will continue to the utmost no matter how long it lasts. I've never seen the new school building, but it's first on my list when I get back. The hard part is that I shall never see some of my classmates—our Class President, 'Larry' Mahoney, will ever be remembered as one of those who gave his life unselfishly in the great cause."

ALUMNI NEWS

THE following is an excerpt from a letter written by Janet Kelso of the American Red Cross. She is at present stationed in New Guinea. The letter says,

"There are mosquitoes in my hair, bugs in my bed, and we wear G. I. clothes at all times including boots and leggings, but I just love it.

"Right now I'm working in a post club—the club itself is a grass hut made by the natives. In side we have just repainted it blue and yellow and have tropical scenes painted around the posts that hold up the palm leaves of which the club is made. We have a card room, ping-pong room, library, theatre, workshop, and canteen. I am working as program director and it is a lot of fun planning parties, picnics, shows, tournaments for the men.

"Yesterday we planned a boat trip and swam, ate, sang all day long, returned home exhausted and then went to a dance for the men. The proportion of gals is very low to the numbers of men, so you actually dance with one man about two minutes. That isn't the tough part. The real workout is to jitterbug for three hours in G. I. boots!"

Janet's letter typifies the fighting spirit of C. H. L. S. graduates everywhere overseas, and we're proud of the job she's doing just as much as we're proud of all our alumni who are doing such a wonderful job with the armed forces.

Good news has come to the family of Lt. Joseph Lovoi, recently reported missing in action, who was located by the Red Cross in a German prison camp. We hope more of our "missing" boys will be found as safe.

On recent furloughs from boot Camp were Buzz Cullen, Franny Mulloney, and Paul Feloney of the

Navy, along with Marines Paul Hanlon and Glen Peck.

WAC privates Betty O'Donnell and Jeanette Robicheau, classmates in '42, are now in training at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia. Betty is in the Medical Corps, while Jeanette is in training to be an air WAC. Another '42 graduate, Mary White, is a junior at New Rochelle and eagerly awaiting the time when she can be the sixth member of the White family to enter military service. Looks as if the good old-fashioned housewives were out for the duration!

From England comes the news that Sergeant John C. Hodian, Liberator waist gunner, has been promoted to the rank of Staff Sergeant. Congratulations, John! Pvt. George H. Bruen was recently graduated from the AAF Training Command's aircraft radio mechanics school at Truax Field as was St. James Parise from Bombardier School in New Mexico.

Walter J. Martin is at Shadowbrook in Lenox, where he is studying to become a Jesuit. It's a long, tough job, but we know he'll come through with flying colors.

Martha Zukas has had quite a climb—from messenger girl to assistant buyer at the Radiation Lab. Dame Rumor hath it that she'll soon be Middle-aisling. Cupid also reports the engagement of Eleanor Robertson and the marriage of Joe Connelly and Kay Duke.

Charlie Sullivan, '44 and Joe Agnetta, 43, U. S. M. C. met somewhere in the Pacific.

The O'Rourke brothers are working hard at Harvard Medical School, as is Carl Byrse out at Wilberforce University in Ohio. Ruth Looney, '44, is keeping up her good work at Radcliffe, and Clair Moran, also a last year's graduate, is at Simmons.

It is with deep regret that we hear news of the death in Germany of Jack Moriarty, former Debate Club president and winner of many oratorical contests. To his relatives and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

ANN CORCORAN, '45.

G. A. A. COLUMN

SINCE our last column chat, things have been really happening in the G. A. A. circle.

The Boy-Girl dance, which is the biggest informal social of the season, occurred on Friday evening, the 12th of January, in the Gym.

There is no need to express the unforgettable pleasure we all received to have as our patronesses the following members of our teaching staff: Miss O'Connor, Miss Russell, Miss McLaughlin, Miss George, and the G. A. A.'s Miss Brown. The dance was a success and everyone had a good time.

The tables which were hired for the first time were novelties and contributed much to the lovely decorations. The majority of young men was surprisingly adequate despite military inductions.

Fred Sateriale and his orchestra lent their usual smooth rhythm.

Prizes were given for the best jitterbuggers, who were "Curly" Kane and Patsy Kokcinacus, and the best waltzers, who were Eleanor Miner and Helen Campbell.

The Freshmen-Sophomore basketball game turned out to be a split-second, nip-and-tuck pull, not letting up until the end of the last half. Those freshmen have more speed than all the PT boats put together. The Sophomores were great sports throughout the game.

The Arlington game was really something when they came down here to play us. Our Sophomores lost after an uphill fight, but our Juniors won a most satisfying victory.

Practise in swimming is still going on at the Y. M. C. A. They have a wonderful instructor there, and the girls have much fun. Be sure to be ready for the pool at exactly six o'clock, and don't attempt to leave before your hair is dry.

Heres' hoping that you all pass the mid-years with flying colors.

LOUISE BIGELOW, '45.

OUTING CLUB

THE Outing Club, turning its interest to the theater, recently attended "The Tempest". We all moved around the corridors of C. H. L. S. for the next few days in a trance due to the powerful enactment of one of Shakespeare's most powerful dramas. Our thorough enjoyment was not seriously disturbed by the dizziness which our lofty seats in the second balcony, last row, caused.

A dovekie, driven in from sea by a snow-storm, was brought to school for our inspection. Although much smaller, this Arctic bird is similar to a penguin. Neither a tub full of water and fish nor Miss McCarthy's careful attention could induce it to live.

A private pond has descended from Heaven to guarantee plenty of room for skating. It came complete with facilities for a weinie-roast (oh boy!)

Daniel Nyman has invited us to his home to hear a naturalist who has offered to pass on some of her information to those of us who walk the "terra firma" without knowing what makes it "firma".

We're glad to welcome all of you new members and hope that we'll see you often. So long until next April!

VIRGINIA MCCORISON, '45.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THIS year the Dramatic Club has realized what it hopes will soon become a loved and expected tradition in the school, and that is, the presentation of Christmas Tableaux dealing with the Nativity scenes for the members of the student body and the faculty. The five tableaux presented this year together with the accompanying music were as follows: The Annunciation—*Lo, How a Rose e'er Blooming*, The Visitation—*Ave Maria*, The Shepherds and Angel—*While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks*, The Nativity—*Come All Ye Faithful*, The Madonna and Child—*Silent Night*, and *Gloria* was the final hymn. The cast included:

Reader Anthony Travers
 Virgin Mary Marjorie MacArthur
 Elizabeth Yvonne Bulger
 Angel Gabriel Ardys Karbaum
 Joseph Daniel Nyman
 The Shepherds: Stephen Biddle, Joseph Canney,
 John McCarthy, David Walsh.

The Wise Men: Warren McIsaac, Stephen Minkiel, Thomas O'Loughlin.

The Angels: Noreen Buckley, Hilda Davis, Lucille Grenier, Constance Perin.

The production staff consisted of the following members:

Chairman—Ann Corcoran

Stage Manager—John Linehan

Assistant Stage Manager—Laurence McMenimen

Costumes—Ardys Karbaum

The music was by the Choral Group under the direction of Miss Wait. We are grateful to them and to Jean Cochrane, one of last year's graduates, who was kind enough to sing "Ave Maria" for us. Our tableaux were very impressive and we wish to thank all who helped to make their production possible.

From such serious things as tableaux of the Nativity, let us turn to the gayer side of Christmas with our annual Christmas Party which was held in the gym this year. We had loads of entertainment which included grabs, nose-bag dramatics, carol and solo singing, and a hilarious pantomime of the adventurous West entitled "Wild Nell."

If conditions permit, we hope our February meeting will be a very special one. Bob Guest, one of our former presidents, has written a musical comedy entitled "With Your Permission" which Emerson College is going to present. The members of the cast have graciously consented to come out and present it in its entirety for us.

In March we plan to have two meetings to make up for the one we missed in January. The first

will consist of two plays acted by members of the Sophomore and Junior classes.

For the next meeting we are going to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for a general tour, to be followed by a lecture given by Miss Alice Maginnis on Japanese costumes and masks. From this experience we hope to gain an understanding of the drama as it is produced in a foreign country, a knowledge which will broaden our own interpretation of it. I guess that's just about all until next time.

ANN CORCORAN, '45,
 Secretary.

CHESS CLUB NOTES

THE chess club has just completed a fairly successful season, highlighted by the winning of the second team championship by our second team. Among those deserving commendation for their excellent playing on the second team are Ann Walker, Arnold Schutzberg, John Maciel, Earl Rosenberg, Jack Aronson, Arthur Schatz, and John Loofbourow. Our first team narrowly missed winning the league championship, and ended the season in second place.

Our officers for this year are John Loofbourow, president, Paul Pearlson, vice-president, and John Maciel, secretary-treasurer. The captain of the team is Marvin Rosenberg.

Many new members have been added to the roster of the chess club this year. Some of our new members are Yola Forte, Ardys Karbaum, John Maciel, Diane Perin, Ann Walker, and Jack Aronson. It is our hope that the younger of these new members, and those underclassmen on the team at present will form a solid nucleus for the chess club of next year.

WILLIAM KLOPSTOCK, '45.

* * *

WHAT WILL BONDS BUY?

Guns, tanks
 Plasma banks.
 Planes, peeps,
 Jumpin' jeeps.
 Ships, trucks,
 Landing "ducks."
 Bullets, bombs,
 "Long Toms."
 College, school,
 Swimming pool.
 Travel far,
 Motor car.
 Better life,
 No strife.

* * *

ON "WHODUNNITS"

"MYSTERY stories are the most widely read stories in the world." Somebody must have said that; if not, it is time some one did, for mystery stories are extremely popular with the reading public. There are two elements common to all mystery stories, the hero and the villain.

The detective (he must be a private detective doing the detecting on his own,—police are such bunglers) has not been standardized. Almost anyone can be the detective. He can be tall, dark, sophisticated, and smoke only "Reggie" cigarettes, like Philo Vance. Or he can wear a hunting cap, carry a magnifying glass, and take occasional injections of cocaine, and be another Sherlock Holmes. Being an attorney and always on the side opposite the wicked district attorney would make him another Perry Mason. Thus, it is apparent that anyone may play the role of detective. G. K. Chesterton has even employed a clergyman, the immortal Father Brown, to do the sleuthing in his stories.

The other essential to the mystery story is a villain. But the villain must comply with certain unwritten rules. He must be an important character. He must not be "the dastardly Mr. Wither- spoon" who only delivered a telegram on page two and was not heard of till the end. Again, he

must not be the butler who always has a prison record showing somewhere in his murky past. Yes, servants are out! The ultimate murderer must be important and must be the least suspected. If a person fits these qualifications, he can be the murderer. The detective, of course, should not be included.

Finally, the crime or violation must be unique. It must be world shaking to arouse the interest of the reader. The interest is not aroused when "the slinky thief successfully escapes with the twenty-three cents from the broken 'Piggy' bank clutched tightly in his hairy fist!" A murder, two, or even three, is the preferable crime. Of course, stolen jewels or enormous payrolls tend to make as good reading. Read one mystery story, read two, and see if this is not true!

THOMAS SGOUROS, '45.

FRAGMENT . . .

My window is nearly closed;
In the slit is only a single branch
Slightly curved upward.
The leaf twigs droop from the branch
and the slim, feathery leaves
sway in tiers,
fluttering
gently.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

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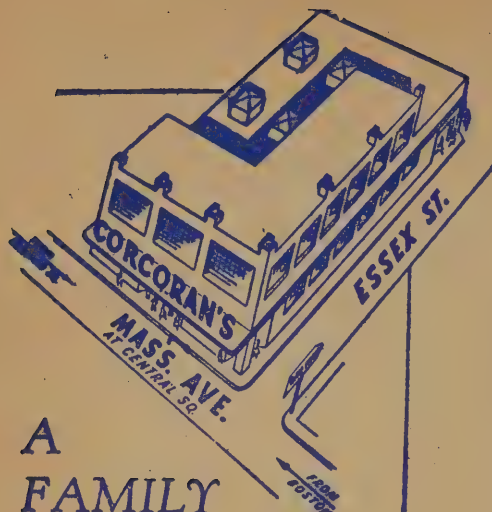


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FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

1882 - 1945

President Roosevelt is dead. We high school students, who have never consciously known any other President, feel the loss more deeply than our elders, for we simply cannot conceive of America without the Chief. The nation and the world have lost a great leader. Because our sorrow is so profound, we must take care that the despair occasioned by this tragedy does not cause us to slacken unconsciously our efforts for victory and for the international peace the late President worked and died to give us. It is now, more than ever before, our duty to contribute in any small way we can to the establishment of a lasting peace. The new President has pleaded for the prayers and for the aid of our people. Can any American, true to the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt, refuse that call for help?

MR. Michael E. Fitzgerald, for over thirty years our Superintendent of Schools, died recently at his home in South Weymouth. The news of his death has come with a sense of almost personal loss to the hundreds of teachers with whom he had been professionally associated and to the thousands of present and former pupils of the Cambridge school system in whose interests he labored unselfishly.

Mr. Fitzgerald was born in Rockland, Mass., received his early education there and was graduated from the State Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass. He served as principal of grammar schools in South Framingham and Lawrence before becoming master in the schools of Boston. In 1912 he was appointed Superintendent of Schools in Cambridge.

In the early years of his teaching Mr. Fitzgerald read law in the office of Judge Walter Adams of Framingham, and in 1898 he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. Through continued study he received successively the degrees of Bachelor of

Arts, Master of Arts, Licentiate of Philosophy and Doctor of Philosophy in 1927. His activities and interests carried over to a close association with his fellow teachers. He was president of the School Men's Club of Boston when he left to come to Cambridge in 1912, served for seven years as president of the City Superintendents' Association of Massachusetts, and was a member of the New England Association of Superintendents and the National Educational Association. He was active at all times in civic affairs and for two years served as vice-president of the Rotary Club of Cambridge. He was particularly interested in the problems of under-privileged children and his work in Cambridge in that direction brought him national recognition.

He will be remembered not only for his ability as an organizer and administrator, but also for his kindly, humane and sympathetic understanding of the teachers' problems.

T. F. D.



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

There are tears in the eyes of the nation
So stunned by the loss of a son;
A man who did his very best,
To satisfy everyone.

He suffered for rich and poor alike,
His cross wasn't easy to bear;
For despite the millions of friends he made,
There were enemies everywhere.

And no matter how dismal the outlook appeared,
His broad shoulders took on the task;
He gathered his courage and strength from God,
And our faith was all that he asked.

The end of the road is at last in sight,
But we must not relax nor cease;
For we want this to mark the end of strife,
And bring home in glory—the peace.

Yes, there are tears in the eyes of a nation,
But we'll carry on as he would;
And we won't cease fighting until we've won,
And wars are banished for good.

By EMILY ELLIOTT, '45.



EDITORIAL

IN the nebulous post-war world, where television will be an established fact, where airplanes will whisk to and fro, where commuters will rush into work late with the excuse that the helicopter was a bit cold that particular morning, we shall have to trade, that is we shall have to engage in foreign commerce on a competitive basis with foreign nations. Another goal for the world to come has been set outside of television sets. This goal is sixty million jobs. Foreign trade, at the rate in which we are engaged in it under stress of war, can provide three million of them.

For this reason alone, we should break through the trade barriers that we have thrown up around us. This isolationist wall is doing just what is was intended to do, stop our foreign import trade. What trade we have engaged in from behind these breast-works has been export trade; we have traded the leavings of our cornucopia for gold. Since we do little importing, we take gold, the yellow gleaming basis of the world's monetary system. We have amassed the greater part of the world's gold and buried it. We take the gifts that the world has left outside our ramparts, but we slam the door in the faces of those who try to interpolate their products. This unfair balance of trade which makes one nation a creditor and all the other nations almost debtors is unfair. It is also unhealthy for the world, as it breeds economic unrest, inflation, depressions, dollar wars, all of which cost us money.

There are those among us who say that the breaking down of our walls for the flow of trade will engulf us with products of cheap labor and will make paupers of us all, that the cheap labor in foreign countries will depress the vaunted American standard of living. But this is not true. Free trade will stabilize the country. It will remove the periodic depressions which ravage the land. A great new market will be opened to us. Russia is now placing orders for seven billions of dollars worth of orders in this country for post-war delivery. With backlogs like these, there is no need for lack of industrial prosperity. We will become a rich nation. Prices will go down with the influx of goods from across the seas, which now will be highways instead of ramparts. Because of the lowering of prices, wages will buy more. Of course, this raising of the value of wages cannot happen over night, but it will come into the over-all picture.

Let us unite for prosperity by uniting to tear down the cumbersome trade barriers, import tank traps. Let us approve of the Bretton Woods proposals now as a guarantee of post-war free trade. The time is now to fire the opening gun. A new world is on the horizon where there is only one country, the world. We must be ready for it.

The Review Staff is very happy to announce the winners of the Short Story Contest. For the upper classes, the prize goes to a Junior, Ruth Weisman. For the lower classes, the first prize is awarded to Leona Smith, a Sophomore; we also wish to commend Timothy Cronin, a Freshman, whose story is given honorable mention. We were very much pleased with the interest aroused by the contest, and hope that next year we may have even more stories to choose from. The winning stories follow

THE TARLETON'S GUEST

THE little white house on Marvin Street had very suddenly become heavy with excitement and work and the cause could be traced to the telegram that less than a half hour ago had been delivered to the Tarletons by a Western Union boy. It was short and to the point and read, "Work compels me to spend summer in South America stop feel it is no place for Dianne stop decided to send her to you for summer stop arriving on two ten train Friday stop thanks darling." And it was signed Cynthia, Henry Tarleton's sister-in-law.

In back of each Tarleton's mind there remained a resentment for the freedom Cynthia had taken upon herself, and Rikki, their eighteen-year-old son, was the first to voice it. To show his vehemence a pillow was kicked to the other side of the previously tidy living room. "Whether you say so or not, Cynthia has a nerve sending that girl here. A whole summer! Mom, you've just got to get in touch with Cynthia and tell her we cannot take her. Tell her there is no room; tell her anything."

"Put that pillow back in place," Hilda Tarleton's voice was stern and then her face changed to deep thought. "We really have no room. We couldn't very well put her in our maid's room and I don't think she would find it very comfortable in Billy's crib."

"I'll do no such thing, Rikki Tarleton. It might have been rude on the part of Cynthia, but it is no fault of Dianne. She is a welcome guest and I only hope that I can give her an enjoyable summer. As for where we are to put her, she will take your room and you will sleep on the sofa. I am sorry," she finished and there was a mocking humor in her tone.

Her apology offered no comfort to Rikki and he slowly sank into the chair behind him.

Hilda continued, "I would advise you to clean out your room, now. Those bats and balls must

go out and whatever you do, take down every picture you have on the wall. Dianne won't be at all interested in baseball."

"That is the only correct thing Mom has said since we got that telegram," Rikki thought to himself as he slowly ascended the steps leading to his room.

Rikki far from disliked all girls but he had no love for Dianne, or rather the picture he held imbedded in his mind. He clearly remembered her from that last time they had met. Cynthia's living halfway across the country prevented them from seeing more of each other and it was five years if not longer since the two families had spent a day together.

That girl in the house, all summer! That ugly, skinny kid with those long red braids hanging down her back! The task of entertaining her would be thrust upon him and the thought of it made him shudder. Life would be unbearable.

Friday dawned clear and cool but the perfect weather did little to make Rikki feel better. Two o'clock came all too soon and he was forced, much against his will, to take the family car and meet the unwelcome guest.

The train puffed in five minutes late, as was its custom, and then after a short pause it slowly left the station. Several people left the train here and Rikki scanned the people in search for that tall and skinny girl. As the seconds passed the people went their separate ways until now there remained but one girl — an extremely pretty girl. She *did* have red hair, but it was not fuzzy and unruly as he remembered she had possessed. This girl's hair fell in soft curls about her white neck. She was tall but she wasn't skinny; she was . . . perfect.

They looked at each other for a long moment and Rikki strode up to her. He cleared his voice, a voice that had suddenly become quite hoarse, and inquired, "You aren't Dianne, are you?"

She looked up at him and flashed a smile at him, a smile that made him tug at his collar for want of more air. "You must be Rikki," she answered in a melodious voice.

"You've changed," was all he could say, and he took her hand and ushered her to the car.

An embarrassing silence prevailed until a loud whistle from a passerby broke it, and then "Where did you get her?" Rikki looked back to see one of his friends and his face flushed. "Don't mind him," he said in a comforting tone and then he thought, "It will be wonderful to take her out."

"Rikki," she said timidly, "wouldn't you do me a favor and put the ball game on your radio here? I was listening to it on the train and it is a wonderful game."

"You like baseball!" he harangued and the pitch of his voice was quite a bit higher than

his normal one.

"My favorite sport," she added.

After snapping on the radio he settled back in his seat with a look of sheer content. It was going to be a wonderful, wonderful summer.

RUTH WEISMAN, '46.

A PAIR OF GLOVES

THE little girls who lived on Amity Street, all wore mittens when they went to school in winter. Nobody's mother ever thought of anything else to keep small hands warm. The mittens always were fastened to a long ribbon, or piece of braid, so that they might not get separated, one from the other.

This connecting-link frequently gave rise to confusion, for when two little girls put their arms around each other's necks, as they walked to school, they sometimes got tangled up in the mitten string, and had to duck and turn and bump heads before the right string was again resting on the right shoulder.

Clarabel Bradley did her tangling and untangling with Josephine Brown, who lived at the end of Amity Street. They both went to the same school, and were in the same class. They waited for each other in the mornings. Clarabel and Josephine were the best of friends.

But into this intimacy came a pair of gloves, almost wrecking it.

The gloves were sent by Clarabel's aunt, who was a teacher in the city. They were of beautiful glossy brown kid, with soft, woolly linings, and real fur around the wrists, and they fastened with dark brown ribbon.

The next morning, Clarabel wore her new gloves to school. As usual, Josephine stood waiting at the corner for her closest friend.

"You've got some new gloves," Josephine said.

"Yes, my Aunt Bessie sent them."

"Aren't they pretty!"

"I think so, and they're lots nicer than mittens. I'm not going to wear my mittens again."

Josephine looked down at her own chubby hands. Her mittens were red with a green and red fringe around the wrists. Now they looked fat and clumsy beside Clarabel's new gloves.

Around Clarabel, there was now an air of superiority. Then she turned, with a queer feeling in her throat, and ran down the street to catch up with another little girl, who was on ahead.

Josephine swung her books and walked as if she didn't care.

Clarabel overtook the little girl, who was all smiling appreciation of the new gloves, and was overtaken by other little girls who added themselves to the admiring group. But somehow, her

triumphal progress was strangely unsatisfactory; the glory was dimmed.

At recess, Josephine paired off with Mary Smith. Clarabel shared her cookies with Mildred Carter, because it didn't matter who helped eat them if it wasn't Josephine. Neither spoke to the other, and at noontime they walked home on different sides of the street.

Perhaps that was why in the afternoon Clarabel lost her place in the reader, and failed on so many examples in arithmetic that she was told she must stay after school.

Usually there would be several other girls to keep her company after school, but today there was none, and Clarabel, wistfully, saw all the other girls file out.

The noise of scurrying feet grew fainter and fainter; the sound of children's voices died away. The room settled into stillness, except for the solemn tick of the clock and the squeaking of Clarabel's chalk on the slate. Suddenly, the door squeaked open a little way. It squeaked again, and someone sidled into the room; it was Josephine.

"Please may I go to my seat?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the teacher eyeing her curiously.

She tiptoed to the back seat, fumbled for a few minutes in her desk, then slipped to a seat further up; then to another and another, until she reached the seat beside Clarabel.

Clarabel, though she was bending over her slate, had heard every hesitating move, and when the last halt was made, she shook her curls back from her eyes, looked around, and dimpled into smiles.

The teacher, watching, waited to see what would happen next. Nothing did, except that the two little girls sat and smiled and smiled and smiled, as if they never would stop.

Presently the teacher smiled and spoke.

"Would you like to help Clarabel, Josephine?"

"If she'll let me," answered Josephine, her eyes fixed on Clarabel's face.

"I would love to have her," said Clarabel, her eyes on Josephine. And instantly the one narrow seat became large enough for two.

For ten minutes more, there was much scraping of chalk, and much whispering and some giggling. Then with cheerful clatter, the slate was born to the desk in the front of the room. The teacher looked at the little girls more than the examples.

"I'm sure they're right," she said. "Now, off to your homes — both of you!"

"Good night," said Clarabel.

"Good night," said Josephine.

"Good night, girls," said the teacher.

There was a soft swish of dresses, and the chil-

dren had reached the dressing-room. Within the familiar narrowness, Josephine hesitated and fingered her coat buttons.

"Oh!" bubbled Clarabel, joyously, "I do love the color of your mittens! Don't you—don't you"—she finished with a rush—"want to let me wear them home and you wear my gloves?"

Josephine put aside the dazzling offer.

"Your gloves are prettier, and you ought to wear them."

Clarabel thought a moment, a shadow in her eyes.

"I know what," she declared, the shadow vanishing. "You wear one glove and mitten and I'll wear the other glove and mitten!"

"Oh!" said Josephine, with a rapturous hug, "that will be splendid!"

And thus, they scampered home, the two mitten hands holding each other tight, while the two gloved hands were gaily waved high in the air, with each fresh outburst of laughter from the little schoolmates.

LEONA C. SMITH, '47.

AN AMAZING DISCOVERY

AS I sat upon a ledge gazing at the wonderful beauty which lay before me, I heard the motor of a fast approaching plane coming out of the West. Just as I saw the plane its motor began to skip. My heart was beating with excitement as I watched the plane with feverished anxiety. Suddenly! The plane plunged downward. Just when it seemed inevitable that the plane was going to crash, its nose went up heading for the skies once more. But again its motor began to miss and it became apparent that it would not last very long.

The region around was quite hilly and there was no place for an airplane to land. I was wondering what the pilot was going to do when a black speck jumped from the plane, and the next minute the pilot was safely floating down to earth in a parachute.

I ran to the spot where the pilot was going to land and arrived there at the same time he did. The parachute was entangled in a branch of a tree, but he managed to free himself and get down safely.

I ran to the pilot bubbling over with questions when I stopped short with amazement for the pilot was not a man but a woman. At first I was speechless but I soon recovered from my surprise and after that episode I had to admit that women are pretty good fliers after all.

TIMOTHY CRONIN, '48.

WORDS I DISLIKE

OUR language contains such euphonious words that I think the unpleasant ones are outstanding. If I had lived ninety years ago, the very words I dislike would have been either non-existing or else lacking the modern connotation, which spoils them for me.

Once having been a verb meaning to wilt, the word "droop" has been turned into a most uncomplimentary term by the high-schoolers of today. Why must there be this fad of spoiling words and creating meaning which will add nothing to our language?

The word "commercial" sets my teeth to chattering. The monstrous foghorn, booming "B. O." immediately sounds in my ears along with a tobacco salesman, who utters a stream of unintelligible syllables until he runs out of breath. With the end of his spiel I can plainly hear a girl sing through her nose, "Gimme a package of Spearmint chewing gum, please." Oh, what horrors the word "commercial" brings to mind!

The deadliest and most modern word I abhor is buzz-bomb. A newly created war-weapon, it causes scenes of war-torn Europe to flash before my eyes. Meaning disaster of the worst kind, it brings back the terse newspaper clipping, stating that sixty-seven English children were killed by a buzz-bomb which landed in their school.

How much better our lives would be without these modern connotations of old words and the newly-created words themselves!

LYDIA SPENCER, '46.

HURT

Knife-like shoot
Stabbing
through a naked mind.
Burning
into a central core of softness.
It does not leave
when the cause
some flimsy nothing
recedes into a dim,
aching past.
Helpless mind
Screaming
under the tireless drought of acid memory
Searing
a patch of scars into the brain.
It returns incessantly
haunting the odd moments
of life . . . minutes
in unsuspected corners
drenched in remembered pain.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

FAME IS THE SPUR

THERE are many truths which even the most honest men are apt to deny. One of these, I am sure, is that fame is the spur. No one likes to admit that he is striving to obtain glory but in most cases, this is a fact. It is a natural desire of man to become famous in one way or another. As long as this end is reached by fair and honest means, there is no serious objection to be presented. However, there are numerous times when the ambition is so powerful it dulls the conscience and inspires the individual to employ means which are not acceptable to society. In many instances, it is not the hope for self-glory which prompts a man to engage in never-ending tasks but rather an aspiration for praise for his country, his family, or his employer.

Taking a chemist for an example, there are several noble forces to incite him in making new experiments. There is the knowledge that the result might be the means of saving many lives and thus of bringing renown not only to the inventor but also to his nation. Then too, the chance of winning such a reward as the Nobel Prize is worthy of great effort. The chemist's first desire is probably to aid his fellow-men and leave the world better than he found it, but deep within him, there is undoubtedly a longing to have his name remembered and revered by those who come after him.

Another illustration is the poet who writes to express the thoughts closest to him but who, nevertheless, has a secret ambition to have his work published and loved.

On the other hand, priests, ministers, or nuns work, sacrifice, and teach in order that they may bring others to know and thereby to love and honor God. In a sense, they strive to make our Creator famous among the men whom He created. Theirs is the greatest generosity, for they know well that on this earth there will be no personal glory for them. Still, they realize that in the next life there will be divisions of happiness and that the more they do now for their God, the higher their place in heaven will be. In that respect, they too, are urged to greater achievements by promises of greater fame. They are conscious of the fact that worldly glory will die with the end of the world; whereas, heavenly glory will last forever.

There is also the group which is so large today, consisting of those who are willing to die for their country. It is not for the temporary esteem their names will be given but rather for the honor of their homeland which they realize can not survive without the sacrifice of many of its children.

In glancing back, it is noticeable that although fame is the spur, there is nothing shameful in such a confession. Man has an inherent desire to

be remembered and honored for the good he did for his God, his country, his friends, or himself. It is not vanity which incites this ambition, but rather an inexpressible hope to be worthwhile.

DOROTHY P. BUTLER, '45.

EIGHT HOURS OF SLEEP OR OH, IF ONLY . . . !

SLEEPY? Perhaps you are also a member of the "Oh, if only . . ." club whose formost ambition is to sleep eight hours a night. Eight hours of sleep is an impossibility to us, because our young lives are so crowded with homework and social activities, mostly homework, that we must constantly burn the midnight oil.

I regret to say that I am a very active member in this organization. On school nights and Sunday night I waver between doing the last ten lines of my Cicero, which to me don't make a vestige of sense, and climbing into bed. On several occasions regardless of my incomplete assignments, I have drifted serenely into slumberland, only to wish fervently the next day that I had completed my homework.

Weekends and vacations would present an excellent opportunity to recover lost sleep, if it were not for the multitude of tasks that must be accomplished—letters long due to friends, visiting girls I seldom see, and always the inevitable, homework!

How fortunate the people who sleep eight hours a night are! I try to console myself with the thought that some day in the future I also shall enjoy climbing into bed before curfew.

LUCIA TOSCANO, '46.

RHAPSODY

A melody,
haunting, rippling, vibrant,
rising from its dismal grave
in the tranquil strings
of a harp,
together with the wind,
moaning, echoing
and fumbling among the
oak leaves,
forms an unforgettable
symphony, playing
through the arid
atmosphere of an
Autumn day.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

ON BOW TIES

THIS is an essay. It should be a piece of masterful satire on a commonplace subject. It should be written in the style of Macaulay or Carlyle. It should be sparkling with the wit that comes from the observation of human nature. It should be dripping with philosophy. It won't be. This is an essay. It contains my thoughts and opinions on a subject that is close to me at the present time. I doubt that it will give my true personality as all essays are supposed to, since there is nothing that gets me so angry, so peeved, so exasperated. . . . But that's the essay.

To begin, let's take a look at this booby trap. Seen on a tie rack or in a show case, the bow tie looks handsome, even respectable, with its bright polka dots, stripes, and figures that a staid four-in-hand would blush to be seen in. It is small, even retiring in its modesty. It hides behind the other ties acting coy, but just waiting for an unsuspecting passerby (myself) to pass by so that it can jump out, dazzle the passerby with its brilliance and get itself bought before the salesman's fevered insistence can wear off. Looking behind the dazzling colors, we see a piece of cloth about two feet long, folded over a few times. At each end of the length of cloth, we see a funny widening. This is the tenth that is seen; the rest is hidden behind the collar.

That's what a bow tie looks like. Mine had a reddish figure against a kelly green background. Nothing seemed to be wrong with it. It was just a simple piece of cloth. Just a simple piece of cloth. Huh, little did I know.

To tie a bow tie, one must first insert the tie under a starched collar, a job in itself. The collar of the shirt must be starched because the limp ribbon of the bow tie would look tired against a soft shirt. Then, the ends are made unequal in length. Then the left end is brought over the right end and tied into a simple overhand knot. From here on things get less and less simple. Then the right end that was the left is taken and laid flat against the Adam's apple, taking care that the simple overhand knot does not come untied. Then the left end that was the right is taken and Wait a minute; if the left end that was the right is shorter than the right end that was the left, you have to start all over again. Granting that the left end is the longer, he takes out the right tackle. OOPS! I got mixed up. Any how the end that's dangling is taken and formed into a bow. Then the ends that form the loops of the bow are tightened until the desired degree of strangulation is reached.

That's the theory, but it is not so easy as all that. First, if there were even as much as a hairs-breadth deviation from flatness, the tie comes out looking

like a prop that just had a long hard flight. Secondly, if you fail the first time and go at it again, you will find that your arms reach that delicious state of repose known as falling off. They do that because they have been in a position that is best described as leaning on a table with the elbows, except . . . except the table isn't there. A third difficulty is the mirror. Trying to dope out lefts and rights while another fellow dopes out rights and left is too much, but that's another essay if I need it.

I think that about does it. I've said about all I would be allowed to print on the subject. In closing—Excuse me, I have to rush so my father can tie my tie.

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '45.



THE NECESSITY OF USING DISCRIMINATION

ALTHOUGH my great-aunt Hester used to say, "Discriminate, my dear, and you will be an old maid," I feel that, perhaps, my great-aunt Hester's reasoning may have been a bit faulty. It is true, perhaps, that if a lady is too particular, she may live a life of single blessedness. Yet it is better to live in somnolent peace with a canary and a striped cat than to live in eternal strife with a partner who may blacken your eye with a plate or your soul with blistering invective.

In all decisions from choosing a partner for life to a new hat, discrimination must be used. It is necessary to stop and think before making a decision. Today, it is considered a prime virtue to make rapid decisions. Top-kick and foreman go about snapping orders and making rapid decisions in mass-production; such decisions are usually machine-made. This fetish, which is partly a product of the war, is assuming almost ridiculous proportions. I do not imply that in the midst of battle each buck private should lean on his gun and meditate upon which bush should be shot at next. I do firmly believe that the attack should have been so thoroughly and wisely planned that every man would have his place and his duty assigned and learned. This factor of careful strategy, particularly well exemplified in the Pacific, has given the armed forces of the United States an inestimable advantage. Here at home, in civilian life, I believe we often lack the ability to think things through. Yet if someone stops to meditate upon a reply or a decision, he is likely to be regarded as mentally deficient. We pose impossible problems and ask that they be solved immediately.

We need to use discrimination in our ethical judgments. Never have we been in greater need of ethical guidance, yet greater and greater numbers of us refuse to climb out of bed on Sunday mornings to attend church. In older days when nearly everyone went to church it did not matter if one only half-heartedly listened, he could not help but absorb some of the moral teachings of Christ. Now all the days of the week are so filled that we have no time to seek those time-tried landmarks which help us discriminate between right and wrong.

Today, here in the United States, we refuse to discriminate between idleness and deliberation. We like to sneer at the old Latin and Greek authors and their workmanlike systems of philosophy. Today's philosophy is more likely to be based upon the slimy burrowings of Freud and Jung with their glib patter of frustrations and inhibitions, which we read with bulging eyes.

It is time for us to begin to be as particular about our ideas as about our refrigerators.

ANN WALKER, '45.

WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS TO ME

"**A** MERICANISM," says Mr. Noah Webster, "means attachment to the United States or a custom, word or phrase peculiar to the United States." Mr. Webster is, of course, technically correct, but his definition, dictionary-size is a cold lifeless description, whereas "Americanism" is really a warm, vital word, full of meaning and suggestion. It has always been so, but since the beginning of the war, I am sure it has taken on new depths of meaning both for Americans and people in other lands, not so fortunate as we. Certainly it has for me.

Before the war, when I heard the word "Americanism" I thought of it as a name given to that intangible quality that made the varied people in thirteen little states fight the War of 1812 when the English tried for the last time to persecute her former colonists and their allies; the quality that made explorers, such as Lewis and Clark and pioneers push on to the West, discovering, exploring and settling new land to be made into states as soon as possible; the quality that made American skippers build bigger and better and faster ships than any other nation until our clippers were the best on the seas and our trade was the most profitable of all.

I thought it was "Americanism" that made American engineers work under terrific handicaps in the damp, fever-breeding humidity of the swamps of Panama until they finally built the Canal; that distinguished Americans abroad by their air of freedom, unusual to people accustomed to the autocratic governments of the Old World;

it meant all the things the Fourth of July and Bunker Hill and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and Valley Forge stood for. "Americanism" meant all these things to me and more, too. But that was before the war.

Now, it means buying War Stamps and Bonds, giving blood and being patriotic, saving fat and contributing to the scrap and waste-paper drives, preparing bundles for Britain, Greece, Starving Italy and Freezing Russia, and War-Torn China. It's what the soldiers and nurses on Guam and Bataan and Corregidor had and it's what the boys have who are leaving my classes every day, not even waiting the few months left to get their diplomas, and it's what makes those same boys work at the army camps or naval bases they are assigned to until they have earned their diplomas.

Americanism is a spirit. Clara Barton had it; Aveta Culp Hobby and Mildred McAfee have it. It is the spirit which makes women join the armed forces to march beside their brothers and husbands or take a job in a factory.

Americanism, to people in oppressed lands and to the rest of the world, stands for everything Nazism isn't. It is the Four Freedoms, especially Freedom from Fear. It is the absence of the Gestapo, concentration camps and persecution. It is being able to speak freely and laugh heartily, without being suspected of collaborating. It is being able to walk abroad at anytime without having to present an identification card at every crossing.

As soon as an immigrant passed under the protecting arm of the Statue of Liberty, he was engulfed in a great tidal wave of Americanism. That was in the pre-war days. Now fewer immigrants and more repatriated citizens are entering New York Harbor. But they feel just as joyful as the most naive foreigner, for they can feel the spirit of Americanism sweeping upon them as soon as they disembark. It's in the walk and talk and hearing of all those around them. It's freedom.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

THE ERUPTION

An ominous rumble,
muffled by distance,
offers a grim-warning
of the approaching disaster.

Voluminous clouds of smoke
stream heavenward,
and a dead crater
in an inanimate mountain
becomes a living hole
of death . . .
streaming chaos and
destruction on an
unsuspecting world.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

Popularity Poll

Most popular girl	Mary Messinger	Best all-round boy athlete	Tony Frasca
Most popular boy	Fred Sateriale	Best-natured student	Fred Sateriale
Prettiest girl	Betty Alden	Wittiest student	Marion Crocker
Best looking boy	Ray Foley	Best dancer among girls	Louise Monahan
Best dressed girl	Barbara Sheehan	Best dancer among boys	Art Foster
Best dressed boy	Maunsell Babin	Best scholar	Marilyn Shine
Best all-round girl athlete.....	Mary Messinger	Most likely to succeed	Marilyn Shine

If Oscars like Hollywood's went to the winners in the Senior Class' election of favorites, Mary Messinger would need three arms and her living room would contain more statuary than does the Latin Hall.

Mary won first place in three classifications. She was voted most popular girl of the class of 1945, the wittiest member of the class, and best girl athlete. Not to keep a secret any longer, her vote for best athlete was almost unanimous. No other girl in the class received more than two votes.

Two Oscars apiece would go to the class president, Fred Sateriale, and to Marilyn Shine. Fred was declared to be the most popular boy and best-natured student. Marilyn was judged to be the most likely to succeed and also the best scholar.

His achievements in hockey, football and baseball gave Tony Frasca first place among the boy athletes, and he tops the list of winners of single Oscars. The more than 400 voters of the class had as much fun as talent scouts picking the prettiest girl and the best-looking boy; Betty Alden was selected as prettiest and Ray Foley best-looking. Barbara Sheehan's extensive wardrobe of sportswear won her the title of best-dressed girl. Monny Babin was chosen best-dressed boy—much to the discomfiture of the hat industry; he never wears one.

Instead of Oscars, statuettes of Fred Astaire and of Rita Hayworth go to Arthur Foster and to Louise Monahan, voted the best dancers of the class.

A great many awards and citations have already been presented to Bob Hope, and the Seniors added another when they picked his as their favorite radio program. In the movies, however, they prefer to see Van Johnson and Bette Davis, who just managed to defeat Ingrid Bergman. The voters' favorite amusement is dancing; movies come next. For their jiving, they like Harry James' music best.

For reading matter, 1945 chooses *Life*, then *The Reader's Digest*. Kathleen Norris is their favorite author, with Shakespeare in a tie with Faith Baldwin for second. Blondie is their favorite comic strip, winning over Li'l Abner. Swimming is the most popular sport, just ahead of baseball and skating.

They found the most impressive features of Cambridge High and Latin to be, in that order, the 1.45 bell, the teachers, and the approaching graduation.

Runners-up in the voting for class favorites follow, two or three being named in cases where the tabulation showed a tie or very close contest: Most likely to succeed, Fred Sateriale; best scholar, Herbert Schlein; wittiest, Marian Crocker and Ann Walker; most popular girl, Barbara Sheehan; most popular boy, Tony Frasca; best athlete, boy, Billy Braithwaite; best looking boy, Joe Winn and Tom Keough; prettiest girl, Evelyn Mix, Margaret Ciccola, and Ruth Benson; best-dressed boy, Ray Foley; best-dressed girl, Betty Alden and Mary Herlihy; best-natured, Bill Downing; best dancer, boy, Bud Reading; best dancer, girl, Mary Foster and Jacqueline Doyle.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

VOICES

VOICES, pleasant or unpleasant, may be divided into two classes: those which you want to hear, and those which you dread, or wish you hadn't heard. An average day is full of both groups.

Early in the morning, much too early for sensible people, there is that familiar voice which I have been unconsciously dreading most of the night which carols, "Dar—ling, get u-up; you'll be late for schoo—ool." Perhaps this is a bad start. But sometimes another voice adds a more musical note when it says, "I'm driving that way this morning. Hurry and I'll take you to school."

At school there are hundreds of voices. Their qualities are not important. I'm more concerned about what they have to say. If I have prepared my lessons carefully, I almost like the voice which calls upon me to recite; otherwise, it is a fearful summons to a more fearful ordeal. After I have recited, there is the moment of suspense before the voice tells me whether or not I am right.

At work, I am often worried when a voice sternly sounds my name. Sometimes I misjudge this voice. Often it does not report an error; it merely suggests an errand for me.

When I am at home, studying my lessons, I am frequently irritated by happy voices which inconsiderately break upon my train of thought. It is unfortunate that these gay voices always have such interesting things to say. Although I must not let such trivial things disturb me, I am obliged to listen to the voices, and usually to join them. This explains why at school I often shrink back in my chair at the sound of the voice I mentioned above.

The most interesting and appealing voices are those which talk in whispers. If I am listening, these voices sometimes stop their conversation to remind me of the cat and curiosity. Often, late at night, these soft voices issue through the door of another room. They discuss such nice subjects: plans for tomorrow, friends, someone's birthday. Lying in bed, striving to hear them, I can think of so many remarks I would like to make. I am in danger of letting the presence of my ears be known to them. Finally, I can control my voice no longer. As soon as I make a statement, the voices cease. There is nothing for me to do but to feel very much ashamed, and go to sleep.

Later, much later, the voices may resume their conversation. I cannot be sure. They are hardly audible, and I am very sleepy.

RUTH TATE, '45.



THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

ABOVE the twisting path which lead down the shaded valley stretched a liquid blanket of azure blue flecked with gemlike, white clouds. Myriads of tiny parroquets swarmed in the thick underbrush which was a carpet of brilliant flowers beneath the more majestic beauty of the tall, graceful eucalyptus trees and the scrubby banksia and supple acacia trees. Clouds of delicately scented golden wattle blossoms were wafted over the bush by the late afternoon breeze. Perched on the branch of the weeping willow tree that leaned over the whispering creek, a kookaburra shattered the stillness with its loud and almost human laugh. The creek cascaded down the hillside among the waving maidenhair fern fronds and washed the moss covered rocks which lined the valley bottom. On the opposing side of the glen rose a sheer, limestone cliff colored in a variety of pale reds, oranges, yellows, and greys; there, in a limestone cave slept a deadly, black snake. Lurking in the darker sections of the bush were many dangers unknown to the innocent tripper. These dangers were ready to stretch out blood covered fingers of death to grasp the innocent prey. The bush, however, was too beautiful to be dimmed by these minor evils.

SYLVIA DUNCAN HALL, '47.

HISTORY

Now,
with Marion's hardy men
I gallop through swamp
and dismal brake.

With Robin Hood
and his merry men
I rob the king
and favor the serf.

I even plan
future battles with Napoleon
and hear Antony
praise mighty Caesar.

I thrill to Lincoln's
tremulous voice
and suffer with Washington
at Valley Forge.

My name is History;
study me and be transported
back in the timeless dust
of centuries.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

STRAP HANGING ON STREET CARS

AMONG the many commuters on the Boston Elevated Railway during the overcrowded rush hour, there are indubitably five outstanding types of strap hangers which meet the observant onlooker's eye.

The most common of the five is the individual whose budget would not permit the breaking of a nickel to buy the evening paper; this menace to the common welfare is nearly always a short, weasel-like being who attempts to read the paper of the unflinching passenger in front of him on a rocking train. Failing in this attempt, he worms himself around with apparently undiminished confidence and scans the headlines from an angle very annoying to the lady beside him who has now taken on a disgruntled expression. This situation usually ends with the owner of the paper throwing it down in disgust and walking off, thus leaving our subject the proud possessor of both seat and paper; he does not enjoy it half as much, however, as there is no competition involved in reading it.

As there is a distinct shortage of gentlemen on most of these vehicles, the lady coming home with the fruits of a hard day of shopping filling one arm and Junior filling the other is in peril of not finding a seat; in the case of this sorry event, the unfortunate shopper has to face the two horrible alternatives of letting Junior go (a feat which requires no little courage) or laying the bundles on the floor where they are likely to be crushed by the inconsiderate public. She decides to let Junior go with the firm command not to leave her side—a thing which necessitated Junior's running off and solemnly studying the beard of a distinguished gentleman in the next row. This having disturbed Mother to such a point that she is speechless, she tries the first method and lays the bundles on the floor. She now has one hand holding the strap and the other occupied with her offspring; she has not reckoned on the little darling's feet, a convenience that the all-seeing Junior has not forgotten, so in his struggles to rid himself of his Mother's grasp, he (accidentally) kicks a hole in a bag of oranges which go rolling around on the floor of the car, much to the chagrin of Mother and the amusement of the passengers. We will take leave of this confusing incident before it gets too involved and study another branch of this fascinating art.

At length a portly gentleman squeezes his way through the crowd with an unused strap as his objective. He hangs onto this strap for one stop, and then conceives the idea of attempting to stand up without the aid of this convenience which is making his somewhat stubby arms tired. It is customary then for the train to give a sudden lurch,

whereupon the stylish gentleman is sent sprawling into the arms of a somewhat more experienced passenger, who has a firm grip on the leather band, thus avoiding a major tragedy.

There is but one more major type, which is the rarest of them all: this sort just hangs on to the strap with a firm grip, letting none of the other dependents influence his unruffled manner. In short, this is the type which should be most common, but, strangely enough, is the rarest. This is the type to which I belong; I am now an M.A.S.H. (Master of the Art of strap-hanging).

DAVID WALSH, '47.

ON SUMMONING A HEADACHE

HHEADACHES can be either the most useful or the most bothersome of the minor ailments. At one time, they may serve as a reliable excuse for not facing a disagreeable task, and at another time, as a hindrance to having a good time.

Take, for example, any morning when your homework is not quite finished. Of course, this state of affairs is no phenomenon, as it occurs rather frequently, but this particular morning, a spirit of boldness pervades your usually docile nature. Immediately, you search the refrigerator for indigestibles, and, having devoured several, feel rather pleased with the universe in general. As you head for the bedroom again, the thought that you and Susie were going to the movies after school comes to mind. However, the Rubicon has been crossed, and there is no turning back. I have discovered that this type of plan is invariably followed by this type of result.

Then, there is the morning when you are genuinely ill; no ideas can be devised for curing you besides taking an aspirin when necessity compels. This other extreme has its complications, also. Your homework, usually done precisely as directed, must remain in your bag; the wonderful plans made up for the afternoon's enjoyment must be abandoned, while you lie in agony in a darkened room.

The intermediate position between these two extremes is the goal for which we all strive, too often, unsuccessfully. If one is fortunate enough to be in these circumstances, either he may disregard the malady (when he has tickets for a baseball game), or seriously consider his health, (when Mother suggests he clean the cellar.)

However, since none of these reactions is typical of a well reared student, I must remember not to experiment with any of them. Still, I haven't finished my French for next period, and I did have a little headache this morning. I wonder

BARBARA KARBAUM, '46.

FREE SPEECH IN WARTIME

FREEDOM of speech is one of man's natural rights, a right of which he cannot easily be deprived. Speech is the manifestation of thought, and, since we must all think very differently, free speech is essential to the expression of these thoughts. However, freedom of speech in time of war is likely to be a very dangerous thing. Words are powerful weapons, but like every thing else, they must be used wisely and prudently.

Rumors are among the most unpleasant results that war can bring. They can do more to save or lose a nation than almost anything else. Since rumors are merely words spoken by thoughtless people, it is easy to see why freedom of speech is a right which must be exercised with care. Propaganda may also be spread to a large degree by the use of words, thus endangering the faith and morale of many an army.

The use of rumors and propaganda is perhaps best illustrated by the Germans. Their people have been filled with a veritable credence in the ferocity and belligerence of all other nations. They have come to believe that this is a fierce and savage world and that in order to live in it with any safety, one must fight for one's existence. This statement is, unfortunately, not very far from the truth, but it is the Nazis who have forced it to be true, and not the rest of the world.

Since every one is in some way or other a victim of rumor or propaganda, it is easy to see how words may be used subtly, often indiscreetly, for the furtherance of a purpose or goal. Is it therefore necessary to question the necessity of guarding one's words at all times, but especially in time of war? Speech should not, cannot, be curtailed completely, but we must all guard our tongues and be particularly careful in times of conflict with our use of words.

ANN CORCORAN, '45

SAVING TIME FOR WHAT

"A stitch in time, saves nine." This old saying has a way of finding its niche in the most unrelated situations. Literally it is certainly true, as any young lady will avow, anent the matter of stockings whether silk or otherwise. A single stitch certainly detracts less beauty from a shapely leg than a long, seam like ridge. The time saved in this single stitch operation certainly may be used to advantage when running for a bus in the wee, morning hours. That is, if one hasn't discovered the run till eight five.

The proverb also applies to school work. One can easily see what an advantage it is to do all his homework the night before, for thus opportunity presents itself for further study, the next day.

Imagine the ceaseless joy of being free to do numerous extra math problems and to delve into the intricacies of a language. It is for this that we take the one stitch. We save time the one day to be able to do twice as much the next.

Upon mulling over this question of saving time, I begin to wonder if it is at all possible. "Tempus," it is said, "fugit." If one works a little harder one day, to give a few moments to the next—to what avail? Should not the work be proportioned so that each day be equal? The purpose of saving time is, as I see it, to use one's ingenuity to shorten the intended path to a goal. Thus, more and better things may be done in the blinded by the handiwork, the conventions, and the rules of man, see the true beauty of this world? Only those with the courage of the mad, the few minutes saved. This business of a stitch in time saving nine was only the ancients' way of putting this worth-while philosophy. We do things faster to save time to do more things.

WINIFRED TAYLOR, '45.

OTHER PEOPLE'S RADIOS

LIVING in an apartment house affords one a great opportunity to observe various types of people. It is astonishing how listening to one's neighbor's radio, to his choice of program, gives a splendid clue to his personality.

There is the gentleman who spends his time listening to news broadcasts. His opinions on current events are directly quoted from Lowell Thomas, Gabriel Heatter, or John Vandercook. If this arm-chair strategist had his way in national and world affairs, the universe would not be in such a deplorable condition. As all the news can be heard in one broadcast, it is difficult to understand why this man must listen to every one sent over the air waves!

In the apartment adjacent to my bed-room lives a swing enthusiast. I am definitely in favor of most swing music, but there is a limit to anything. This neighbor is an ardent admirer of Gene Krupa. Hence, the savage drum beats are played over and over through the courtesy of I. J. Fox. For variety, one can hear the ear-splitting trumpet of Harry James. If the radio can stand it, I can.

Someone in the apartment is an avid fan of soap operas. She is fond of the heart-rending tale, *Life Can Be Beautiful*. No doubt, it can, but does the story prove that this is so? Definitely, no such proof is given. The drama is a series of misfortunes, such as divorce, death, bankruptcy, and loss of a Frank Sinatra record!

At times, listening to other people's radios has been annoying; however, at other times, it has fascinated me.

CATHERINE CURTIS, '46.



SPRING comes along with its budding flowers, twittering birds, and of course, the latest Spotlite column . . . All in the spirit of spring, we see Elliot Smith bedecked in green, Joan Sussman in a bright gingham dirndl and Herbert Lewis in his ties which resemble oil paintings . . . Each issue of the Spotlite contains a list of inseparables, who are usually not inseparable by the time the next issue comes out. However, we think that it's safe to report Jim Linehan and George Costa, Billy Craig and James DiVitto, Maureen O'Leary and Marion Cooper on the list . . . Among the winners at the Regional Art Exhibit, sponsored by Jordan Marsh Co. and Scholastic Magazine were Ethel Davis, Florence McKeever, Lestrina McKeever, Harriet MacLeod and Tom Sgouros. They received achievement keys and gold certificates. The following were awarded gold certificates for placing in the exhibit: Lorraine Breviglieri, Mary Chipman, Jane Conquest, Ethel Davis, Betty Anne Grove, Helen Karchmazeski, Agnes Krosian, Jane Lagergren, Irene Pietrowicz, Claire Rodgers, Dorothy Saunders, Virginia Sencabaugh, Loretto Sheehan, Louise Todd, Jean Walsh, Elizabeth Zacharchuk . . . David Lafferty reads so fast that he sounds like Danny Kaye double-talking . . . Red Landis's and Myron Karess's hobby is staying for 7th . . . What's this we hear about Noreen Buckley and June Carlson formalizing at Longwood Towers . . . Rita McCarthy informally addresses everybody as "Sarah" . . . Florido Maestri, commonly called "Flea," is the very popular cartoonist in 315 . . . Seen lunching at a recent fashion show in which Barbara Casey was a model were Jean Morrison, Eileen Dinan, Lois Moran and Doris McDonald . . . Robert Berman (known as "Bob" to his friends) is an invincible orator because no one can understand those ten-syllable words he uses . . . Andrew Leighton would be wealthy if he put a rental fee on those pencils he hands out to room 202 . . . Any questions on *Julius Caesar* may be referred to Hank Sullivan, an expert on such matters . . . Tony Frasca and Jimmy Russell meant to have a quiet, restful coke

at Hazen's, but their friends drifted in in such numbers that they were sitting around, on top, and under the table . . . Betsy McKinley thinks nothing of whipping up a broomstick skirt at a moment's notice. Wish we were talented like that! . . . Hungry Albert De Simone always hits the lunchroom before third recess . . . Steve Minkiel has a lovely time trying to stick people in lockers. Lovable little fellow, isn't he? . . . Yola Forte cherishes a deep admiration for the stark drama of black . . . Lois Hanlon, back from her trip South, reports that she likes the idea of being a Southern belle immensely . . . Dot Donovan was seen once studying during recess period . . . Why is Kirk Talor like a squirrel? Ans. He loves peanuts . . . Remember the day when the rumour swept the school that Van Johnson was dying? . . . Beatrice Joughin has a mania for brown ink.

The K. B. Formal: Eddie Guiney and Barbara Goepper had the liveliest time of all . . . Monny Babin and partner went exploring during intermission and Monny ended up playing the drums all by himself . . . Mary Sateriale and Michael Mercurio were among the first on the floor . . . Jean Quinn, Red Kelly, Babe Kelly (no relation) and Hugh Graham were seen about eleven o'clock resting their exhausted feet in the lobby—John Harrington escorted Peggy Puddister, who was just the right size for him . . . Noreen Buckley and Joe Winn went to Chinatown but came back to the Smith House because Joe wanted some real American ice-cream . . . Edna Williams was the envy of many girls with a marine, Joe Reynolds . . . Lorraine Palmisano arrived with Junior president, John Parades . . . Beautiful Evelyn Mix came with Pvt. Charlie Mains, whom some of you may remember as Handsomest Boy of 1943 . . . Tiny Phyllis Harrington with Cowboy Dinny Downing . . . Fred Sateriale played and Skipper Pollick sang . . . June Nance was escorted by Joe Freeman . . . Her brother John Nance went with Betty Grove . . . Joan Rose arrived with Junior Treasurer, Joe

Murphy . . . Other twosomes were Mary McMenimen and Billy Supple, Nancy McMenimen and Jimmy Hughes, Bud Reading and cheer leader Freddy Sherman, James Kapelos and Marion Bekos, Charles Black and Dorothy Butler.

Nominations: Hilda Davis . . . hardest working Review agent, John Linehan. . . little man who isn't there, Jean Burns . . . queen of jitterbuggers . . . John Loofbouroow and William Klopstock are called the Bunny and the Fox . . . Jeanne Gordon has developed a sudden passion for raspberry and lime cokes . . . Did you know that William McConnell answers to eight names? . . . Mary Pat O'Brien and Frances Mulhall lost their chorus class one afternoon recently and went trotting about the corridors looking for it . . . Joe Paiva is a whiz at making like Euclid and another whiz in Spanish is Jack Aaronson . . . Helen Zinfon has been seen frequently at a well known roller-skating rink . . . Pat Foley cruises from locker to locker paying her morning calls . . . John McCarthy is wasting away to a shadow carrying so many heavy books these hot days . . . Larry Linehan went around for days collecting signatures on the clean white bandage on his arm. When praactically all the juniors had inked him up, the bandage was neither clean nor white. Ann Corcoran not to be undone promptly broke her ankle and is now collecting signatures on a cast . . . Bob Hughes with his head practically shaved in a crew cut, can be recognized a mile off . . . Paul Burke and Joe DeFeo find they still like to play peek-a-boo, and do so with great fervor . . . Grace Maher and Ann Delaney limped around for days after their first bicycle trip of the year . . . Jean Foley has a special method of arriving in the lunchroom alive . . . Jimmy Fitzgerald is quite the boy in his new, handsome C. A. P. uniform . . . Eileen Leary's pictures were up for discussion the other night; the verdict was that they were both so pretty no choice could be made . . . Everyone looks up to Doran Burke, not only because they admire him, but also because he is so tall . . . Marge Babcock loves to visit 44 Church Street . . . Gloria Travers reports with pride that her Easter outfit was an original New York creation . . . Bob Horan brings the funnies to school to lighten dull moments, but Herbert Schlein prefers the more subtle humor of the New Yorker . . . Marion Sullivan studies and gets results, unlike some unfortunates who only study . . . Earl Levine is the helpful lad when it comes to moving furniture . . . Mary Reilly spent most of the winter learning how to knit; she does very well now, and can knit two whole rows without dropping a stitch . . . Lorraine Hachey and Mary De-Young are prize pianists or "the girls with the rippling fingers" as our colleague Sonny Curcio would phrase it . . .

Tommy Hillery is seen at least three times a week heading for Newton. Must be Newton's basketball team that attracts him . . . Dorry Ryan and Ginny Braithewaite surreptitiously read a funny book or two . . . Marshall Goldberg, on time for school one morning, went for a long walk all over school, just to see how things looked at such an early hour . . . There is a titanic struggle of intellects between Leo Hamel and John Boucher . . . Joe Wenckus wanders around cuddling what looks like a baseball but is really a shotput . . . Joan and Jeanne Rose, Anne Sherman, and Betty Dawe have settled the child care problem by dragging their charges to the Luncheonette every afternoon . . . Groans may be heard around 203 each day as William O'Brien, ardent wrestling fan, tries a few holds on his schoolmates . . . Herbert Lurio is the Deems Taylor of the senior class . . . New comer to room 115 is Gloria Leitner . . . Patrons of the Muses are Mickey Pahigian with his clarinet and David Walsh with his piano . . . Ginny McCorison should have an exhibit of those envelopes from overseas . . . Mary Pergamo and Barbara Tager should join the debating club and make those arguments of theirs official . . . Home work worries have almost grayed Frannie Narekauriz and Gloria Murphy . . . Mary O'Rourke and Eleanor Pope have started a Friday night club . . . William Payne loves the sound of locker doors closing violently preferably by the aid of his own hand . . . Elizabeth Stressinger, Natalie Thibault and Gloria Thompson discuss matters of prime importance every recess . . . Sylvia Hall loves to read French poetry aloud, why, we don't know . . . One day we came upon the fascinating sight of Lucille Grenier crawling slowly along on hands and knees tracing, of all things, a brown Thrasher . . . Barbara Day is the girl with the smile for everyone . . . Why not a Wally Lyons Fan Club? . . . Richard Monahan practices basketball in 202 every day . . . Richard Fernald is suffering from a severe attack of spring fever . . . Barbara Graff sports a slick Marine insignia and answers no questions . . . However, we are not so mysterious; we admit that we are . . .

ANN E. WALKER.

JOAN MCPARTLIN.

"Vell," hissed the German officer, "did you sneak up and get the name of that ship?"

"Yah, mein herr, it is the W-E-T P-A-I-N-T!"



Service Notes

{Continued from last issue}

LT. Albert J. Leonard has been transferred to Fort Hancock. "Al" keeps us posted with some fine maps showing the forward push of the battle lines on the various fronts.

Pvt. Gerald Murphy, somewhere in England, enjoyed a reunion with an older brother on Christmas Eve and both served as acolytes at the Christmas mass. A third brother joined them for a complete reunion during the Christmas season.

Pfc. Bill Reardon's outfit, the paratroopers of the 326th Airborne Engr. Bn., shared in the heroic refusal to give up Bastogne when that spot was completely encircled by the Germans. Bill sent us a copy of "The Yank's" story of the siege. Bill's father and mother have proudly framed the copies of Brig. Gen. McAuliffe's message to his troops on Christmas Eve, the demand of the German commander for surrender and Gen. McAuliffe's historic and terse reply—"Nuts".

Another Latin School graduate, Capt. Thomas J. White, flew across the Atlantic on Christmas Eve, as aide to Maj. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, who was originally in command of the 101st Airborne Division and in whose absence Brig. Gen. McAuliffe took over. Captain White has been with the 101st since its organization. He has been cited twice for service and has seen action for 77 days as liaison officer with the British paratroopers in the first Holland push. On December 8th, while resting in Paris, he was called to accompany Maj. Gen. Taylor on a special trip to Washington. Arriving by plane in New York on Dec. 10th, he telephoned home and was told by his father that his mother and his brother John, also a paratrooper, were stopping at the same hotel from which Tom had made the call. After a brief stay in Washington and a few days at home, Tom was recalled by Gen. Taylor for the trip back on Christmas Eve. A perilous trip through the German lines in a jeep brought both back in time to be in at the finish of the "Battle of the Bulge."

Cpl. Ted Ciampi called at the school while on furlough. Ted is undergoing hospital treatment in Virginia. He wears the Purple Heart and Presidential citation. He was in the Normandy battle on "D" day, went on to St. Lo, Cherbourg, Aachen, Duren and was wounded at Malmedy.

Pfc. Arthur Miranian looked very snappy in Marine uniform, as did Glenn Peck and Paul Conlon. Arthur is putting his school orchestra experience to good use as a bugler. He created a mild

sensation when he took a dare and "ragged" one of his calls for the benefit of a group of returned from overseas officers.

Pvt. Bill Farrell wrote feelingly of his emotions when he received word that his pal Frannie (Zeb) Donovan is now a prisoner of war in Germany. Fran's mother was good enough to send the address to which mail may be sent:

Pfc. Francis D. Donovan

Prisoner of War No. 315584

Camp Co. STALAG IV B Germany

Forms for the letters to be sent to prisoners of war may be obtained from Headmaster Downey.

Miss Wait has received a card from

Pfc. Eleftherios Eleftherakis

Gefangennummer 079378

Lager Bezeichnung—Stalag II A

Neubrandenburg, I Meckl

Germany

He writes from the Kriegsgefangenenlager (Prisoner of War Camp to you): "Wish I knew how you were. Other than being cold and stiff, things aren't bad. Amuse myself by writing notes in divers clefs and then reading them. Thank God for the Red Cross. They are coming thru in fine style. What's No. 1 on the Hit Parade?"

Lt. Paul Moylan, after several transatlantic crossings, dropped in for a visit and took over a French class.

Pfc. Edward O'Hara writes from Nebraska, "How many credits do I need to get my diploma? I would appreciate your help beyond measure. At present I am an Electrical and Engine Specialist in a B-29 Superfortress, having graduated from three Army Technical Schools. I hope some day to continue my education and a High School diploma is necessary for me to fulfil my ambition."

Pvt. George Saideh writes from Camp Gordon, Georgia.

John Conant is now Able Seaman at Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joseph Breen S/2c. has completed boot training at Sampson and has moved on to the Hospital Corps School, class 67, Sec. 1, Bainbridge, Md.

Pvt. John P. Ryan, from Somewhere in England: "How long I shall be here is anyone's guess. I have visited London and found it exciting. Remember me to Miss Wadden, Miss Walsh, Miss Kiely, Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Sullivan, and regards to all the faculty."

Lawrence McMenimen writes: "Because of my recent entry into the Navy, just please put my new address in the 'Review'. My own comment about the Navy is—'It is tough, but I love it'. Thank you." Address, Lawrence McMeniman A/s

Co. 188—Bks C22L, U. S. N. T. C.

Sampson, New York

Paul Foley after leaving Sampson is en route to San Diego. "Didn't realize that the U. S. was such a big, beautiful country. Just came over the line from Arizona to California. Have seen real Indians! ! !".

Jimmy Nixon looked his old self. Jimmy is now S 2/c CA Barracks 2—R 26, Sec E—ARM N. A. T. T. C., Memphis, Tenn.

From the field press censor, "passed for publication" has come the following telegram:

An Eighth Air Force Bomber Station, England. The Air Medal has been awarded to First Lieutenant Arthur H. Bloomberg, Jr., 20, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for "meritorious achievement" while participating in bombing missions to industrial and military targets in Germany.

Lt. Bloomberg is the pilot of "Just Once More," an Eighth Air Force B-17 Flying Fortress in the 385th Bombardment Group commanded by Colonel George J. Jumper, Natoma, California.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Bloomberg, 16 Traymore Street, Cambridge, he is a graduate of Cambridge High & Latin School, and attended Northeastern University, Boston. He entered the Army Air Forces in June, 1943, and received his wings at Blytheville, Arkansas, in February, 1944.

George Turcotte A/s Co. 168, C-122, U. S. N. T. C. Sampson, N. Y.: "We had a big test up here today and I only wish I had studied more so that I could have done better."

Lt. (j.g.) W. C. Panunzio is a member of the Armed Guard, S. S. James Griffiths, C/o F. P. O. San Francisco.

From the Ambulance services has come the following letter:

We regret very much to advise you for your records of the death of Albert Studley Miller, who was a member of your student body.

Mr. Miller was serving as a volunteer ambulance driver with the American Field Service, attached to the First French Army in France.

He was killed on February 7, 1945.

Sincerely yours,

STEPHEN GALEN,

Director General

Albert, because of asthma, was not accepted by the Army but was determined to do his bit and finally offered his services to the American Field Service. He was killed while driving an ambu-

lance on assignment to the First French Army. An older brother has been missing in action since September.

Elizabeth ("Betty") Doyle, daughter of our Art Director, Mr. J. Louis Doyle, is now with U. S. C. N. C., Faulkner Hospital, Centre Street, Boston, Mass.

Jackie Moriarty, who will long be remembered for his contributions in the Dramatic and Debating Club interests of the school, was killed in action in Germany.

From Pvt. Robert Heckman—"My last letter to you was from Belgium. Since then we have been in Holland and are now in Germany. Yes we did have turkey on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas."

T/Sgt. Edmund F. Loughlin, class of 1940, writes from the hospital in San Angelo, Texas. The story of his army life to date is a good illustration of the contribution made by our boys who entered the Service in the early days of the war:

"I entered the Army on Oct. 28, 1942. My first station after Fort Devens was the Recruit Detachment at Tyndall Field, Fla., where I received my basic training. Upon its completion, I moved up to the main field, where I was assigned to duty as a radio man. On April 3rd, 1943, I was sent to Sioux Falls Radio School. I graduated from there, in September 1943 and was sent to Kingman, Arizona to Aerial Gunnery School. On December 4 I graduated from there and after a twenty-three day furlough was sent to Salt Lake City, where I was assigned to a combat crew. My next station was Sioux City, Iowa. There I received my overseas training. I left Sioux City in April, 1944, and went to Kearney, Nebraska where the combat crews were outfitted with special flying equipment. Our next stop was Camp Patrick Henry. From there we were put on the boat and thus left our native soil. We landed in Italy some time later and were assigned to various B-17 groups in the 15th Air Force. My first mission was to Sete, France, and my last was to Maribor, Yugoslavia. I flew a total of fifty-two combat missions as radio-operator-gunner. Included were missions to such countries as France, Northern Italy, Rumania, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Germany. There were a few thrills during those missions including two forced landings in Yugoslavia. I found the German a tough, skillful opponent, willing to take many chances. However, he just didn't have "it" and was beaten every time he openly met our escort in battle. I arrived back in the States on Dec. 21st".

From: Pvt. George Saideh,
Camp Gordon
Georgia

I always wondered what a soldier thought when

he was so far from home. Now I know. There is an air of soberness and solemnity which shrouds each soldier. I never realized that there was a war on before I was drafted. That is a statement that I am very ashamed to make. Now I realize what I am here for. I am not here because I was selected by my neighbors to be here. No, I am here to fight and die for my very way of life. I am fighting so that if I come back I will be able to live life as I always planned, and always wished for. Do you think, or for that matter, does anyone dare to think that we are fighting for anything else?

From Earl Polinsky U. S. S. Texas

I have participated in the landings at Normandy and Southern France, and have the invasion of Iwo Jima added to the list. Yes, the battle for Iwo was a hazardous undertaking, but again the American War Machine showed the Japs that we, Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the U. S. A. possess no "chicken heart." A good Jap is a dead Jap. That is our slogan, and we made it readily sure at Iwo!

My twin brother, Perry, has been doing his share. He landed at Peleliu with the U. S. Marines, while other of my friends have seen action all over the world. I have been receiving the Cambridge Review through the auspices of the Cambridge Concerns that have dealings with the high school. It is quite an idea, especially with abundances of news from grads in the Service.

From Pvt. Bill Farrell, U. S. M. C.
Somewhere in the Pacific

In a letter that I received the other day my mother had put a newspaper clipping which told of "Zeb" Donovan being listed as missing in action. It made me feel funny in the stomach when I read it and I guess it made anyone who knew "Zeb" feel the same way. I went through high school with "Zeb" and was home on furlough with him in November and we had a swell time which consisted mostly of walking through the corridors of the school wishing that we were still sitting behind the desks looking intelligent but with our minds many miles away much to the regrets of our teacher. I know that Miss McCaffrey who was our homeroom teacher must feel bad because she really thought a lot of her boys. I remember when we were home Miss McCaffrey showed us her service flag which has a star for each of us who were in her homeroom and we remarked that we would be sure to keep those stars blue. Well "Zeb" is missing in action but that's one statement that I like to think of as being a freely translated word. I know that "Zeb" is hard to keep down and wherever he is if there is the slightest chance of safety for him he will come through.

I don't mean to bore you, Mr. Downey but I

know that everyone who knows "Zeb" feels the same way and we're all pulling for his return.

Pfc. "Ted" Wadden is now in action with the infantry in the Philippine area.

Pvt. Dan Kelly dropped in from Colorado on furlough to say "hello" to his former teachers—Dan looked great.

Lt. Philip Taft wounded slightly, returned to action in Germany only to be wounded a second time.

Lt. (j.g.) Florence Hunter of the WAVES, came up from Washington for Easter and called to greet faculty friends.

Sgt. William Bane of Army Signal Corps, is in Germany. His brother, Ensign Joseph Bane, is now on his way to the Pacific after action in the first wave of the invasion on D-day.

Lt. Joe Groden and Ensign Vin Lovett enjoyed a High and Latin reunion at a base in the Pacific.

T. F. D.

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1944 - 45

Archibald, Joan	Hiscock, Fred
Ashenden, David	Ingalls, Frances
Burgess, Nancy	Kane, Phyllis P.
Burke, Dorothy	Landry, Marilyn
Camelio, Louise	Loggan, Wilfred
Canning, Audrey	Lombardi, Josephine
Carwile, Roger	Lowry, Mary
Connell, Barbara	Martin, Ida
Connolly, Clare	McCabe, Evelyn
Cosman, Alice	Messuri, Mary
Cronin, Timothy	Michalowski, Gladys
Donnelly, John	Murphy, Dorothy
Dooley, Pauline	Nelson, Gloria
Dragun, Phyllis	Nicolletta, Claire
Dubay, Jessie	Orrok, George T.
Duggan, Marjorie	Perkins, Roland
Durakis, Charles	Rixon, Lela
Egan, Thomas	Sack, Irene
Farmer, Marianna	Scalise, Frances
Fields, Doris	Slocum, Shirley
Filipe, Eugenia	Sullivan, Florence
Fleet, Martha	Taylor, Marjorie
Fougere, Paul	Tenore, Elizabeth
Fulkerson, Lorraine	Thornhill, Elsie
Galvin, Betty	Torigian, Isabell
Gerasim, Constance	Tufenkian, Richard
Gilbert, Charles	Turner, Josephine
Gillis, Robert	Walters, Mary
Goffredo, Margaret	Ward, Joan
Goldberg, Norman	Weinberg, Vivian
Green, Shirley	White, James
Greenstein, Mary	Williams, Joan
Griffith, Elaine	Zacharakis, Stella
Gut, Genevieve	

ONCE AROUND C.H.L.S.



VISITING ALUMNI SURE GET A WARM WELCOME FROM THE C.H.L.S. "WOLVERINES".



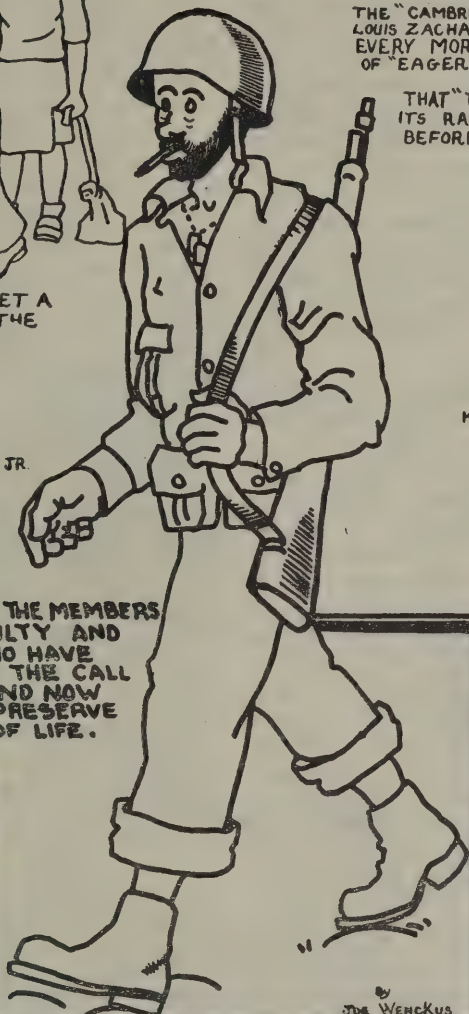
THE "CAMBRIDGE CRUISER", PILOTTED BY LOUIS ZACHARAKIS, COMES DOWN TO C.H.L.S. EVERY MORNING WITH A FULL COMPLEMENT OF "EAGER BEAVERS".

THAT "TUB" IS 50-0-0-0 LONG THAT ITS RADIATOR GETS TO SCHOOL 15 MIN. BEFORE "LOUIE" DOES ~



MICHAEL ANGELLO JR.

WE SALUTE THE MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY AND ALUMNI WHO HAVE ANSWERED THE CALL TO DUTY AND NOW FIGHT TO PRESERVE OUR WAY OF LIFE.



JOE WENCKUS



ALAN KRASNOFF

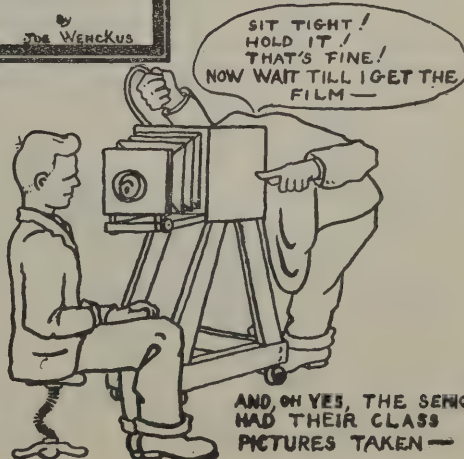
ALAN GOT KINDA EXCITED WHEN HE FOUND A DEAD FISH HUNG ON HIS LOCKER DOOR —

NOW, HERE IS A REAL ARTIST, TOM SGOUROS—C.H.L.S.' ANSWER TO THE BOSTON GLOBE'S BILL MAULDIN. THIS YOUNG FELLOW, WINNER OF TWO SCHOLASTIC AWARDS IN ART, IS THE BEST CARTOONIST LATIN HAS SEEN SINCE TOM LEAMON —



THAT BOOK IS A KILLER!

MASSIVE "MOOSE" LAKIS GOT OUT OF READING THE DICTIONARY-SIZE VOLUME OF "THE FORSYTE SAGA" BY JOINING THE ARMY—WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY.



SIT TIGHT! HOLD IT! THAT'S FINE! NOW WAIT TILL I GET THE FILM —

AND, OH YES, THE SENIORS HAD THEIR CLASS PICTURES TAKEN —

FRESHMAN

The Freshman Column has picked up the following items about the members of the class: Carolyn Turosky has new glasses, we hear . . . is it true that Bob Shannon reminds some of us of John Hodiak? . . . Peggy Sullivan had a party, at which were Mavis Burns, Shirley Brown, Janie Butler, and Valeria Broussard . . . Marie Sutton has a great sense of humor . . . Marie Taverna loves to tease her classmates . . . How persuasive Leo Maloney has to be to convince his teachers that he really has lost his homework . . . could it be because he loses it so often? . . . William McCarthy has a weakness for comic books . . . not in school, William! . . . Cosmo Albano is quite the poet . . . What makes Shirley Brown talk so fast? Mary Ann Francis has a fondness for closing other people's lockers . . . Roberta Reardon can't even get hers open . . . Leonard Frisola has a very infectious laugh . . .

Seen at the "Y" on Friday nights are Doris Duffy, Doris Jordan, Ann Foley, and Terry Martin . . . We hear that Carol Walthrup went in for a bang up time on the track one day . . . Can't say that you weren't warned, Carol . . . Ann Foley has acquired the nickname of Bugs . . . Cecilia Fletcher is always singing . . . Jeannette White and David Trevanjian had a heated argument over ostriches . . . Room 102 welcomes Marion Leva back . . . Many freshmen boys have gone out for baseball . . . that is the proper spirit, boys . . . John Macial asks a great many questions . . . Wilfred Loggan is a whiz at algebra . . . does Joyce Reardon know that there's a gum shortage? Stanley Poole is still racing against time . . . why don't you reform, Stanley . . . Carelton Murphy is a studious pupil . . . Robert Mix always has sparkling shoes . . . Roland Perkins has appeared twice on the Boston Quiz Kids program . . . Richard Rigazazo is a promising athlete . . . Christine Taylor wears a corsage frequently . . . from whom, Christine? . . . Claire Connolly seems very happy about something recently . . . Michael Mercurio is quite a crooner . . . Laura McLaughlin is a talented violin player . . . Norman Cross has all the makings of an artist and Charmaine Gardiner plays the piano beautifully . . . quite a bit of talent is coming to the front, gradually . . .

Phyllis Gosselin is a whiz at solving algebra problems . . . Seen together all the time are Margie Sullivan and Pat Powers . . . Irene Lewis is apt to be busy on Friday evenings . . . Roberta Wilkins wants to know someone who has a mirror in her locker . . . Louise Priest likes to try new hairdos, as does Suzanne Thorne . . . Another pair always seen together are Theresa Callinan and Mary Boudrot . . . Let us have all your news for the next issue, which will be published in June . . .

nearly at the end of the school year! Are you sure of gaining all the credits you expect?

SOPHOMORE CLASS HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1944 - 45

Alber, Charlotte	Lewis, Herbert
Alfaro, Juanita	Lopolito, Giuglio
Bequaert, Helen	Maloney, Helen
Biddle, Stephen	Martinian, Martin
Carter, Barbara	McCarthy, John
Center, Marilyn	McDonald, Frances
Chao, Leney	McGovern, Dorothy
Chapman, Lorraine	McKenzie, Arthur
Chiasson, Vincent	McLeod, Doris
Cremens, Carolyn	McNamara, Francis
Day, Barbara	Minkiel, Steve
Delaney, Ann	Nichols, Marie
Dinan, Eileen	O'Brien, Virginia
Donaghue, Evelyn	Panselinas, Catherine
Enebuske, Karin	Payzant, Anita
Giannotti, Mary	Regillo, Serafino
Glennon, Patricia	Ridlon, Florence
Gross, Burton	Skitgis, Helen
Hall, Sylvia	Slater, Glenna
Heller, Saul	Spitzer, Joanne
Katsulis, Jennie	Sullivan, Anne E.
Lewis, Florence	Walcott, Kathleen

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE Dramatic Club is looking forward to a full and interesting schedule.

Thursday, April 5, the club had the privilege of hearing Eliot Duvey from the Tributary Theater discuss the development of the American Theater. Tuesday, April 10, a group of members attended a lecture by Miss Maginnis at the Museum of Fine Arts.

The Sophomore and Junior plays under the direction of Claire Rogers will be presented during mid-May.

Congratulations are in order to Anthony Travers, Noreen Buckley, Marjorie MacArthur, James Fitz Patrick, Carolyn Townsend, and Roland Perkins. They were the winners in the tryouts for the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest; we wish them all the best of luck.

Our deepest sympathy to Ann Corcoran who has suffered a broken ankle.

May 18, the Dramatic Club is sponsoring a Talent Night. This is being done in cooperation with the Seventh War Bond Drive. Our goal is a thousand dollar war bond. This is an opportunity for all of us to pitch in and do our share. We hope to see you there. Until our next meeting, then, we ring down the curtain on this act.

ARDYS KARBAUM, '45.

STATE MEET '45

THROW IT?? NAH!
I CAN HARDLY CARRY IT!



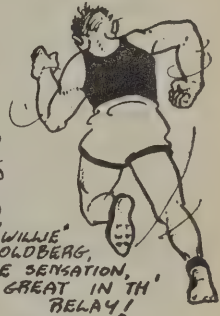
WALLY "THE BEAR" LYONS AND JIMMY LANG DID NOT PLACE IN TH' SHOT PUT! INEXPERIENCE WAS TO BLAME! WATCH OUT FOR THEM IN SPRING TRACK!



ARTHUR SCALISE WON A VERY CLOSE SECOND PLACE IN TH' HIG JUMP. BRATHWAITE WON A 3RD PLACE! WAS ALSO IN TH' DASH FINALS! HE PLACED FOURTH, ADDING A NICE 2 POINTS TO LATIN'S FINAL TOTAL!

AH-AH-AH-AH...
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CONTENT WITH

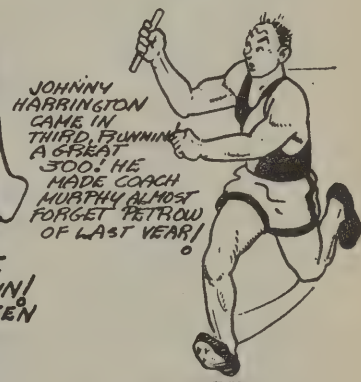
2nd PLACE



"WILLIE" GOLDBERG, BOOKIE SENSATION, WAS GREAT IN TH' RELAY!



TONY TRAVERS WAS BARELY MOVED OUT IN TH' SEMI-FINALS. EVERY SO, MANY COACHES AGREED THAT HIS FORM WAS GREAT!



JOHNNY HARRINGTON CAME IN THIRD, RUNNING A GREAT 300! HE MADE COACH MURPHY ALMOST FORGET PETROW OF LAST YEAR!

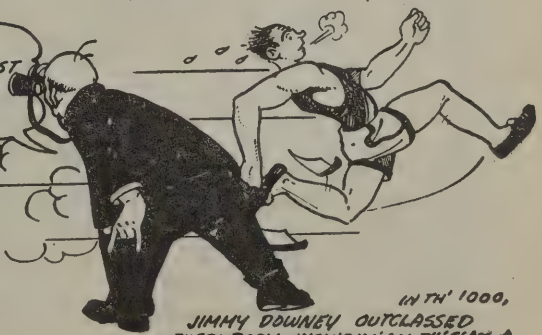
C.H.L.S., DESPITE BEING DEFENDING STATE CHAMP, WAS NOT FAVORED TO WIN TH' CROWN! FOR TWO YEARS IN A ROW WEYMOUTH HAD BEEN FAVORITE. THIS YEAR THEIR DREAMS CAME INTO FRUITION, WITH MORE THAN A LITTLE HELP FROM LADY LUCK!

TOM SCOTT '95



WHAT!-
YA MEAN HE'S THROUGH ALREADY??
BRATHWAITE JUST FINISHED!

CHEE! I CAN'T EVEN SEE TH' REST OF TH' GUYS IN THIS RACE!



IN TH' 1000, JIMMY DOWNEY OUTCLASSSED EVERYBODY INCLUDIN' ALL TH' CLASS A MEN! YESSER! TH' BEST 1000 MAN IN TH' STATE ATTENDS C.H.L.S.

FLASH "RED PANTS" BRATHWAITE WON TH' 600! HE AGAIN TOOK TH' TITLE "THE CLASSIEST CLASS B 600 MAN!... IT GETS BORING! WINNING EVERY RACE!

Sports

BEFORE winter sports are put back on the shelf for another year, I have a few notes which it gives me great pleasure to write. Our hockey team completed its season in a blaze of glory, with co-captain Tony Frasca walking off with the G. B. I. high scoring crown, and he and co-captain Dinny Downing being selected to play in the All Star games.

The following boys have been recommended for hockey letters:

Boudreau, Paul	Foley, Raymond
Boudreau, Robert	Foster, Arthur
Brennan, Lawrence	Frasca, Anthony
Costa, George	Graham, Hugh
Daurie, Earl	Lee, John
Donahue, John	Linnehan, James
Downing, William	Mix, Robert
Cabral, Joseph, Manager	

At the close of a fairly successful basketball season, Coach Koslowski recommended the following boys to be awarded letters:

Agnetta, James	Lyons, Walter
Amaral, Eugene	Paredes, John
Cardillo, Patsy	Parker, Eugene
Downey, James	Sgouros, Thomas
Foley, Raymond	Managers: Roseman, Leonard Supple, William
Foster, Arthur	
Leary, Edward	
Lyons, Kenneth	

The following boys have been recommended for second team Basketball letters:

Cowley, John	Lewis, Herbert
Cusick, William	Loggan, Wilfred
Durakis, Charles	Roffer, Lester
Healey, Joseph	

The indoor track team, frowned upon by Fate, suffered a heart breaking defeat at the hands of Weymouth, last year's second place team, by the extremely close score of 23-22. Entering the relays, the final event of the day, these two teams were tied, 18-18. At the end of the first leg, with victory almost in sight, Cambridge Latin lost all hope of success because of a costly fumble in the baton pass. Although captain Bill Brathwaite exerted himself to the utmost to close the gap, the distance was too great, and we were forced to relinquish the crown to Weymouth.

However, the other events of the day were not so dismal. Bill Braithwaite dominated the scor-

ing by retaining his individual crown in the Class B "600," and by placing third in the broad jump for the second consecutive year. Jimmy Downey, the mighty mite of C. H. L. S. dwarfed all competition by spread-eagling the field to win the Class B "1000" in a walkaway. Art Scalise also earned three precious points by taking a second place in the broad jump, and Tony Travers was eliminated only after he had reached the semi-finals in the hurdles. The list of those winning their track letters, as yet incomplete because the season does not end until late in May, will be printed in the June issue. With Winter sports disposed of, we turn with anticipation to the two Spring teams, baseball and outdoor track.

The baseball team, with a strong nucleus of returning veterans, is being whipped into shape rapidly, and from this point appears to be the potential winner of the Suburban League race, with intra-city rival Rindge as the only strong challenger. With less than half of the positions filled by these veterans, there is still a wide open battle for the remaining berths, and competition is keen.

On the mound will be Eddie Leary, veteran southpaw, who appears to be one of the best of current schoolboy hurlers. He will be relieved by Joe Winn, co-captain Tony Frasca, veteran second sacker who moves to short stop this year, and Ray Foley, hot corner veteran, who also exhibits considerable ability on the mound. Handling this portentous aggregation of hurlers will be veteran catcher and co-captain Patsy Cardillo.

The keenest fight for a position on this promising team centers around second base, where George Costa, Ritchie Regazzio, Kenny Lyons, Boudreau and McLaughlin are batttling it out for first honors. In there fighting for the honor of holding down the first-base position are Wally Lyons, Earl Daurie, Joe Winn, Steve Biddle, and McCarron. Tony Frasca's understudies at short stop include Sabatino, Barry and Durakis. Trying to oust Ray Foley from his third base stamping grounds are Tom Hillery, Jack Donahue, and Canfield. Rounding out the list of aspirants for infield positions is Linnehan, who is Patsy Cardillo's understudy behind the plate. In the outfield are a bevy of aspirants, including Johnny Paredes, Billy Goldberg, Jack Collins, Fran Hefernan, Jack Lee, Earl Daurie, Joe Stilla, Smith, and Hughes.

With the strong nine which coach Foley will be able to select from this aggregation, he has high hopes of beginning a winning streak, with the

opener against Watertown on April 16, which will last throughout the entire season.

No less promising are the prospects for the outdoor track team. With a team built around captain Bill Brathwaite and Jimmy Downey, Coach Murphy is looking forward to a year no less successful than last year. Although the indoor state title has slipped from its grasp, the team still holds two records at the North Shore Relays Carnival, marks which it should lower this year, and also holds the state title in the quarter mile relay. Since most of the boys who gained these titles last year are returning this year, Coach Murphy has hopes of sweeping the Lynn Relays and copping a crown or two at the Belmont Relays.

When the outdoor meet is held at Newton, the odds are in favor of Bill Brathwaite and Jimmy Downey's moving from second place, which they won last year, to first place in the 440 and 880 respectively. With Art Scalise in the 100 yd. dash and running broad jump, a few good shot putters, a good hurdler in Tony Travers, possibly a point or two in the 220, and a relay team which ought to go places, this team has the power to surge to the front and stay there.

Among the scheduled meets is one with Rindge, postponed from February, which will be hotly contested. With this team and the baseball team we certainly have two good reasons for better school spirit, so how about it? I'll be hoping to see you at some of the games and meets, and until I'm back again in the final issue, here's wishing the best of luck to our teams.

JOHN HARRINGTON, '45.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1944 - 45

Benson, Ruth	Messinger, Mary
Berman, Robert	Miskevitch, Sophia
Carwile, Corine	Pearlson, Paul
Colburn, Marie	Perin, Diane
Eddy, Mary	Perry, Agnes
Frangioni, Jennie	Pimental, Olga
Gaipo, Dorothy	Rich, Elizabeth
Griggs, Douglas	Roseman, Leonard
Heller, Sydney	Rosenberg, Marvin
Herlihy, Ann	Santamaria, Joseph
Kevorkian, Louise	Schlein, Hubert
Klopstock, William	Shapiro, Wolf
Leary, Eileen	Shine, Marilyn
Levy, Lillian	Silva, Marie
Linnehan, Mary	Sussman, Joan
Marshall, Ruth	Swinamer, Olga
Maxwell, Theresa	Taylor, Winifred
McCorison, Virginia	Walker, Ann
McPartlin, Joan	Wellington, Barbara
Melville, Leslie	Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
Menzies, Muriel	

G. A. A. COLUMN

GREETINGS, fellow Latinites! Spring which is an eventful season for the G. A. A. is here at last with many fine activities about to be commenced.

The G. A. A. informal dance with Ralph Taleric's orchestra will be held on Friday evening, May 11, at Rindge Auditorium. Admission will be \$1.25 and tickets may be purchased from the following G. A. A. officers: seniors Mary Messenger, Room 315; juniors, Jean Foley, 213; Sophomores, Betty Joaquin, 215; and freshmen, Claire Rogers, 213. Particularly note that it is most unusual for the officers to sell the tickets. Miss Brown has consented to this break in custom because she feels that these young officers should assume a certain amount of responsibility of this type.

Election of officers will take place the first week in May. Candidates are requested to give Miss Brown their names before April 15th.

The sports line-up for the **spring** is as follows: there will be four games in baseball with practice starting at once. That invigorating game called tennis comes into the limelight with five matches scheduled with Somerville on May 10th.

The Basketball season closed appropriately with a game with former C. H. L. S. basketball players on April 24. This game is noted for its fun and foolishness. Refreshments were served. The graduates for the first time were few in number. Several conspicuous members were Olga Culdus, Elias Lane, Jerry Riley (to use her maiden name), and Tony Potty.

The G. A. A.'s annual picnic will be held at Miss Brown's home on June 2nd.

LOUISE BIGELOW, '45.

KB NOTES

MORE than 125 couples attended the annual KB Formal, which was held on February 9 at the Hotel Commander. Patrons and patronesses were, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Santoro, and Miss Young. Fred Sateriale's orchestra played. The publicity committee included Basilla Neilan, Lucia Toscano and Noreen Buckley; the ticket committee included Mary McMenimen and Ann Corcoran.

Meeting at Eleanor Wadden's home, the KB members continued the afghan they are knitting for the Red Cross. A report was made by Miss McElroy and Miss Young on the proceeds of the Winter Formal. Lucia Toscano's home was the scene of the next meeting. Noreen Buckley was surprised with a birthday party in her honor; a pink frosted cake with pink candles was presented to her while the members serenaded her.

EILEEN LEARY, *Secretary*.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

SPECIAL mention should be given to Basilla Neilan and Margery O'Brien, two outstanding members of the Junior Red Cross.

The Senior Red Cross sent out, through Mrs. H. F. Elliot, a call for high school girls to work preparing material required for the Red Cross War Fund Campaign in January. The girls who responded to this call were Juanita Alfaro, Alba Amoroso, Estelle Andelman, Edith Aylward, Dorothy Azadian, Beverly Bruneau, Eleanor Cardillo, Theresa Carroll, Mary Chaves, Helen Coughlin, Catherine Curtiss, Edna Fairbain, Barbara Farrell, Constance Gerasim, Virginia Goodwin, Audrey Hayes, Ann L. Herlihy, Virginia Horton, Geraldine A. Hughes, Eleanor Jones, Barbara Karbaum, Marie Kelly, Joan Kilfoyle, Patricia Kokinakis, Marilyn Landry, Lorraine Lawrence, Geraldine Leech, Lauretta Lavoie, Elizabeth McLaughlin, Laura McLaughlin, Virginia S. Mayer, Betty Monohan, Eleanor Moriarty, Frances Mulhall, Dorothy V. Mullin, Barbara L. Neal, Dolores C. Neal, Basilla Neilan, Deidre O'Brien, Phyllis O'Brien, Margaret Ann Phelan, Jean Porch, Edith Reading, Roberta Reardon, Mary Reilly, Claire Rodgers, Lily Root, Barbara Scanlon, Helen Scannell, Alice Seelinger, Barbara Sheehan, Johanna Spadaro, Anna T. E. Stauffer, Doris Stratton, Ann M. Sullivan, Catherine Sullivan, Eleanor Tarquinio, Marie Taverna, Emma K. Thomas, Rosemarie Tomaino, Lucia Toscano, Helen Trotsky, Eleanor Wadden, Elaine White, and Margaret Ann Witham.

When the Senior Red Cross needed girls to stuff envelopes for the Red Cross at the Cambridge Gas and Electric Light Company, the following volunteered their services: On Monday afternoon: Kathleen Korenthal, Sophia Miskevitch, Marie Hastings, Leona Faria, Virginia Goodwin, and Jane Miner. On Tuesday afternoon: Dorothy Butler, Ann Corcoran, Florence Kelly, Ann Lyons, Margaret Marchant, Sophia Miskevitch, Virginia McCorisson, Katharine Quinn, Patricia Shea and Joan Sussman. On Wednesday afternoon: Louise Bigelow, Marguerite Chandler, Jennie Frangioni, Sophia Miskevitch, Katharine Morris, Claire Murray, Lorna Reilly, and Iris Roche. On Friday afternoon: Lorraine Costa, Mary Foley, Eileen Leary, Ann Lyons, Margaret Marchant, Jane Miner, Lorna Reilly, Marjorie Semiens, and Charlotte Snow.

A need for additional aid on the switchboard at the Chapter House of the Senior Red Cross brought forth the volunteered services of Nancy Kantrakos, Beverly Milmore, Margaret Treanor and Anna Zoffredo. Two days a week are covered by teachers—Miss Adele Wood and Miss Beatrice

McDonald, who responded to the appeal made to the Junior Red Cross Teachers' Council. Through the efforts of these workers, an operator was provided for every day of the week from 2:30 to 5:00 P. M. on school days and from 9:00 to 12:00 on Saturdays.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, *Secretary.*

ALUMNI NEWS

THE hackneyed quotation might be altered with complete justification, to "The sun never sets on the alumni of Cambridge Latin." At present, graduates of our school are to be found in many countries of the world.

From Burma comes the news that Cpl. Robert F. Blake has been promoted to Corporal in a Liaison Squadron of the Tenth Air Force, where he serves as photographer. Corporal Blake, who has been in the Burma theatre of operations for four months, graduated from Cambridge Latin in 1940.

A member of the class of 1942, Pfc. Joseph Gadsby has been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in action in Luxembourg. His brother Charles J. Gadsby of the class of 1935 is serving with the air corps somewhere in China.

Madeline Birmingham, Seaman First Class in the Waves, is now on active duty at Stillwater, Oklahoma. Miss Birmingham was active in our dramatic club and in 1942, she won the Liberty Prize Speaking Medal.

We of the staff, as well as the teachers and pupils of the school, wish to extend our sincere condolences to the parents of Pfc. Robert McCurdy who was killed in action. Attached to Gen. Patton's Third Army, Pfc. McCurdy had been overseas since last August. He entered the army two years ago.

Three alumni of C. H. L. S. played prominent roles in the recent production of "Merrily, We Roll Along" which was given for three days at the Emerson Playhouse in Boston. The play starred Paula Hillery, James Lawlor, and Robert Guest.

Pvt. Norman J. Klopstock, who graduated in 1944, is convalescing in a hospital in England recovering from injuries received during the battle of the Belgian bulge in December 1944, while a member of the 26th Infantry, First Division.

First Lieutenant Joseph C. Stokes, a navigator serving with a Fifteenth Air Force Liberation heavy bomber group has recently been awarded the Air Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster. Lieutenant Stokes is a graduate of C. H. L. S. class of 1940. Congratulations, Joe!

Charlotte Maher, member of the class of 1932 has arrived in Hawaii to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross Staff Assistant.



**WILL YOU BE READY TO MEET POST-WAR
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James Sutherland, Seaman second class, U. S. Navy, class of '44, recently was home from Sampson, New York, on leave.

The paths of two members of the class of 1942 have crossed in New Guinea . . . James Atkins reports that he met Ray Lyshorn, Gunner's Mate First Class, there, and talked over old school days with him. James was the president of the Chess Club during his senior year at C. H. L. S.

For further news of the C. H. L. S. alumni, read the next REVIEW.

W. KLOPSTOCK, '45.

OUTING CLUB

DURING the past month, the Outing Club has felt the loss of its helpful and faithful sponsor, Miss McCarthy. We all regretted her leaving and hope that she will be with us again next fall.

Miss O'Connor has become our new sponsor, bringing with her many interesting and exciting ideas. We take this opportunity to welcome her enthusiastically.

Any of you who attended the Spring Flower Show on March 17, probably saw a cluster of gardenias, violets, and English ivy wandering through the halls followed by various members of the outing club. Between frantic moments of looking for each other, we enjoyed the exhibits immensely.

We hope to share our busy spring program with many new members.

VIRGINIA MCCORISON, '45.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1944 - 45

FIRST HONORS

Alexander, Frieda	O'Brien, Deirdre
Andrews, Edith	Parris, Donna
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Belbin, Laura	Reid, Cynthia
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Brown, Marguerite	Rosie, Anne
Browne, Barbara	Sargent, Edna
Camelio, Elizabeth	Scannell, Helen
Carmen, Martin	Schertzer, Phyllis
Champi, Dolores	Spencer, Lydia
Curtiss, Catherine	Tarquino, Eleanor
Dansereau, Geraldine	Tate, Ruth
Days, Lillian	Toscano, Lucia
Dooley, Dorothy	Vasil, Alice
Enos, Mary	Vaudo, Ann
Grove, Betty	Wadden, Eleanor
Iwanski, Wanda	Wilson, Elaine
Johnson, Charlotte	Winn, John
Marathas, Catherine	Zakzewski, Arlene
McLaughlin, Elizabeth	<i>Home Pupil</i>
Obermeier, Mildred	Callahan, Marie

THE TRIALS OF A SNOW SHOVELER

ALTHOUGH to joyous school children snow means "no school", to a snow shoveler it means only another hard day's work. Because the snow must be off the walks before it is packed solidly, he arises almost early enough in the morning to greet the dawn. When this laborer leaves the warm comfort of home, he is struck not only with the beauty of the snow, but also with the cold, bitter wind which accompanies it.

After an hour's work, just when his back begins to ache, he notices other people beginning to move about. Then, every few minutes, he must stop his work, stand in the drift to let pedestrians pass by. He watches with growing anxiety while their feet tramp down his hard work and large hunks of snow appear on the cleared sidewalk. People passing by offer him well meant advice as to how to hold the shovel, how to pack up the snow and how to do, easily, countless other tasks which they probably have seldom attempted.

As the school children bound out of the house, they shout joyously to him "Isn't it wonderful?

No School!" They seem to take no notice of his work as they clamber on snow drifts and loosen the snow, causing it to tumble into the walk. Nor do they notice the grim expression on his face when he is hit, accidentally, by one of the volley of snowballs intended for someone else.

Just when he is finishing, the "whir" of the snow plow is heard and, with great pleasure, he watches it clearing the snow from the street, until he sees it pack heavy snow in his paths. Then he realizes he has more drifts to shovel away.

When he returns home after a laborious day and sinks painfully into an easy chair, thinking that may be he will have a good day's rest tomorrow, one of the children rushes in and says, "The radioman said five or six more inches of snow is expected! Do you think we won't have any school tomorrow?"

As he answers "Probably not," he tries vainly to appreciate the child's joy, but he can think only of another day's work.

ELEANOR WADDEN, '46.

The class ring takes on a newer and greater significance in these history-making times, serving not only as a remembrance of school associations but as a practical means of identification.

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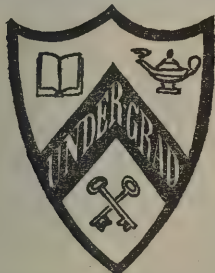
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Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
 Or a key to the lock of his hair?
 Can his eyes be called an academy,
 Because there are pupils there?
 In the crown of his head what gems are found?
 Who travels the bridge of his nose?
 Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,
 The nails on the end of his toes?
 Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
 If so, what did he do?
 How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
 I'll be hanged if I know, do you?
 Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?
 Or beat on the drum of his ears?
 Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
 If so, why not grow corn on the ears?

RUTH LEVY, '46.



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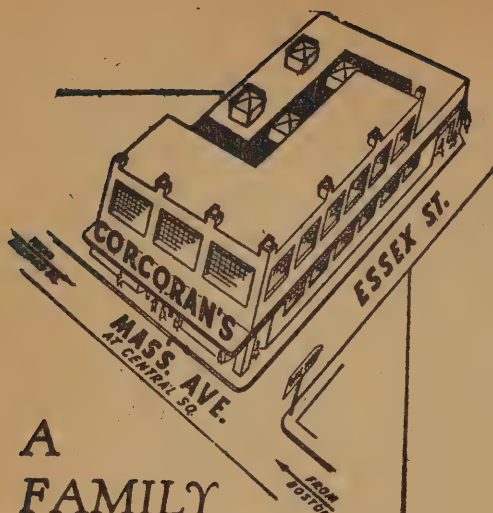
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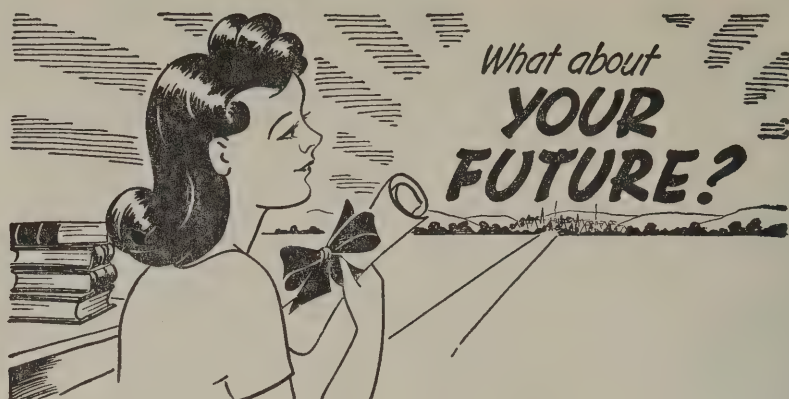
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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 60

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EDITORIAL

YES, it took us four years, but we did it. In a few short weeks, the members of the class of '45 will be scattered over the entire face of the earth; many of the boys will be members of the armed forces; the girls, though perhaps less adventurous, will nevertheless be spread throughout our land.

These four years have been momentous ones. We have lived through war with all its attendant difficulties. Teachers have left the school to fight. War Bonds, War Stamps have become a part of our financial obligations. We have seen peace come to Europe and we have experienced the momentary joy of knowing the world battle is half won.

These have been a good four years, but as we leave the school, we all can think of ways by which our high school might contribute even more than at present to the making of a mature American youth.

Students could be better fitted for the problems of modern life were they given more responsibility in the running of the school. Many students are capable of such tasks as the organizing and maintaining of a corridor police.

Were the students allowed more of a "free hand" in the running of their extra-curricular activities, they could gain invaluable experience learned only by working on their own. Of course, the faculty advisors would assist in the formation of plans and would criticise the final result; but certainly some students are capable of carrying out plans formulated by student-teacher groups.

The school could become much more of a community center than it is at present. Might it not be possible to hold informal dances at regular intervals? Cambridge organizations often hold dances of this sort. Would it not be possible for the school to do so?

Every day Mr. Downey receives letters from our graduates who are now in the armed forces. Would it not be possible to form an Alumni Association in order to give these boys a contact with the school? We feel sure that such an organization could not help being a success.

The Class of 1945 is leaving the school. It is for those students who remain to carry out our suggestions. If even one of our ideas is acted upon, we, of the graduating class will feel that we shall have left something far more valuable to the school than any material gift.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

WE are very glad to present in these pages the following essays, prize winners in the Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest, held annually

for the best writers in each of the four classes. The essays were all good — and all the contestants deserve credit — but these four were judged the best, each in its respective class.

SYMPHONIES OF NATURE

NATURE, too, is filled with music. This entire universe of ours is set to a definite everlasting theme. By this I don't just mean the song of the skylark, or the sound of the wind rushing through crevices and talking in the leaves of trees, or the peaceful murmuring of a small brook; but I mean the greater creatures, the masterpieces of the universe.

One example of these great creations is man's body. Through the ingenious work of a Creator this lump of chemicals is turned into a magnificent example of beauty and rhythm. Like the symphonies for musical instruments our body is made up of tiny organs and organisms which must each contribute something done perfectly to make our body function in perfect harmony and beat out the more audible rhythms of walking and breathing.

All the sciences, for instance chemistry, are made up of this same union of small particles working together to produce something inspiring and awesome. A study of chemistry shows the careful work of a Composer who set up definite laws and facts in order to insure a perfect performance when this particular composition would be introduced for the ears of the world. Every small part again is working for perfect harmony and unison.

The most magnificent of all the symphonies, I think, is the gigantic and enchanting mechanism of the solar system. The way in which each planet with her moon circles each year in her orbit, in the same way, beats out an enthralling rhythm. Of course, occasionally a fragment may break off one of the heavenly bodies and for a moment produce a discord, but when one considers the number of centuries this system has been in performance, the false notes seem very insignificant. Even our best players here on earth can make a slip at times.

And if the theory is true, that some of those far distant stars are really each a separate solar system of his own, what a magnificent symphony will be heard when some day scientists can learn the music of each one. What satisfaction it must now be to the Composer and what hypnotic music it must be to those who now can hear it.

All these create for me a rhythm that is sucking me in. When I see how each tiny part must contribute as well as the gigantic masses, I realize that I, too, must give to the working of the uni-

verse any and every possible effort. Because I have learned that every tiny thing is important, I know that I am here to do something and that I will do it.

LESLIE MELVILLE, '45.

SHOPPING IN THE GRAND OLD DAYS VERSUS SHOPPING TODAY

IN the proverbial "good old days" the store, not the customer, was on the defensive. The shelves of every grocery store were well stocked with all that the housewife desired. The fresh fruit and vegetable departments were displaying as tempting an array of edibles as one could ever hope to encounter on a shopping tour. Hams, legs of lamb, pot roasts, slabs of bacon lay in their appointed section, begging to be bought. There was plenty to be had; the housekeeper could afford to be particular about what she bought. The cook could meditate soundly before she chose the leanest piece of pork, and bought a few pounds of ham to go with Sunday's breakfast of eggs.

Today the counters and shelves of the grocery store are almost as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard! The housewife who manages to get fresh fruits and vegetables at a reasonable price, considers herself the eighth wonder of the universe. Meats, with the exception of some sad-looking "weiners," are practically non-existent. To cook those monstrosities seems cruel as they look as if they were about to give up the ghost anyway. There is no time to haggle over prices or ponder over the quality of the product today. If one person does not want it, another will take possession without the slightest hesitancy.

A housewife of yesteryear was not plagued by the ration-book blues. Money was all she needed to do the week-end shopping. This condition does not exist today. Money is plentiful; ration stamps are scarce. How the young wife and mother who but a few years ago could not master mathematics, manages to balance the contents of a ration book, is a mystery.

The grocery man's motto in the good old days was, "Is there anything else you would like?" Today when one stupidly inquires about the time when a pound of butter or steak can be had, the reply is, "Don't you know there's a war on?" Who is it who must be handled with kid gloves today?

Let us hope that in the near future we shall be able to shop in the manner of the good old days. Then courtesy and efficiency will be practiced in the stores, and one will not feel as if she were a moron or criminal when asking for three lean pork chops!

CATHERINE CURTISS, '46.

A NATIONAL HERO

THE United States of America still mourns a national hero. This great man was not a soldier yet he was the greatest of all soldiers. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the late president of the United States of America and commander-in-chief of the Army of the United States was not killed on the battlefield in a blaze of glory nor did he die in an accident while on an important military mission. He passed away at his favorite mountain retreat in Warm Springs, Georgia. He, nevertheless, died a hero's death.

This great humanitarian was afflicted during the early twenties with the dread infantile paralysis which left him almost crippled. Typical of himself, he did not cease to fight this usually fatal disease until he had conquered it to the extent that he was able to assume the greatest responsibility in the nation, the presidency of the United States.

Even as he took the oath of office for the first time, the country was in the midst of one of its worst depressions. This also failed to stagger him. He set up a system by which prices were kept down and thousands of unemployed were given positions.

As the years rolled by trouble arose in Europe. Mr. Roosevelt foresaw a tremendous war in which the whole world would some day inevitably be engaged.

The Congress refused to heed this warning or to appropriate funds for national defense thereby forcing Mr. Roosevelt to make it the policy of the United States to refrain from entering European difficulties. This soon became impossible, however, in as much as many interests of the United States were directly involved in these disputes.

Then came the Atlantic Charter, Germany's bid for world domination, lend-lease to Great Britain, and finally, on December 8, 1941, war was declared on Germany, Italy, and Japan.

During the first dark days when there were no victories and many defeats, Mr. Roosevelt did not lose hope. Soon the historic conferences at Casablanca, Teheran, and Yalta were recorded.

On April 12, 1944, when victory in Europe was assured, Franklin Delano Roosevelt passed away at Warm Springs, Georgia where he had gone for a rest after the Yalta Conference. He died among his friends whom he had come to know when he himself had been a patient at the Infantile Paralysis Foundation. He was truly a national hero.

BURTON GROSS, '47.

THE HAPPIEST DAY

HOWLING winds, bleak and dismal, whipped in frenzied anger about the little white frame

house at the edge of town, but within all was cozy and cheerful. The coziness and cheerfulness, however, could not penetrate the heart of the lonely mother who sat brooding forlornly over a telegram that had come exactly a month ago that evening. It had been one of those abrupt, formal telegrams beginning with the words "The War Department regrets to inform you . . . and ending with the all too familiar, soul searing phrase . . . "missing in action."

Mrs. Leary, however, had not even thought of giving up hope for her one and only son whom she still referred to as her "baby Johnny," and who, as she faithfully believed, was coming back to her some day soon.

Her train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the oh, so appetizing aroma of her apple pies in the oven as she quickly remembered that they must be almost baked to that golden hue of crust that her Johnny once loved. Heaving a deep, longing sigh she arose and started to go about her task of setting the pies out to cool. She had just gently set down the last of her delicious smelling works of art when she heard a faint rap at the kitchen door. As she slowly opened it, peering out into the black pit of night, a tall lean form moved cautiously into the warm halo of light streaming from Mrs. Leary's kitchen. And then, moment never to be forgotten, there stood Johnny, war-weary and peaked but still her Johnny.

The wind still howled bleakly and dismally, but now it blew unheeded around the figures of mother and son, clasped fondly in each other's embrace as they each took part in their very happiest day.

ANN RODERICK, '48.



THE Review staff wishes to announce that the story entitled *A Pair of Gloves*, which was printed in the April Review as the winner of the lower class prize in the short story contest has been withdrawn at the request of the person by whom it was submitted. Consequently, only one prize is to be awarded, for the winning upper class story entitled *The Tarleton's Guest*.



WHAT EVERY JUNIOR SHOULD KNOW

BESIDES a spattering of French and Latin and the meager knowledge that pi concerns higher mathematics and not kitchen cookery, the average Junior should have obtained a great deal more from his three years in C.H.L.S.

For example, there is the subject of attracting a friend's attention. This matter, carefully practiced during former semesters, should now have become an art. There is the subtle practice of note passing, either by the shoe method, or by the cooperation of a row of friendly, sympathetic students. The rasping cough heard from the rear of the room is a signal, never unheeded. Every possible way of getting someone's attention has been perfected, up to building a short-wave apparatus in the third row, fourth seat.

The student should also have gained a precious wealth of information about human nature, particularly the nature of school-teachers. If the individual pupil has not developed for himself a satisfactory technique of pleasing, avoiding, or humoring a given teacher, he is liable to find himself in embarrassing circumstances at various times. These situations could have been eliminated, had the student previously understood the teacher's temperament and developed his strategy accordingly.

A Junior should have formed another habit, valuable to himself, and for that matter, to any person, namely, the ability to budget his time. Precision and accuracy are essential in this business; otherwise how can he get to school on time unless he knows, that upon leaving home at 8:10, he can make the trolley at the corner at 8:11, a bus at the Square at 8:25, and arrive safely in his homeroom at 8:29½? Timing means a great deal, too, when he devours a snack in the locker-room, and still manages to get to his class room on time to study during first recess. The wise Junior has figured out, during his three years that, by careful timing, the last mouthful of his sandwich which begins in the lunchroom, will be consumed when he is approximately three feet from his home room teacher on the second floor. This point precision allows him time for hasty conversations between classes, leisurely social engagements, some hurried minutes devoted to homework before retiring, and a few hours sleep before rising to start some chemistry problems due second period.

By his third year, the Junior has usually developed a wide working knowledge of high school strategy; however, if his tactics are not yet perfected, he had better work on them during vacation, because he will need even more skill in his Senior year.

BARBARA KARBAUM, '46.

THE FOLLY OF WORKING TOO WELL

WHILE young and impressionable, you may have been deluded into thinking that if you work hard, you will be rewarded. As this is not always the case, I have no doubt that you too have been, by now, disillusioned. The drawbacks of being a good worker are many. However, I shall delve into only the more prominent ones.

Performing your job, no matter what it may be, too well, plunges you into a fathomless abyss from which you are powerless to escape. You have become an "old dog Tray," the ever-reliable helper, and a person you never set out to be. Since you do your work well and uncomplainingly, work is considered just your meat.

Consequently, you are given one task after another, for surely, someone who works so quickly wouldn't mind doing just one more little job? By the time people have come to think of you as a nice, dependable girl, the die is cast. It is useless to remonstrate! You must play your part, even though unwillingly, in this farce.

Upholding your reputation is an endless job. Since you've made the Honor Roll once, you are naturally capable of staying there. Although once to make the Honorable Mention List was considered an achievement, it would now be a disgrace to have your name there. You have made a reputation and learned, too late, the folly of working too well.

LYDIA SPENCER, '46.

PUBLIC CALAMITY IS A COMMON LEVELLER

ALTHOUGH it may seem rather unfavorable comment on human nature, it is observable that the times of greatest common feeling are those also of greatest misfortune; when the age is moving smoothly along a sunny road, those in the broadest beams of light have little sympathy for those left lying in the shadows by the way. But when a real storm breaks, how they huddle together for comfort, the weak and the strong, the foolish and the wise, the poor and the rich!

This is particularly evident today, in the midst of such an all-embracing war. Thus, we may observe how the distinctions of rank have lessened, have almost disappeared in England, where the Princess Elizabeth, heir presumptive to the English throne, has joined the service, where duchesses must do their own housework, and where the lord must find his stomach as pinched as that of his meanest tenant. We see great ladies working in factories, the hands that were so perfectly soft, so unblemishedly white, with such flawlessly

ovaled nails, becoming as hard and as dark as a common laboring woman's. We see the heir of a thousand acres and a million pounds learning to fly a plane the hard way, or to shoot a gun, or to drive nails, or to rivet, after a lifetime he has spent in doing nothing more constructive than some occasional riding and shooting, some traveling, and a great deal of being fashionably bored.

In the United States, less perhaps, of this levelling process is found, partly because there was originally less class distinction, partly because the war has not hit us nearly so hard as it has England. Nevertheless, there are certain instances of the same type here. There are the former white collar workers who would have disdained to do manual work, who are now working hard all day and overtime, and are loving it. There are women who have devoted their lives to being burdensome hypochondriacs, or to fluttering from bridge parties to tea parties, to supper parties, to dances, and back again, who, under the grim strain of having a son in constant danger of his life, have sought relief by working in some capacity that had some little share in the great war machine of which we have become a part, and have found more pleasure in thus usefully occupying themselves, in thus forming new friends, of different type from those they have known, than in their former monotonous round.

And, perhaps, greatest of all levellers is the Army; for, although there are carefully preserved ranks, they are the result of personal effort, not inheritance, and the rich and the poor, the great and the small, begin together, and get to know, and to like each other.

There was a real and profound wisdom in that saying of Burke's which forms the title of this essay, a wisdom not often found in such a pat statement.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT

THIS essay will not be concerned with the men whose glowing deeds are plastered on the pages of papers all over the world and who are receiving their just dues, but with those who are continually in the background. For this reason, I have associated part of the title of my essay "Who only stand and wait," in a broadened, but nevertheless true sense. These men have contributed an immeasurable amount to the progress of the Allies. The first of these is General Alexander, until recently Chief of Staff to General Dwight Eisenhower. General Eisenhower, after he became Supreme Commander of the Mediterranean, was less in touch with the actual combat fighting than he was as a tactical commander. His

position as top ranking officer was concerned more with the problems of supply and the liaison of Allied troops than with the actual battle planning.

With such ponderous and numerous problems on his commander's head, it was General Alexander who took over the actual planning of battles. The result was a masterpiece. The timed and carefully set attacks of Alexander carried out by such intrepid generals as Montgomery, Patton, and Bradley produced magnificent results in the finale of the Tunisian campaign and the Sicilian and Italian invasions. He is truly one of our greatest commanders and deserves more credit than he gets.

The second of these unrecognized heroes is intelligent, humorous, and typically English. He is Air Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder. Tedder had his troubles with the English counterparts of the men who criticised General William Mitchell, American air prophet. When the amazing success of the Luftwaffe in Poland, Norway, and the Low Countries became startlingly clear, the English officers, realized the need of airpower. But even then, they considered it just another piece of artillery with which to hammer the enemy. But Tedder had plans of a wider scope. He envisioned airplanes, not only attacking the enemy in the front lines, but destroying his supply lines, communications, bases and depots. Tedder's chance to prove himself came in the last Syrian campaign, and it could not have been more opportune.

The British Eighth Army was reeling back towards Cairo at an ever quickening pace. Rommel was urging on his men to Alexandria stopping only to have his supply lines catch up; for Rommel realized as other great masters of desert warfare have, that an army which runs ahead of its supply lines or cannot keep them open is doomed to defeat. Tedder understood this too, and marshaled enough airplanes to cut Rommel's supply line and keep it cut until the British were able to counter attack.

Tedder was responsible for the ingenious plan of splitting up the Allied Air force in the Mediterranean into two branches. The Strategic was for the long range bombing of the centers of the enemy industry, the Tactical was for conjunction with ground troops on the field of battle. This plan worked so well that the Strategic arm was able to bomb Rome while the Tactical arm was cutting off the German and Italian retreat from Tunisia without either being less concentrated than the other. Tedder is now and will always be in my opinion, the top ranking officer in the use of air power. He is truly a man to whom the allied people owe a debt of thanks.

Thus, it is that the men who stay behind the

lines and wait are largely responsible for bringing about the victory which has left us in the United States free to accomplish the other great victory over Japan.

YOLA FORTE, '45.

IWO BATTLEGROUND

THE assault craft chugged toward the hazy table of land rising out of the serene Pacific like a sentinel. Topped by 554 ft. Mt. Suribachi, at the southern tip of its eight-square mile area, Iwo Jima was, in truth a sentinel, guarding the approaches to the home islands of Nippon. The boats, making their way through intermittent mortar fire, carried veteran Fourth Marine Division troops, supported by fresh Fifth Division marines. They were bent on taking this sulphurous, evil-looking island for use by B-29 bombers, and nothing was going to stop them. But 20,000 fanatical Japanese soldiers, led by potbellied Lieutenant General Tadamichi Kuribayashi, had to be convinced of this fact the hard way.

Rising high above the lava plateau below, the great bulk of Suribachi served as a perfect observation post for the horde of Nips entrenched in its mazes of caverns and ravines. A great concentration of heavy guns, emplaced in deep clefts in the sides of the sheer rock, had survived the pre-invasion bombardment and had to be assaulted by brute force. The Fifth Marine Division covered itself with glory by conquering the volcano after four days of savage fighting.

February 19th dawned clear and sunny; the invasion was at hand and the bombardment from mammoth battleships far off shore, supported by carrier planes, cruisers and destroyers reached a crescendo of fury, and destroyers ranged into 600 yd. length from shore to bark at the Suribachi caves with 5-inch shells. Huge landslides, blasted loose by the exploding shells, tore away the protective camouflage covering the concrete positions in the sides of the volcano, and these were smashed at anew.

Assault craft came to a rendezvous near the transports and edged slowly toward the beach on the southeastern side of the rock. Mortar shells burst occasionally among the boats, but they pushed relentlessly on.

As the boats touched shore, the men leaped out to face a withering mortar barrage, which kept up all day. But the Marines pushed forward, a yard at a time, and soon reached the southern edge of the bomber field. Tank columns, in the van, were pinned down time and again by a murderous artillery and mortar cross-fire. But the Fifth Division slammed across the narrowest neck of land to the west coast, thus cutting off Suribachi from the north.

The slow assault on Suribachi began and crawling Marines stalked the hidden Japs like Indians. From clefts in the rock, suicidal Japs hurled grenades and even attacked with knives the advancing men. Casualties became severe, with officers scarce due to wounds. Flame-thrower units blackened hundreds of holes, dotting the area, and the Japanese began pulling back to the edge of the crater. With their backs literally to the wall, they hurled shouts of defiance at the bloody Marines, and either blew themselves up or plunged into the crater or sea, both far below.

With snipers all around, on the 23rd of February, five bedraggled Marines and one Navy Corpsman hoisted a flowing American flag, hanging on a piece of Jap pipe, over the steaming, volcanic mass.

Meanwhile, the fighting had become so fierce and costly, that, on the 20th, the Third Division was landed, taking up a position between the other two divisions.

The next three days were the most miserable spent by the Marines in the whole operation. Gains measured in a few yards cost heavy losses, and frequently, owing to casualties, assaults stopped after 10-yard advances.

However, by the 24th, a general offensive started. Backed up by ships' guns and carrier planes, the begrimed and weary Marines, spear-headed by the comparatively fresh 3rd Division forged northward. Only on the right, in the Fourth Division sector, was there any ferocious defense by the enemy.

Hill 382, known to the Marines as "Meat Grinder Hill," was a strategic promontory, overlooking the northeastern shore, studded with concrete pillboxes and dotted with stygian caves, concealing death. To take it, the Marines had to cross an exposed area, directly in line with the murderous cross-fire of the desperate Nipponese. Queerly-shaped rock formations lent a macabre setting to the struggle.

While artillery shells rumbled through the heavens, Marines advanced across the open area, taking whatever cover was afforded. But the deadly Jap fire thinned the ranks fearfully, and the attack bogged down.

Five times this ghastly scene was re-enacted. Destruction was everywhere. Shell cases intermingled with assorted arms, and legs, or maybe a helmet, were strewn about in great disorder. Both Japs and Americans lay side by side, testifying to the hand-to-hand encounters waged continually on this hill of violent death. Nothing but more misery had been gained by the previous assaults. The next one had to succeed.

Another rolling artillery onslaught paved the way for the final, overwhelming charge. Once

again, the Marines, exhausted from harrowing nights in foxholes under continual fire, zig-zagged across the open valley into the jaws of death. Tracer bullets cut a swath through them, like Death reaping a crop with a scythe. But the Marines kept order among themselves, while advancing tenaciously. At last, although cruelly punished, they reached the summit, and dug in to stay. Everywhere lay some backwash of war, and it was a source of amazement to the few Marines who attained the summit, that they had succeeded in crossing that open field.

The last enemy defense line having thus deteriorated, the victorious Marines pushed ahead more rapidly through terrain grotesque to a superlative degree. Sulphur springs, for which Iwo is named, belched forth clouds of evil-smelling fumes, which drifted lazily over the battlefield, dotted with the characteristic rock formations housing human devils, bent on killing.

The 12th of March signalled the end of organized resistance, as the Third Marine Division reached the sea in the north.

True to Japanese custom, their liquidation was a costly affair. But hardy Marines burrowed into caves and seared their innermost recesses with tongues of death. At last, all resistance was stamped out.

The historic flag, raised by the heroic six on Suribachi, was transferred to the administrative center of the island, signalling the complete and glorious conquest of Iwo.

But any requiem for the bloody, exhausted men who survived the dreadful holocausts of Tarawa and Saipan, only to fall at Iwo, would be hollow, if the great country that is America, relaxed in its prosecution of the war against Nippon. We must fight to the bitter, but inevitable end, which is the unconditional surrender of all the gangster empire of Japan.

WILLIAM CRAIG, '47.

FASHION IDIOSYNCRASIES

IN this ever changing world, nothing revolts as frequently and with such devastating results, as fashion does. Every moment of the day, some new idea on style, more odd and more astounding than the past one, is worn. There are however some standard styles, shirtwaists, blouses, sweaters and skirts, which remain the same, thank goodness, in spite of the extraordinary trends to which the American woman is subject.

One topic on which the male of the species has a great deal to say is hats. Each year as the signs of spring become more evident, and the delightful weather more tempting, I begin to prepare myself for the ordeal ahead of me by taking my silver plated armor out of storage, and by reading all the books written on the art of self-control. Every April, I expect and inevitably receive, scathing,

sardonic, and sarcastic remarks about my beautiful new chapeaux. Men do not realize what a foolish hat does for a girl's morale. I know many women who, if the budget permits, run out and purchase a hat whenever loathed melancholy descends upon them.

The American girl has no style; we school girls are all carbon copies of one another; we have no innate individuality. We come to school each morning in unpressed, disreputable looking skirts, and in sloppy size forty-two or forty-four sweaters. The modern junior miss, no matter how petite she may be, refuses to wear a size smaller than forty, for the simple reason that none of the other girls wear the correct size.

The skirt length has changed more than any other part of woman's apparel. Each year the skirts either go up a little higher, or go down a little lower. The hems are never the same for two consecutive years. I for one hope that skirts do not get any shorter; I do not mean to be too prim, but I feel that if a girl's skirt is above her knees she looks rather cheap. I once read that the knees are the ugliest part of the body; I heartily agree. If girls would look at themselves with a microscopic, not an unseeing eye, they would see that their knobby knees are not an attractive sight to behold.

Fashion may be synonymous with color, line, and good taste but fashion's main requisite is neatness. Without fastidiousness, a perfect ensemble may appear dowdy. Although we now dress without any taste, I hope that we school girls will become imbued with some fashion sense in later years, so that American women will not lose their reputation of being the best dressed women in the world. ISABEL GUDAS, '45.

READING THE FUNNIES

An Essay in Dialogue Form

It seems difficult to believe that the great minds of ancient Athens would devote their discussion to the lowly funnies of our epoch. Yet, incredulously as you attend, here we see before us the philosopher Socrates, in his usually ragged habiliments, walking through the streets of Athens in Attica, followed by a motley group of young Athenians, eager to improve their minds. And what are they so avidly discussing? Listen! . . . Socrates has just finished explaining the topic for today. It is to be: "Is It Worth-while to Read the Funnies?" Socrates, announcing his complete ignorance of the subject asks for a definition of "funnies."

Xenophon: As you were saying, Socrates, let us first seek a satisfactory definition of a "funny."

Socrates: My knowledge of the subject is negligible; Plato, you begin.

Plato: Well, in my opinion, a "funny" is a drawing or group of drawings which tell a story by means of the portrayed actions and written speeches of its characters.

Xenophon: It is also usually entertaining.

Alcibiades: To those of the lower classes.

Plato: I disagree, Alcibiades; I believe that—

Socrates: Just a moment, gentlemen. I understand the definition of a funny to be a drawing or group of drawings, with a plot and characters. Are we all agreed to that?

Alcibiades: Yes.

Socrates: Now, then, we must decide whether the funnies are entertaining only to the plebeians, or to the upper classes as well. Is it not true that patricians and plebeians are both human beings?

Alcibiades: The question need not be asked.

Socrates: And what can we say of human nature?

Plato: Why, human nature knows nothing of class distinctions.

Alcibiades: So I must admit.

Socrates: Therefore, I think it safe to include, in our definition of a "funny" the fact that it is usually entertaining, and its appreciation depends not in the least upon caste.

Xenophon: I think we are all agreed to that, now.

Socrates: Then let us proceed to the value of reading the funnies.

Plato: Well, as now seems obvious to me, the pleasure obtained from reading the funnies sufficiently warrants their existence.

Zeno: Why should we so worship pleasure? Is man to govern his happiness?

Socrates: Zeno, do you enjoy life?

Zeno: I do not. To me, life is a miserable curse, a weight which I must bear until my end.

Socrates: Do you not wish to lighten the burden which lies so heavily upon you?

Zeno: To seek pleasure is to seek unhappiness.

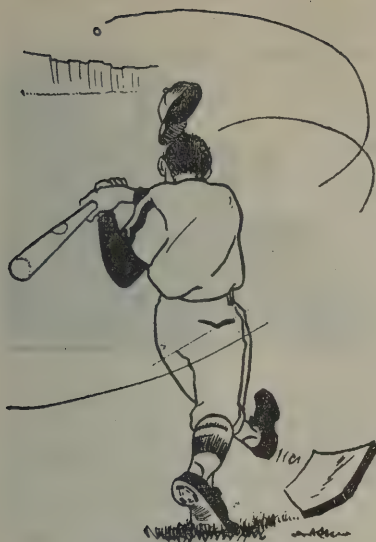
Socrates: Tell me, my dear Zeno, what unhappiness can result from reading the funnies? I am ignorant, and you must help me.

Zeno: Let me think—at the moment my reason fails me utterly.

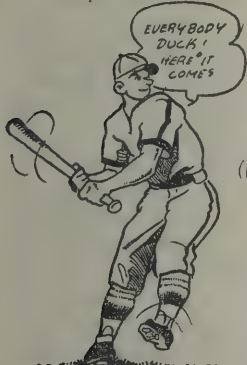
Socrates: Then, considering your usual quickness, Zeno, I think none of us will object to the funnies on the grounds of pleasure derived from them. I believe, with you Zeno, that this is a harsh existence. I also believe that any pleasure which softens life without effecting evil is worth-while. For these reasons, I consider the reading of the funnies worthwhile.

Plato: And we are all in agreement with you.

WILLIAM KLOPSTOCK, '45.



TONY FRASCA TOOK A CUT AT HIS FIRST PITCH AN' SLAMMED IT OVER TH' LEFT FIELD FENCE, BUT FOUR. THIS PROMISED GREAT THINGS, BUT RINDGE, FOR ONCE, WAS JUS' TOO MUCH FOR OUR BOYS!



EVERYBODY DUCK! HERE 'IT COMES!

JACKIE LEE TEED OFF ON ONE OF HANSEN'S DELIVERIES AND SLASHED IT TO RIGHT FIELD. FOR THE ONLY ONE OF TH' REALLY SUBSTANTIAL LATIN HITS OF TH' AFTERNOON!



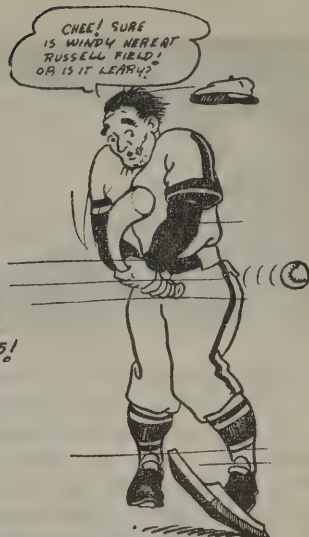
WHAMMO!

PATTY CARDILLO ALMOST TORE BOLDUC'S ARM OFF! THAT'S HOW IT WAS ALL AFTERNOON. RINDGE, ACCORDING TO MANY OBSERVERS, HAS THE BEST PIERDING TEAM IN TH' LEAGUE! THEY SURE MADE SOME LUCKY STOPS IN OUR GAME!



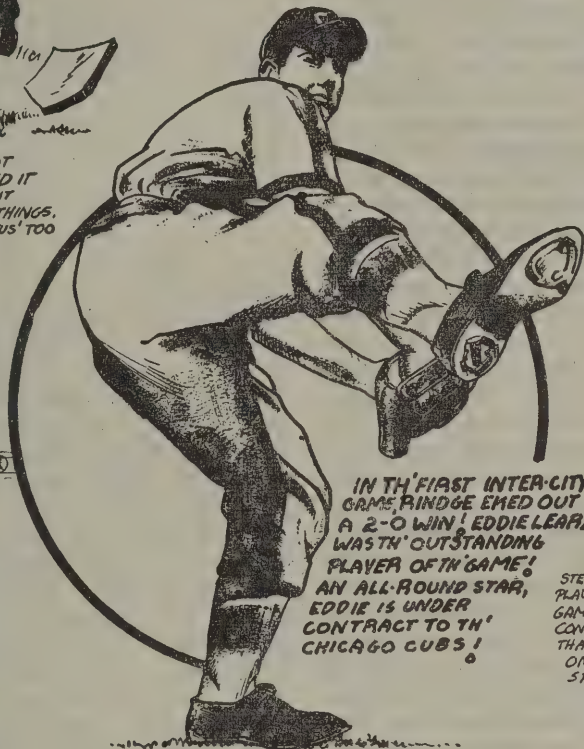
WHERE'S YER PASS?

EDDIE LEARY, CANTAB ALL-ROUND STAR, WAS TH' FIRST MAN TO REACH FIRST BY VIRTUE OF A WALK. DESPITE THIS, LATIN WAS NOT ABLE TO PRODUCE ANY TALLIES!



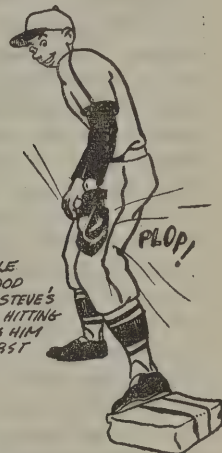
CHEE! SURE IS WINDY HERE AT RUSSELL FIELD! OR IS IT LEARY?

TONY 'BAD BOY' ARENA, RINDGE'S BIG THREAT! EDDIE LEARY MADE HIM LOOK HELPLESS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS! ARENA DID SACRIFICE BOLDUC TO THIRD WHERE TH' LATTER EVENTUALLY SCORED!



IN TH' FIRST INTER-CITY GAME, RINDGE EKKED OUT A 2-0 WIN! EDDIE LEARY WASN'T OUTSTANDING PLAYER OF TH' GAME! AN ALL-ROUND STAR, EDDIE IS UNDER CONTRACT TO TH' CHICAGO CUBS!

STEVE BIDDLE PLAYED A GOOD GAME! IT'S STEVE'S CONSISTENT HITTING THAT KEEPS HIM ON TH' FIRST STRING!



PLOP!

TUT, TUT! AN PEOPLE CALL THIS WORK!



PLOP!

GEORGIE HALEY, DIMINUTIVE RINDGE CENTER FIELDER, MADE ALL THREE PUT OUTS IN OUR HALF OF TH' NINTH! TH'

P.S. THANKS FOR BEARING THESE CARTOONS FOR TWO YEARS! THEY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN HALF AS GOOD WITHOUT TH' HELPFUL COOPERATION OF MANY FELLOW STUBS AN' PALS! THANKS! — TOM SCOMMOS



FIRST of all, we wish to express our appreciation of those whose activities have made this column possible; to those who follow in our footsteps, we leave our battered typewriter and dwindling supply of aspirin and the hope that the class of '46 has as good sources of gossip as we did. We begin our regular edition with a quotation from a letter from Jimmy Kapelos to one of the fairer members of the Senior class "We got our uniforms today. You know the song, *Sam You Made the Pants Too Long?* Well, mine are so long that on windy days I use the extra cloth for a scarf" . . . Were Mary Fraser's, Eleanor Wadden's and Jean Foley's faces red the other morning: The result of a severe case of windburn from a recent bicycling trip . . . Yvonne Bulger, Dede Nevins and Eleanor Lepore in their C.A.P. uniforms are the envy of the whole school . . . Lensey Chao is studying to be a psychologist (Been having any trouble with your subconscious lately?) . . . We hear about Mary Goffredo in connection with practically every activity in the school; in other words, she gets around . . . Freida Alexander has been reduced to eating sandwiches with only one slice of bread . . . John Martin is expecting the Navy to call for his help any day . . . Study pupils Marion Hayes and Margaret Hayes (No relation) taking the exams right along with the class find they get the best marks of all (Why must it be a study class?) . . . We bicycle to Harvard Square alone, but Karen Enebuske has company: Elliot Fremont Smith, Russell Wood, John Holman and Kirk Taylor . . . Joan Haley's haircut, though very becoming, causes her a great deal of trouble . . . Old men, children and their nursemaids, and casual passers-by are the fascinated spectators at the informal baseball games which take place every afternoon on the Cambridge Common. You are pretty sure to see among the players Bud Reading, Monny Babin, Dick Bond, Jimmy Hughes, Jack Collins, Eddie Guiney, Jimmy Downey, Doug Crockett, Don Hughes, Ray McCarren and Earl Hagstrom, to mention only a few . . . Marion Conley loves banana splits with all the fixings . . . We saw Diane Perin leaping

and twirling in the Harvard Yard in a series of *pas seuls*. Spring fever we guess . . . That lump in Lillian Noncey's jaw is not a toothache but peanuts (Squirrel Brand, however) . . . Mary Sateriale and Pat Delery ate off the mantel piece for a week after a recent riding trip . . . Sophie Miskevitch works busily for the Red Cross . . . Louise Bigelow has time for a sweet smile and hello for everyone; John Harrington goes by so fast that he can only murmur a brisk "hi" and gallop silently on . . . Eileen Leary's party was a great success due in part to the scavenger hunt . . . Naomi Atwood always has the date on the tip of her tongue in Spanish . . . Mary Eddy is the girl who can always be depended on . . . Wanted: Mysterious fruit giver in room 105 . . . Anna Matulis is one of the Review's most efficient typists . . . Sydney Heller has an ear for the niceties of the English language . . . Jean Morrison must have spent quite an evening teaching a group of eighth graders how to jitterbug (Wish she'd give us some lessons sometime) . . . Dillying and Daleying; Therese Downey and Ruth Powers . . . Therese is an addict of chocolate sodas; Ruth can usually be found begging some friend to go to the movies with her. Margaret Ciccola comes in to perch on a stool and lend moral support. Dinny Downey and Tony Frasca drop around practically every day brandishing baseball bats. Evelyn Mix and Barbara Fitzgerald come in for a quick coke but find it necessary to rush off to work while the afternoon is still young. We'd like to know the names of the members of that sister act, one following after the other saying "Come on, *come on*, COME ON! !" . . . The Sweeney twins Margaret and Mildred spent a very socially active vacation, formalizing here and there . . . Lois Moran and Caroline Higgins are rarely seen apart . . . We were roused from our early morning lethargy the other day by the sight and sound of Joe Wenckus proceeding down the corridor muttering, "I'm going mad, *mad*, MAD! . . . At Talent Night Tryouts: . . . Anna Higbee wandered around twirling a shiny silver baton . . . Joan Sussman sat among a group of friends beam-

ing placidly amid the confusion . . . Dallas Burrows darted briskly here and there looking ready to pull a bunny out of a beanie at any minute . . . Regina Winn dropped in, informed us that she was going to dance (we'd heard nice things about her before) and disappeared before we could get any more information . . . Isabel Gudas accompanied Mary Pat O'Brien with great flourishes . . . Ginny Braithwaite sang with as much energy and poise as Joan Edwards . . .

Before Muriel Menzies returned to her home in Canada, she wrote this unusual tribute to the teachers and pupils of C.H.L.S.

Teachers and students of C.H.L.S.:

The past year has been the happiest one I have spent at school. I realize that some schools have too much discipline, others too little, but Cambridge High and Latin has just the right amount. The friendliness shown me by both teachers and students will always give me very pleasant memories. I shall look forward to visiting the school upon returning to Boston.

Thank you,

MURIEL MENZIES, C.H.L.S. '45.

At the Junior Prom: President John Paredes arrived right on the dot with Joyce Tessmer . . . Joe Murphy appeared with a beautiful New Yorker; she was tanned to a luscious degree . . . Barb Goepper tried in vain to persuade John Hogan to jitterbug . . . Lois Hanlon looked quite snappy in orchid and white . . . Phyllis Harrington and Al McCaffrey had an admiring ring around them after their jitterbugging exhibition . . . Secretary Pat Foley arrived with John Matheson . . . Joan FitzPatrick accompanied by Don Hughes looked good enough to eat in a gown the color of raspberry sherbet . . . Tom Kelley with his flaming hair was very much in evidence with partner Theresa FitzGerald . . . Joan Howard introduced an alien from Waltham, Bill Hathaway, to the elite of High and Latin . . . The dance was not complete till Noreen Buckley and Joe Winn showed up . . . Babe Kelly and Dick Harrington appeared rather late.

Gloria Babish is aiming towards a future career as a chemical engineer . . . Do you know that Rose Garoian is also known as *The Ace Bowler* . . . Seen on the bus Sunday afternoon: Pat Donovan and Patsy Shea, dressed in jodphurs and drenched to the skin, riding homeward, munching hamburgers . . . The song "*Green Eyes*" could not be applied in the case of Betty Nickerson and Gloria Carbone. Know why? Because their eyes are blue . . . Pat Doliber's favorite song is "*I Should Care*" . . . Notes about Tommy Egan and Larry Corcoran being great friends have been pouring in on us . . . Ray Foley is the pin-up boy

of the third floor judging from the number of requests for his picture . . . John Barry's favorite sport is carrying wastebaskets here and there . . . Myrna Clancey is another one of those strange specimens who sing at their lockers in the morning . . . C.H.L.S. candidate for the diplomatic services: Robert Berman; he looks so distinguished with his polished brief case . . . Edith Andrew's hobby is memorizing poems . . . Charlotte Alber's and Helen Bequaert's daily bicycle race to school has got the commuters to laying bets . . . Bob Hughes is waiting for someone to invite him to a party. He loves them . . . Gil Sylvestre is planning to be a lawyer. Chester Saskowski prevents any dull moments in his 6th period class . . . Eddie Leary recently turned down his second professional baseball offer . . . John Burke can no longer complain that his name has never been seen in the Spotlight . . . Beverly Garfield is seen on the second floor oftener than those who really belong there . . . One of the happiest days in Jean Larsen's life was when her brother was reported safe in Germany and not, as she thought, missing in action . . . Marie Sullivan definitely does not like gardenias . . . Doug Crockett's new nickname is the "Strike-Out King of North Cambridge" . . . There are rumors floating around to the effect that Basilla Neilan writes poetry . . . Jake Kazanjan has been having trouble with apples . . . Margaret Coleman has somehow arranged matters so that Lucia Toscano carries her books for her . . . Claire Kilfoyle has fun stepping on other people's shoes . . . Jean Paven works busily on her portable typewriter . . . Robert MacDonald is called the genius of 302 . . . Alice Seelinger had a little trouble with her car and landed in a garage . . . Enthusiastic horseback riders: Barbara Casey, Eileen Dinan and Pat Donovan . . . Cathy O'Brien has a yen for chocolate covered ice-cream . . . In our opinion Cynthia Green is one of the best dressed girls around . . . George Costa and Jim Linehan played a great deal of golf during vacation.

At the G.A.A. Informal: Barbara Geopper, the president-elect, was there with Bob Bradshaw. Lily Root and Herbert Lurio and Alice Blue, with her Harvard man, were all present. "The Flying Frenchmen," Doran Burke, Ray Picard, and Eddie Benard attended with Anna Cash, Polly McGillvery and Eleanor Wallace. The dancers were entertained during intermission with Fred Sateriale's famous Boogie-Woogie. Peggy Chandler was with the C.H.L.S. home run king, Jim Linehan. Freddy Sherman and her escort Teddy Goodwin squeezed into a two seat car with Betty Grove and Dick York. Lydia Spencer arrived on the scene with a midshipman and Lorraine Palimisano with Joe Freeman. For once, Fred Sateriale came as just one of the crowd and he

escorted Carmen Martin.

Reverting to second childhood, Lillian Winkler jumps rope in gym . . . One of our most faithful spies informs us that, in his opinion, Bob Larsen and Marshall Goldberg resemble two sleepy penguins . . . Jack Donahue, so rumor has it, is escorted to his Spanish class by a nurse . . . Betty Dawe has her own technique with leg make-up . . . Louise Waldfogel always looks as if she had heard a particularly good joke just a few minutes before . . . Bob Whoriskey causes quite a sensation when he grunts a series of German gutturals . . . Elliot Knight's chief characteristic is a soundless whistle (Honest!) . . . Frannie Narekiewicz is usually chosen victim in First Aid . . . Winifred Taylor is an artist with leg make up . . . Jane Parsons had a little trouble with a ring which refused to come off her finger . . . James Fitzgerald is of extremely artistic temperament . . . Jimmy Haley adds zest and humor to the quiet atmosphere of his homeroom . . . Myrtle Billingsley's locket is the source of great admiration and mystification to her friends . . . Natalie Doloff is a champion badminton player . . . Mary Gonsales and Gerry Costa have their own version of the "Three Cabelleros" . . . Helen Stanton with the situation well in hand is sporting a Marine insignia . . . Eileen Dinan becomes positively affectionate towards the babies she minds . . . Members of a conversation club in 115 are Evie Donaghue, Ann Delaney, Dot Donovan and Ruth DiBiase (as if they needed a club for that!) . . . When year book pictures were taken, Bud Reading and Dick Bond held lights aloft like Statues of Liberty with pants; Monny Babin yelled, "Smile purty!" from the sidelines; Tony Travers was lending his tie right and left for those who wished to be dressed elegantly and smoothly; Yola Forte was in practically every picture but boy's basketball; Billy Supple cowered in a corner, overcome at the thought of having his features preserved for posterity; it took four members of the baseball team to get a knot out of Patsy Carrdillo's shoestrings.

Mary Yusmaire received some notes from an unknown admirer . . . Raymond Mecca, jazz enthusiast, is frequently found absorbing hot notes at the "Y" . . . Elizabeth McLaughlin has been seen prowling around the Mount Auburn Cemetery looking for birds at 6 A. M. . . Francis Kairis can always be depended upon to have the correct homework assignment . . . Beatrice Joughin is a great doodler . . . Dorothy Armaondala pours tea like an experienced society matron . . . Earl Daurie is popularly known as "Slugger Joe" . . . Marion Butte's feet just can't keep still when she hears music . . . Who makes those weird mistakes in typing class? . . . Frun down heels,

crown right dangerous, henerally speaking? Margaret Munroe is fond of Shakespeare while Mary Wright specializes in Math. . . . Esther Fox has found Spanish enlightening this year . . . John Linehan fears that a gray cap and gown will not suit his coloring . . . We heard that Rose Santos is quite the soloist. Our question is, what does she solo in? . . . Turquoises are Pauline Albaino's favorites; we prefer emeralds, even measly little ones . . . We want to thank Mary Sateriale and Abby Wise, who pinch-hit for one of our regular Spotlite Spies when she was sick . . .

—TALENT NITE—

We won't tell you who was in the performance; you all know those details. But as for who was there, well . . . First, those two energetic Bond sellers in the booth out front were Betsy McKinley and Dodie Voss . . . Serving as ushers were Basilla Neilan, Lucia Toscano, Hilda Davis, (who just couldn't find her cap), Alice Harris, Lauretta Lavoie.

Dinny Downing led the stampede to the Balcony . . . Steve Biddle and Charles Bekos chattered busily with Ardys Karbaum and Ann Corcoran . . . Connie Perin paced around with much dignity . . . Betty McCusker, Carolyn Sencebaugh and Shirley Nevins slid into a back row, where they had full view of all the proceedings . . . Billy Hathaway gazed calmly about him . . . Effie Lewis saw so many friends she couldn't greet them all . . . Will Kokinakakis flashed by . . . Jim Fitzgerald took thirty-two flashlight pictures . . . Louis Zacharakis looked utterly bewildered at the masses of people pouring past . . . Mary Sateriale, grew quite dizzy trying to watch Fred in front of her and, at the same time, locate Carmen Martin in the back . . . Joan Sussman, Winifred Taylor and Louise Waldfogel strolled by, looking for Diane Perin . . . Ranged along one row were Gene Amaral, George Costa, Pat Donovan, and Peg Chandler . . . Larry Corcoran tossed light bulbs at an obliging friend, who kept them . . . Alan Krashnov flourished a program; he was one of the few people who had them . . . Dorothy Mahoney approved of everything . . . Gladys Baker waved happily at everyone she knew . . . Dave Sheehan lent his smiling presence to the scene . . . Jimmy Haley flitted here and there like a butterfly . . . Jeanne and Joan Rose and Jean Francouer arrived when the excitement reached its peak. Sonny Curcio said sixteen hundred came; seemed more like sixteen thousand . . . Tom Keough looked around carefully for a good seat and led his pals down to sit with him . . . Eileen Dewire and Rosemary Ryan came with Sailor Paul Foley . . . Manny Lakis trotted up and

down the balcony stairs. . . John Loofburrouw was so overcome with the excitement of it all that he asked Bill Klopstock if he might weep on his (Bill's) shoulder . . . Joe Murphy and John Paredes represented the Juniors . . . Betty Mullaly roared at the jokes . . . Louise Monahan looked beautiful in blue . . . Tom Sgorous whispered in people's ears . . . The evening was warm, but Phyllis Stewart appeared, as always, cool and unperturbed . . . Kay Curtis popped around . . . So did Edna Kasif . . . Now, as our parting word to you, we ask, who was seen where when in what place doing what with whom and why? The truth of the matter will ever remain a secret with

ANN WALKER.
JOAN MCPARTLIN.

THE WEATHER AND MY FAMILY

THE weather exerts a certain potent power over my family. Whenever we plan anything, the proposition always ends, "If the weather is good or bad as the case may be." However, the weather always wins out, for it generally rains on the day when we particularly desired sunshine for our picnic and it is particularly clear and crisp on a day when we planned to visit a museum.

Since I am in the room next to my brother, I can hear his long moan of disappointment when he is greeted on awakening by the staccato beat of rain on the window pane. A few hours later, his sorrow may be lightened when Mother says that he may go to the movies since it is raining. Strangely enough, I love a rainy day once in a while, but when the rain falls steadily for a week or longer, I begin to long for bright sunny days.

On a warm, cheerful, summer day, everybody in our house glows with happiness; even the rooms reflect the brightness of the day, as they sparkle and gleam. Then my mother realizes that it is just the day for cleaning. Instead of lolling in the sunshine as we had planned, my sister and I find ourselves wielding a broom and dust cloth.

In the month of May, my father takes his vacation, going to the beach for three weeks of hard-earned rest. This year, in March and April, the weather was ideal. Dad only hoped such days would continue into May, but, no, the very day he was to leave for the beach, it began to rain, and it has rained ever since. Every year at this time, also, he plants a huge crop in the backyard; this year he has had to content himself with doing the very little he could in between the showers. Instead of returning from the beach with his face a ruddy hue, my father has acquired

a faint yellow tinge which a stranger might consider due to a half-hearted session under a sun-lamp.

Yes, the weather does affect our family to such a degree that now we wait until the morning to see what kind of day it will be, before we make our plans.

ELEANOR WADDEN, '46.

ON PUNCTUALITY

THERE are reported to be, in this world, people who come to an appointment on time. Unfortunately for humanity, they are now as rare as strictly-fresh dinosaur eggs. Oh what a joy it must be to be punctual, to come to an appointed place exactly on the second or perhaps a little early! What a joy it must be to have the orderly habits necessary for punctuality, to be able to gauge the clock, the El and the other complications that usually arise, a missing shirt-button for example.

It has never been my pleasure to meet anyone who has this trait. Most of my friends will probably be late to their own funerals. Friendly appointments are made a quarter of an hour earlier than necessary to provide for late comers. To my mind there are only two types of people in the world. They are the people who get there late and the people who get there later. The reformers who are all out for split-second engagements and anxious mothers worried over the character of their children call the former punctual and the latter—well, just let it go at that.

I dare not set myself up as an example of punctuality. In my four years at this school, I doubt if I ever have gotten into school before 8:25. I think I hold the record for consecutive tardiness, nine times hand running. It wasn't my fault, naturally. The snow was deep or something like that. Why must I always come rushing into school at 8:30, just beating the closing of the door in my homeroom? There are people who get there sooner. But one morning when I got in at 8:25, I found that I am not alone on punctuality; at 8:25 the school was almost deserted, at 8:30, full. Draw your own conclusion.

I can only say that it is a good thing that punctuality is not a virtue, for if it were, how very small a number of us would be virtuous.

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '45.



THE JOY(?) OF SAILING

LITTLE did I know what lay ahead the day I stepped inside the door of the Technology Sailing Pavilion, and started down the almost perpendicular flight of steps that lead to the charge desk. My ultimate goal was sailing—really sailing—skimming along before a stiff breeze on a azure sea under an even bluer sky lined with fleecy white clouds. But first came Shore School.

Along with many landlubbers, also students at the Shore School, I was handed a little paper bound book with a pretty sailboat on the cover entitled "How to Sail." I was told my first assignment was to read this. So consequently I waded thru 50 pages of theoretical physics and came out knowing less than I started with, if possible. This was due to the fact that now I was confused when before I had been ignorant. Whoever said "Ignorance is bliss" was a very intelligent individual.

As a companion to "How to Sail," we were handed a mimeographed sheet of things to be passed to reach the happy state of being a crew. The list of helmsman requirements was just the same only more so. The first requirements on the crew sheet were knots. Can you tell a granny from a bowline or from a sheet bend? Never mind; take solace; neither could I. But now I can not only tell them from each other; I can actually tie them. Isn't that wonderful? Do you know the difference between a gaff-rigging and a marconi jib? Learn to sail and you soon will. But all this was a snap compared to block and tackle—pronounced—tayckle—for the information of you landlubbers. Here I met my Waterloo. After reading several books on the subject and making a nervous wreck of three once able-bodied coxswains, I got it through my dim brain. Then I became the first love of every coxswain in the M. I. T. Sailing Pavilion. They all drove themselves mad trying to teach me various things.

After three weeks of Shore School, of splices and tar and careworn coxswains, the great day, the day of days, arrived. I was to solo — I was destined to put myself over really big, with a splash, and make the Admiral my staunch friend for life. I shoved off beautifully and sailed the length of the area; then I came about with perfect technique and was running smooth, close-hauled on the port tack. Suddenly a puff tipped me and I headed straight for a peacefully anchored launch — a 50 ft. cabin job. Trying to jib I pulled my sheet in too late and over I went, smashing the top of the mast through the window of the innocent, bystanding launch. Back on the M. I. T. dock things began to happen fast and

furiously. The Admiral came rushing down from his office and stood on the dock slowly tearing his hair. Two of the odd-job men and a coxswain (he was new to the pavilion or he'd have let me drown) came rushing to the rescue of the sailboat. By this time the distracted Admiral was absolutely bald—but completely. When my rescuers put me ashore from the power launch, the shame and mortification written on my embarrassed countenance forestalled the Admiral's bombastic remarks until I was thoroughly dried. When he finally spoke his mind, it was something to hear.

To my mind one of the saddest things in life is to have one's youthful dreams shattered. But unfortunately my dreams of sailing have been shattered. It's not all sun and clouds and sea, nor is it "white foam flying free." No, it's also tar and splices and ground tackle, folding sails, running aground and capsizing. Thus another youthful dream was split asunder. May I add in passing, the United States Navy had best be thankful I wasn't born a boy; because if I had been, I'd have joined the Navy.

NATALIE DOLLOFF, '45.

11:30 THOUGHTS

LAST night, I guess it hit me right smack in the jaw for the first time that I had only three weeks of high school left. It was funny the things I started to think about when I went over these last four years in my mind, the little things that I thought I had forgotten all about.

The first day of high school which is just a memory of corridors and corridors with meaningless numbers and burly individuals snarling at intersections — Walking to school in the semi-darkness on cold January mornings with my nose getting colder and colder — Those rompers the girls had to wear in gym. I could always estimate character by the height to which the girls rolled their blue bloomers before advancing outside to the yard—The dissection of am/o, am/as, am/at in first year Latin and earthworms in Biology I—Orchestra rehearsal in the big auditorium with the second violinist falling from the platform to the floor of the orchestra pit — That letter to the Woodruff Lumber Co. that I struggled on for three weeks in typewriting — Seeing myself face to face in my class picture with the top of my head coming to a pixy-like point and insane malice gleaming in my eyes — A glorious rebuttal in History I where I verbally tore to pieces all my friends on the opposing debating team — Afternoon excursions to Schrafft's where we discussed Life over tea and English muffins — The last-ditch battle with my mother over the neckline of the new

dress for the Spring Formal — Smashing up my grandfather's Model A on the hitching block at the front porch when I attempted to make a sweeping entry into the front yard — The beautiful excuse for tardiness which didn't work—That day around the middle of April when suddenly all the girls appear in dirndl skirts and cotton dresses — Report card day with friends gathering on all sides asking, "What did *you* get?" and greatly disappointed in each other for not doing worse — The terrible feeling at the tear-jerkers at the "Uni," with the audience sobbing left and right, that I, too, might break into tears and look like a boiled lobster when the lights went on — Plugging in our garden in the country and feeling no kinship at all with the soil—That wonderful feeling of having life and death in my hands when we manufactured chlorine gas in Chemistry — The ever-present shadow of danger lurking in the swinging doors and the necessity of walking through them sedately when I could have knocked out five classmates with one good slam — Dealing with mob violence in the struggle for icebergs in the lunchroom — The awful drowsiness of first period on rainy days — Making speeches for the Red Cross and the swimming team and trying to ignore the effect my broad a's had on the audience — Those starry spring evenings when a few friends and I sat on the back porch, playing our favorite records and drinking cokes.

But I'm sure that I've accomplished more than mishaps and fun during these four years. I've learned that the time comes when you've got to stand on your own two feet and take the medicine you deserve. I've discovered that intolerance and pride haven't a place in this world. I've found that you've got to fight for your dreams, but that life is just black and white without them. Nevertheless, my life has been sheltered and happy when so many others have endured such miseries. Therefore I am thankful and for that thankfulness I owe the world a great debt.

ANN WALKER, '45.

V-E DAY

LAST Tuesday marked the conclusion of a struggle which for immensity, brutality, and loss of life is unrivalled in the history of mankind. It marked the downfall of Nazism, Fascism and all their heinous ideals. It saw the dreams of a few fanatic tyrants crushed and the hopes of a nation long inflicted with their dreams reborn. To Europeans it was like the end of a long and horrible nightmare; it meant that lights so long extinguished might burn again.

To us in America the announcement of V-E Day came as no shock. It was not received with any wild celebration. It was like the answer to

a long prayer, accepted with calmness, resignation, and everlasting gratitude. To some, we hope the minority, it meant merely the end of the racing ban, the curfew and other wartime "annoyances;" but to most of us it served as a stern reminder that the war is not yet over.

The Axis powers have only been partially crushed; perhaps the task before us will prove to be even greater and more formidable than the one just completed. We hope and pray that it will not. So far the burden of the war in the Pacific has been borne mostly by the Americans and the Chinese. We hope and trust that V-E day will mean the advent of help from other Allied Nations who have hitherto been too occupied in Europe to pay much attention to the Japanese threat.

Perhaps the shadow of the war yet to be won has dimmed the luster of V-E Day for us here in America. Perhaps we cannot at present be even remotely conscious of its significance in world history. But whether or not we are aware of the historic significance of this moment, of this much we are aware, and fully so: God has seen fit to let our cause triumph thus far in this great struggle. May He see fit to grant us complete and absolute victory before too long!

ANN CORCORAN, '45.

SENIOR FOUR-YEAR HONOR ROLL

Benson, Ruth	McMenimen, Mary
Berman, Robert	McPartlin, Joan
Carwile, Corine	Melville, Leslie
Colburn, Marie	Miskevitch, Sophie
Corcoran, Ann	Murray, Claire
Costa, Lorraine	Nikas, Virginia
D'Aveni, Theresa	Pearlson, Paul
Downey, James	Perin, Diane
Frangioni, Jennie	Pimentel, Olga
Harrington, John	Puddister, Margaret
Hastings, Marie	Roseman, Leonard
Herlihy, Mary	Schlein, Herbert
Klopstock, William	Shine, Marilyn
Leary, Eileen	Silberman, James
Levy, Lillian	Silva, Marie
Loofbourow, John	Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
Marshall, Ruth	Zacharakis, Louis
Zukas, Helen	



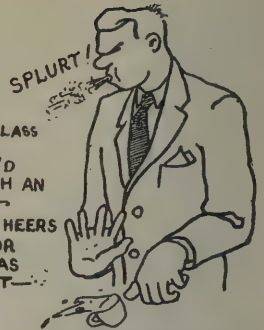
WE EAT !!

"HOPE YOU ALL HAD A SWELL EVENIN' "

THIS SPACE RESERVED TO GIVE THANKS TO MR. DOWNEY, MR. BRAMHALL, AND MISS McELROY FOR THEIR GUIDANCE AND COOPERATION AND TO CONGRATULATE MARY McMENIMEN, VIRGINIA McCORRISON AND JOHN HARRINGTON ON THEIR SPLENDID ORATORY, AND BRAVO TO CORINE CARWILE ON HER FINE PIANO PLAYING.



POPULAR SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT FRED SATERIALE M.C.'D THE AFFAIR WITH AN INFORMAL AIR. — LETS GIVE 2 CHEERS AND A HOLLER FOR HIS HARD WORK AS CLASS PRESIDENT —



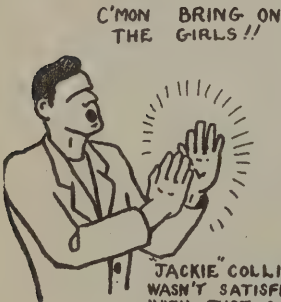
THE "COFFEE" THAT WAS SERVED TASTED LIKE "TORPEDOE JUICE". GEO LUCY TRIED IT, ASK HIM. ~



I'LL SWEAR THIS STUFF MOVED BY ITSELF !!!!



THE SENIOR BANQUET — ANOTHER FIRST ADDED TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE CLASS OF '45. THE JUNIORS HAVE REALLY SOMETHING GOOD TO LOOK FORWARD TO NEXT YEAR. —



C'MON BRING ON THE GIRLS!!

"JACKIE" COLLINS WASN'T SATISFIED WITH JUST A DINNER FOR \$2.40

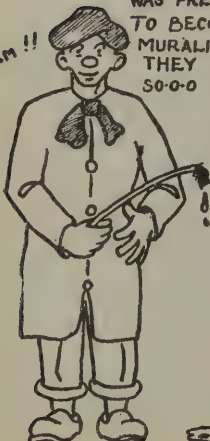
"WISH I HAD A CAR —"

"WISH WE HAD SOME WIMMIN"

"WISH I HAD SOME DOUGH"

SHARP PAUL FOLEY CAME UP TO HOOK INTO SOME O' THAT CHOW AND TO BE REPRESENTATIVE OF SOME O' OUR GANG IN THE SERVICE —

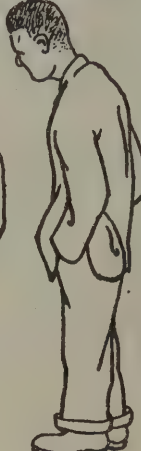
AHEN!! TOMMY SGOUROS WAS PREDICTED TO BECOME A MURALIST — THEY ARE SO-O-O RIGHT!!



"BISHOP" BOND



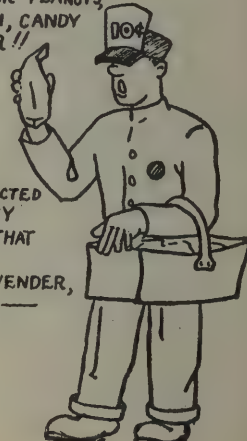
"MISSIONARY" TRAVERS



"PADRE" LINEHAN

AFTER THE BANQUET

GET CHUR PEANUTS, POPCORN, CANDY HYAR!!



IT WAS PREDICTED FOR JOHNNY CHEEVERS THAT HE BE A POPCORN VENDER, COULD BE. —



FOOTBALL



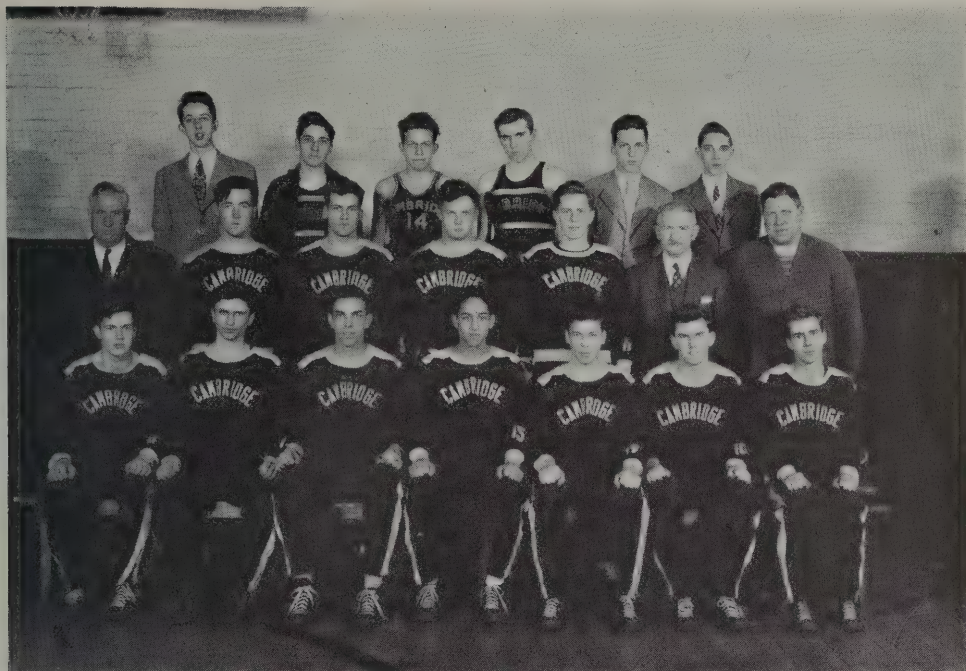
BASEBALL



HOCKEY



TRACK



BASKET BALL



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



HOMEROOM COMMITTEES



REVIEW STAFF

SPRING CLEANING

IN the spring, a mother's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of spring cleaning. Although spring fever is rampant at this same season of the year, Mother's spring cleaning fever is stronger, making her immune to the contagion of spring fever.

Therefore, she commences to carry on the time-honored tradition of turning the house upside down and then setting it back to rights again. Inasmuch as this is a great undertaking, the co-operative services of the whole family are required. Any attempts to develop hay-fever in order to be excused from the ordeal are futile.

On the great day, everyone rises early, arms himself with the customary dust-dispelling paraphernalia, and begins to dismantle the house. After Father has moved the furniture around in different positions two or three times, he reaches the conclusion that vacations no longer mean anything to him. He would have preferred to spend a nice busy day at the office.

In order to save himself a little, Father suggests that the useless three-legged table be thrown away. In spite of the fact that the table, due to its flimsy structure, can support nothing heavier than an ash tray, Mother raises a storm of protests. Her nephew, now in the Army, had made that table in high school and had given it to her for her birthday. It would be discouraging for him to visit them and find that they did not appreciate his gift.

Father sighs, but does not give up. Once again he broaches the subject of a picture reminiscent of the "Gay Nineties" which, he thinks, should have gone out with hoop skirts and bustles. But Mother is inflexible in her desire to retain the picture and so it stays. As a last resort, Father suggests that they get rid of a lamp which he has long detested. Mother's answer is that it was a wedding present and she would not think of parting with it.

Father has had his say, and now it is Mother's turn. She strongly feels that Father no longer needs the grotesque-looking ash tray stand which he won at a charity raffle. Father however regards the piece of furniture in question as one of his most valued possessions, and in a burst of imprudent devotion to his prize, declares that when his stand goes, he goes with it. No more is said on this point until Mother, dusting the old clock that has not run for two years, decides that its days of service are over. But Father comes to its rescue with the age-old promise that he "intends to fix that clock someday." Although little gets done in reducing the unlikely-by-some and cherished-by-someone else accumulation of furniture, much cleaning is accomplished.

This great upheaval often brings to light

articles lost and forgotten about. Among this miscellaneous collection may be hairpins, marbles, keys and other small objects.

In spite of the drudgery, spring cleaning can be exciting. It can be like an adventure. You never know what you might find in the hall closet. And also, you hear some rather heated debates as to whether the old bookcase should be discarded or kept. There are also ingenious excuses which Junior has invented to save himself from helping to do "women's work." All these things are typical of spring cleaning which, many people have found, does not necessarily have to be regarded as a plague.

RUTH MARSHALL, '45.

REVIEW OF THE CINEMA

IN regard to the motion picture scene, the situation remains much as it was at the last writing. There have been no pictures of great stature produced recently, at least as far as my observation goes, with the exception of one filmed in England. This last, "Mr. Emmanuel," is an excellent picture in many respects. Pulchritude is represented by a lady whose name I have forgotten, but who amply fills the role. Mr. Emmanuel himself is extremely well done. There is some over-acting on the part of those who play the Nazi tyrants, but otherwise, the picture is recommended wholeheartedly.

There is nothing much to report otherwise, except the discovery of a new (to me at any rate) star. This is Dorothy McGuire, a girl with undoubted talent. She is at present appearing in both "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "The Enchanted Cottage." The first of these pictures presents an extremely flimsy plot, an amount of rather fair character study, and some truly fine acting. The latter is flimsy all around, with the exception of Miss McGuire, who seems to take to both parts she plays with astonishing versatility for a present day movie actress. Besides being pretty in a not too significant way, she seems to have a great deal of ability. Even Bette Davis, in my opinion the finest actress (of non-character parts) in Hollywood, is not really versatile, a quality essential on the stage, but overlooked in the movies. I hope Miss McGuire lives up to my expectations, which are high.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.



Service Notes

{Continued from last issue}

May 15, 1945

DEATH came with tragic swiftness to Paul Holland in less than a month after his arrival overseas. Paul is the first member of the class of 1944 to die on the battlefield. He was killed in Germany on April 14th.

John O'Neill, '44, dropped in for a chat while on furlough. John is serving aboard an LST in foreign waters.

Pvt. Francis Kennedy, '44, is stationed at 3704 A.A.F.-B. W. CL. 427, Keesler Field, Miss. Frank hopes to make it for graduation.

T/Sgt. James J. Kelley, Jr., '37, writes from France: "I recall many pleasant memories of the school. My sister Phyllis is, I believe, a sophomore there now. Some of her teachers are the very ones who taught—or tried to teach—me too. I recall my school days pleasantly because over here a fellow has time to think—and believe me he does think. Great stress should be laid on Civics and an understanding of our country. Papers should tell the truth. How do you think soldiers feel reading about strikes, priority deferments of athletes, looking at nice clean barracks and tables of food for prisoners of war, while we get along with what we have? Remember the People are the nation. I only hope the Russians get into Berlin first."

Capt. David Hockman after two years of service in the Pacific area was home on furlough. The Captain flew all the way home from a tiny island out near where the action is heaviest. He looked in fine shape and spoke briefly at a teachers' meeting on the day he visited the school.

Lt. Cornelius (Tubber) Cronin, '22, one of the High and Latin's most noted athletes of former years, is now officer in charge of Island X in the Admiralty Group which serves as a fleet recreation area. He writes, "Our only neighbors are the natives of the Malenesian tribe. They are very friendly and were glad to see us take these islands. Many of them speak a little English which can be attributed to the mission work of the 'Aussies.' I can testify to the missionary work done in the Southwest Pacific. Crucifixes and medals are noticeably present around the necks and wrists of the natives." Lt. Cronin was host at one time to two other Latin School graduates—Lt. Com. William J. Cunningham, formerly head of our French Department, and Lt. (sg.) Joseph F. White, Jr., Annapolis graduate and executive officer of an LST.

Edmonds, Paul W., 2nd Lieut. entered the Army in December 1941; commissioned in

November, 1942; fought in North African and Sicilian campaigns, 1943; fought in Norman, Belgium, and German campaigns of 1944-45; awarded Silver Star for gallantry in action at Troina, Sicily, August 1943; awarded Bronze Star for bravery in action on Normandy beach-head, June 1944. Lt. Edmonds is a graduate of the class of 1933.

Lt. John J. Kelley visited the school recently while on furlough from Iowa Pre-Flight School.

Sgt. Warren R. Stockwood tells of his experiences in Africa and Italy: "It's been a long time since I received the letter and picture of the school from you but in spite of this long delay in writing the fond memories of High and Latin will never be forgotten In a very few weeks I will have been over-seas two years alone We first landed in Africa and traveled along the coast from Oran to Tunis. Then we landed in Sicily on D Day in the invasion and gradually worked our way up the western side to Messina. From Messina we went to Italy and on up to where we are at the present time. Some of the experiences through that course of time have been an education in themselves and other chapters can well be left off I never pictured Italy being as it is though, with a continual range of mountains, except for a short distance south of Rome. In fact I've developed a side hill slant in my walk that's going to be hard to lose when I get home."

Edward Heffernan, '42, was killed on April 12th, while serving as a Sperry Ball Gunner on a B-24. Edward's death was caused by flak while on a mission over Northern Italy. He enlisted in September 1943, trained at Kessler Field, Mississippi, Coe College in Iowa, Santa Ana, California, Denver, Colorado and Panama City, Florida. He went overseas in February 1945 from Westover Field.

Pfc. John B. Kane, '42, was wounded last October. John had met his brother James only the week before in Italy.

Cpl. Julian Klashman, '40, has seen considerable service as top-turret gunner in a B-24 Liberator. He belongs to one of the oldest veteran groups in the Mediterranean air-group which in a year had flown 168 combat missions from its base in Southern Italy.

The War Department announces the deaths of Pfc. Louis DeMelia, '43 and Ensign James Fitzgerald, '41. James was killed in an airplane crash. Louis had been wounded in action twice and had received the Purple Heart medal with additional cluster.

Sgt. William Reardon, '39, who enlisted during his sophomore year at Harvard, has been an active participant in both European and Pacific areas. He is at present in the Philippines.

James M. McKenna, '37, MoMM1c, U. S. Navy, is aboard the U.S.S. Proteus.

Pvt. S. J. DeFeo, Jr., '44, writes from Sec. H, Bks. 122, Amarillo Army Air Field, Amarillo, Texas: "I am writing my appreciation of my latest copy of the Review. I am getting in touch now with three of my former friends whose addresses I got through the Review. Keep up the good work on those cartoons of 'Sports at C.H.L.S.'"

Cpl. Macaro, '41, received a warm welcome at the banquet given to the lettermen. Pat looked fine in his Marine Corps uniform and greeted Mr. Downey with — "Do you remember me when you were my freshman Dean?"

Carty Lynch, '44 is at Camp Croft, S. C. Address Pvt. H. Carty Lynch 31488806, 2nd Platoon, Co. D, 38th Inf. Trg. Bn., Camp Croft, S. C.

Capt. Jack Williams postcards Mr. Olesen from Germany — "So far all is very good and it should be no time before we're doing the same to our 'friends' in the Pacific."

Capt. Malcolm Derry, after long service as Intelligence Officer in the European theatre recently received his honorable discharge.

Wearer of the Purple Heart, Pfc. Saul Klashman, '43, is convalescing at Camp Edwards. Saul saw action in Germany and Belgium. He was wounded when caught in an artillery barrage. While hospitalized in England, he met Pfc. Richard McCabe, '43, also entitled to wear the Purple Heart.

Pvt. Francis (Zeb) Donovan, '44, who was taken prisoner in the "Battle of the Bulge" managed to escape and join up with the Fighting Sixty-Ninth. "Zeb" returned home on furlough in May.

Victor Sousa S 1/c (QM) is on aboard the Destroyer Escort Solar. Victor has seen convoy duty to Oran, Sicily, Naples and France.

Signatures of the following are listed in the

Visitors' Book — Main Office.

Pvt. J. MacMellon

A. S. T. U. Amherst SCU 1195

Mass.

Pvt. Dan Kelly U. S. M. C.

El Centro

California

Lt. (jg) R. E. Brown U. S. N. R. A-1

Norfolk

Virginia

Pvt. R. Bane A. S. T. U.

SCU 1143 A-32

Norwich University

Northfield, Vermont

Cpl. Gerald D. McCarthy U. S. M. C.

U. S. N. C. H.

Springfield, Mass.

Victor J. Boeri

U. S. Naval Air Corps

T/Sgt. Edmund F. Loughlin

USAAF

Ens. T. H. Leary

San Pedro, Calif.

Pvt. Michael Najarian

Camp Blanding, Fla.

Pvt. Marshall Lynch

Ft. Mead, Maryland

Pvt. Glenn Peck, Jr. 565171

C Co. 1st Bn.

Infantry Trng Command

Fleet Marine Force

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

John C. Powers 474th AAA 4th Div.

Wounded June 9 on Normandy Beachhead

Purple Heart

Arsen A. Miranian 988151 USMCR

F. M. S. Marine Barracks

Parris Island, S. C.

Ralph J. Sabatino 31435874

Ft. Mead, Maryland

Lt. James N. Cabriel

Box No. 50 B. S. A. A. F.

Big Spring, Texas

C/N Catherine Harrison

U. S. Naval Hospital N-7

Norfolk, Virginia

Pvt. James P. Forde

Co I 800th Str.

Camp Crowder, Missouri

Capt. Harry Wasserman C. W. S.

Pfc. Anna Conway USMCWR

Flight Officer Edward C. Edwards, Jr. T-68170

Moody Field, Georgia

Thomas J. Tobin, FC 3/c, USCG

U. S. S. Richey (DE-385)

c/o FPO New York, N. Y.

Paul M. Foley, HA 2/c

Co. 544, Unit G

Sampson, N. Y.

Pvt. Howard L. Dilworth
ASN 31484746
Co. B, 8th Bn.
2nd Regt. I, R. T. C.
Camp Gordon, Georgia

George A. Turcotte S 2/c
Co. 168, C-126
USNTC, Sampson, N. Y.

Duncan Dottin, 2nd Lt. C. A.
Trinidad (Dahar—Martinique)

Sgt. Edward Ferguson
CAAF Coffeyville, Kansas

Wm. G. Davidson, SoM 2/c U. S. N. R.

Pfc. James J. Culhane, 31368930
Hq. Co. Central Pacific Base Command
APO 958 c/o P. M. San Francisco, Calif.

A/C David W. Small, 11140832
Perrin Army Air Field
Sherman, Texas

S 2/c Maurice Jacobson, 804-82-20
Co. 559, Unit G.
Sampson, N. Y.

S 2/c Henry Petrow
O. G. U., U. S. N. T. C.
Sampson, N. Y.

Denis Joseph Cahill
U. S. N., U. S. S. Oklahoma City

Cpl. Theodore V. Ciampi
Newton D. Baker Gen. Hosp.
Martinsberg, W. Va.
D-Day, Cherbourg, St. Lo, Paris, Mons,
Aachen, Herishen Forest, Duren, Bastogne,
wounded near Malmedy. Purple Heart,
Pres. Citation

James J. Nixon, Jr.

Cpl. Charles E. Mallahan, Jr., USMC

Pvt. George S. Brinkerhoff, 11141440
116th AAFBU Sqdn. S
AAB Fort Dix, New Jersey

Pfc. Jeremiah F. Riley
6th Armed Inf., 1st Div. M. D.

Ens. Charles E. Lynch
Nola Air Base
New Orleans, La.

Arseny Karpovich, 31233503
U. S. Army Med. Dept.

Pvt. James F. McCarthy, 31438707
Camp Meade, Maryland

Leonard Shrago, S 2/c
6th USNCB, Co. D
Camp Rousseau, Port Hueneme, Calif.

Pfc. David H. Messinger, 11131487
503d AAF Base Unit
Wash. National Airport, AAB ATC
Washington, D. C.

Stanley R. Harris A/S
G 312 V-12 Unit
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Pfc. Anthony V. DeLeo, 11117804
871st Signal Co. (Avn.)
23d Air Depot Group
Tinker Field, Oklahoma

Melvin Andelman, RM 2/c
Activity 2K Navy 138
c/o FPO New York, N. Y.

Pfc. Norman H. Kristal, USMC
Marine V-12 Unit
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Richard Harrington
1st Naval District
Washington, D. C.

Arthur Murphy
c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Pfc. Edward E. Wadden, 31362631
Co. L. 90th Inf. Regt.
Camp Carson, Colo.

S/Sgt. Leon W. Ford, 11082376
Ambassador Hotel
Atlantic City, N. J.

Capt. John Francis Navarro
Corps of Engineers
Office of Strategic Services
Washington, D. C.

John J. MacLellan, HA 1/c
Bldg. 2509 Dental
Great Lakes, Ill.

S 1/c C. R. Sullivan
111th U. S. N. C. N.
Camp Endicott, R. I.

William Harrie, HA 2/c
Co. 580 Brks G 18 L
U. S. N. T. C.
Sampson, N. Y.

Warren A. Melanson, S 2/c
16 A Waldron Field
Corpus Christi, Texas

Pvt. Irene A. Sigalos, MCWR
WR Battalion Co. A.
Marine Bks. 904
Parris Island, S. C.

Pfc. Helen E. Suckiel, MCWR
Depot of Supplies, USMC
Special Accounts
100 Harrison Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Cpl. Roy Harding Davis, USMCR
15 Belmont Place
Melrose, Mass. (Discharged)

John C. Cusack, CM 2/c
37th USNCB
Camp Parks, Calif.

William Cronin, F 1/c
U. S. S. Cowie D. D. 632
c/o FPO New York, N. Y.

Edmund R. Hoffstedt
U. S. S. Rodman D. D. 456
c/o FPO New York, N. Y.

Pfc. A. L. Burns
Co. A, Marine Barracks
Klamath Falls, Oregon

Pfc. Ray R. Louf
1100 S. Broad St., Depot of Supply
U. S. Marine Corps
Philadelphia, Pa.

Cpl. F. J. Bennett
M. P. S. Trng. Bn.
Quantico, Va.

Richard J. O'Donnell, CM 3/c
40 C. B. Camp Parks
California

Cpl. R. J. D. Mulhern
Hdq. and Ser. Sqd. A. W. G. No. 1
Cherry Point, N. C.

Maurice Cullen, S 2/c
162 Lake View Avenue
Cambridge, Mass.

Francis X. Mullaney, S 2/c
8 Merrill Street
Cambridge, Mass.

Paul G. Feloney, S 2/c
178 Appleton Street
Cambridge, Mass.

C. W. Dooley, S 1/c
Acorn - 44
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Richard F. Ernest
Div. V2EF, U. S. S. Bunker Hill
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Don W. Kurth, S 2/c
Co. 9, Plat 1 NATTC
Memphis 15, Tenn.

Cpl. E. J. Culhane
Marine Night Fighter Operational
Training Detachment
N. A. S., Vero Beach, Florida

Pvt. Charles F. Mains
Box 77, Togus, Maine

James Sutherland, S 2/c
Sampson, N. Y.

Sgt. Peter N. Ballas, USMC



OUTING CLUB

THE Outing Club has launched its Spring program with a trip to the Harvard Biology Laboratories. Due to the rainy weather, most outdoor trips have been out of the question. However, a few of the most hardy members have enjoyed walks in Mt. Auburn Cemetery at six-thirty in the morning.

Trips to Beaver Brook Reservation and to Moose Hill Bird Sanctuary at Sharon have been planned. A few of the members are going to attend some of the hikes conducted by the Brookline Bird Club.

And now, so-long until next September.

VIRGINIA MCCORISON, '45.



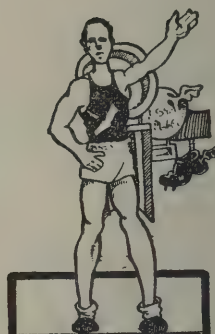
BILL BRAITHWAITE JIM DOWNEY WALLY LYONS TONY TRAVERS BILL GOLDBERG BILL KOKIMAKIS TOM SGOURAS ART SCALISE JOHN HARRINGTON

HERE THEY ARE—THE HEROS OF THE MEET—THESE BOYS WON THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE TWO MILE RELAY, 2ND IN THE QUARTER MILE RELAY AND THIRD IN THE ONE MILE RELAY—THEY DESERVE A BIG HAND.

BELMONT RELAYS



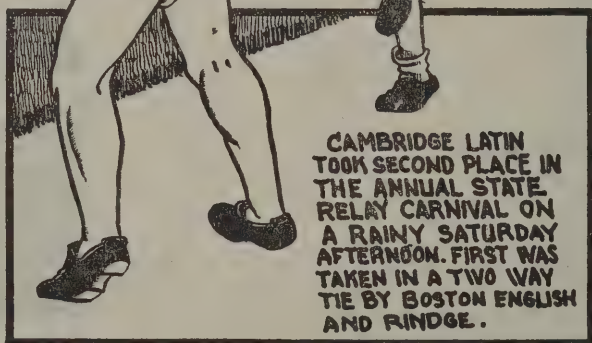
BOTH GOLDBERG & HARRINGTON WERE ABOVE THEIR USUAL GOOD STANDARDS.



BILL BRAITHWAITE HAS EARNED HIGH HONORS BEFORE—BUT NONE SUCH AS HE MADE FOR HIMSELF THIS MEET.



THE TRACK WAS SO MUDDY THAT SOME OF THE BOYS ACTUALLY HAD TO START IN PUDDLES OF MUD.

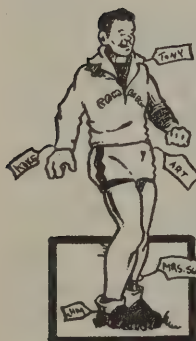


CAMBRIDGE LATIN TOOK SECOND PLACE IN THE ANNUAL STATE RELAY CARNIVAL ON A RAINY SATURDAY AFTERNOON. FIRST WAS TAKEN IN A TWO WAY TIE BY BOSTON ENGLISH AND RINDGE.

JOHN KAUFMAN 1945



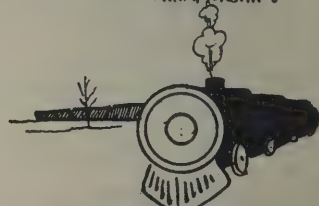
JIMMY DOWNEY RAN A CLOSE RACE WITH HUGHES OF RINDGE IN THE TWO MILE RELAY—JIM BEAT HIM, THOUGH, AND OUR TEAM WON THAT STATE CHAMPIONSHIP!



TOMMY SGOURAS WAS A WALKING LOAN SHOP—TOM'S SUIT WAS MISPLACED—SO SEVERAL MATES CAME TO HIS RESCUE WITH SUNDRY SEGMENTS OF UNIFORM! RUMOR HAS IT THAT THE HAIR ON HIS CHEST WAS BORROWED?!!



ART SCALISE DID MORE THAN HIS SHARE IN THE QUARTER MILE RELAY



THE NUMEROUS TRAINS THAT ROARED BY COMMANDED ALMOST AS MUCH ATTENTION FROM SPECTATORS AS DID THE RUNNERS!

SPORTS

AFTER much clamoring about school spirit for several years, a big step has been taken in the right direction. On May 10, the lettermen of all the athletic teams of the two Cambridge high schools were feted at a banquet in the Lassman Gym of the Rindge Technical School. This deserves more than passing notice; it was not an ordinary banquet. It was the first annual reward to the successful athletes of Cambridge, and it offers an incentive for the betterment of our teams. The athletes have been shown that they have not been forgotten by the authorities, and now we must show them that the entire student body is also wholeheartedly behind them. The speakers, including Miss Kelleher, the originator of the idea of a banquet, extolled the part played by sports in the physical fitness of American manhood. The keynote was that Cambridge is represented by several exceptionally good teams, and we are on the threshold on an era of championships and honors gained by "our boys."

Bearing out this optimistic prediction, the track and baseball teams are taking all opponents in stride. The track team opened its season with a dual meet at Belmont, from which it emerged victoriously. In the running events, Latin made a clean sweep, copping first place in the 100, 220, 440, 880 and relay. Belmont took enough seconds and thirds, plus most of the points in field events, to make the relay the deciding factor. The relay team came through with flying colors, giving C.H.L.S. its first 1945 cinder victory.

In its second outdoor meet, the track team was pitted against Winchester at Russell Field. In their usual excellent form, Bill Brathwaite and Jimmy Downey won their events, the 440 and 880. Another very big factor in the victory was the double win of Arthur Scalese in the 100 and broad jump, and his third place in the 220. With several other points picked up here and there, including a first place in the relay, Latin romped to easy victory.

A few days later, Cambridge High encountered Rindge and outdoor State Champion, Melrose, at Russell Field. This was the hardest fought of all the meets, due to the keen intra-city rivalry between Latin and Rindge. Again, as every other time, Bill Brathwaite and Jimmy Downey each accounted for a first place. Art Scalese's performance in the broad jump was spectacular. He jumped 20 feet 6 inches, the longest school boy jump to date this year. Bill Goldberg breezed away from the field in the 220 yard dash, winning by several yards over Rindge's Tom Heise. The final outcome of the meet again hinged on the relay, Latin being three points behind Rindge, and Melrose falling far in arrears. The fresh mem-

bers of the Rindge relay team were too swift for our team, exhausted by their grueling workout, and Rindge regained the mythical crown of the city championship, after its being held by Latin for the past year.

At the Belmont Relays, Cambridge Latin again shone, winning the outstanding race of the day, the two-mile relay. This victory was due in no small measure to stellar anchor man, Jimmy Downey, who, in the most thrilling finish of the day finished one stride ahead of Rindge's Frank Hughes. In the other relays, we took second in the quarter mile relay, the team being comprised of Scalese, Lyons, Sgourus and Brathwaite. The only other Cambridge points were garnered in the mile relay, where a third place netted us two points. When the day's activities were over, Cambridge Latin, with ten points, finished behind Boston English and Rindge, tied for first place with twelve points each.

The baseball team has not been favored by the weather man, with the result that many of its scheduled games have been postponed. At this stage of the game, with five league games played, the score stands at three wins and two losses. The three wins were chalked up by ace hurler Ed Leary, who also has a win at Exeter to his credit. The victories included two wins over Watertown and one over Newton, and the losses were at the hands of Rindge and Brookline. Operating at first base is Steve Biddle, with George Costa holding down second. At third and short stop are veterans Ray Foley and Tony Frasca, the latter sometimes moving to the mound as a relief hurler. Another hurler is Joe Winn and behind the plate is co-captain Patsy Cardillo. Moving around in the outfield are Jack Lee, Johnny Parades, and Earl Daurie, with Bill Goldberg as a spare. With this line-up, although it has two losses chalked up against it, Latin faces the remainder of the season with confidence.

And so we come to the end of another year of sports at Cambridge High and Latin School. It has been a great pleasure to write about the various teams because they were composed of great fellows honestly doing their best. Cambridge Latin will always be at the top if this fine competitive spirit is upheld, as I am confident it will be.

JOHN HARRINGTON, '45.

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

"Strange Music"no school
 "More and More"homework
 "I'm Confessin'"in the dean's office
 "Midsummers Eve"daydreaming
 "S'Wonderful"to know the answers
 "I Wonder"if I'm passing
 "Let's Take The Long Way
 Home"when report cards come out

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period 1944-1945

Benson, Ruth	Messinger, Mary
Berman, Robert	Miskevitch, Sophia
Carwile, Corine	Misloski, Sophie
Colburn, Marie	Murray, Claire
Corcoran, Ann	Murray, Dorothy
Corcoran, Helen	O'Rourke, Louise
Croft, Elliott	Pearlson, Paul
DeCillis, Mary	Perry, Agnes
Downey, James	Pimentel, Olga
Frangioni, Jennie	Salvato, Josephine
Gaipo, Dorothy	Santamaria, Joseph
Hayes, Marion	Schlein, Herbert
Kevorkian, Louise	Shine, Marilyn
Leary, Eileen	Silva, Marie
Levy, Lillian	Sussman, Joanne
Linnehan, Mary	Swinamer, Olga
Magnus, Irene	Totino, Mary
Marshall, Ruth	Travers, Anthony
Matulis, Anne	Walker, Ann
McCorison, Virginia	Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
McMenimen, Mary	Zukas, Helene
McPartlin, Joan	<i>Home Pupil</i>
Melville, Leslie	Camenker, Edna
	Menzies, Muriel

FRIDAY IS FUCHSIA AND GOLD

SOME people believe that thirteen is an unlucky number; others insist upon planting seeds in the full of the moon; still others won't put on one shoe, perhaps the left, before the other. We all have our little mental quirks and I have mine in that I think of the days of the week in terms of colors.

Monday, for instance, is a dull, drab brown, because Monday is the day on which we return to school after two wonderful days of rest and peace. Latin seventh periods occur every Monday; English tests can usually be counted on. Four more school days must be endured before freedom returns. Monday is a sad, brown day.

On Tuesdays, matters take on a more cheerful appearance. No Latin is necessary to be prepared for Tuesday. There are no seventh periods on Tuesdays, but still it is dentist's day. So Tuesday is pale, insipid green, yet green is lighter than dark brown.

Wednesday is the turning point of the week; therefore it is bright orange. Only two more days of school remain; no English homework is due; I usually get paid.

Thursday is royal blue. Bing Crosby croons in blue notes; *Time* arrives; experiment day in Chemistry arrives. Everything on Thursday adds up to royal blue.

Saturday, of course, is screaming scarlet. Everybody knows about Saturday. Sleeping late in the morning; a whole afternoon in which to do anything you want; the Hit Parade and maybe a movie in the evening, well, something going on in the evening, anyway—all these joys mean a scarlet Saturday.

Sunday is white and pale silver. White for the peaceful atmosphere and the calm of church; silver for the sound of the church bells and the gleaming silverware during a breakfast you can really enjoy, without eating with one eye on the clock. White and silver for the sound of Andre Kastalanetz's orchestra and Alec Templeton playing.

I have purposely saved Friday until the end, for Friday is fuchsia and gold, like a circus. Two whole days of freedom are ahead and you need not think of homework for one night, at least. On Friday, since there is no need of rushing home to get the Latin started, you can loaf around the Square; drop into Schrafft's; wander through the Coop, stopping in the new book section, of course; listen to some new records and make plans for Saturday. Friday afternoon resounds with the golden notes of trumpets and the very air has fuchsia notes dancing in it, with the bright gaudiness of the Five - and - Ten.

All the other days of the week are interesting and colorful in their own way. But Friday will always be outstanding to me, even when I am grown, for Friday is fuchsia and gold.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

K-B NOTES

THE meeting scheduled for April 13 was postponed one week because of the death of President Roosevelt. On April 20, the club met at Virginia McCorison's home, where plans were made for the remainder of the year. The last regular meeting, which was held during vacation was at the home of Margo Downey on May 4.

The closing events of the club's year include the K-B Informal at the Hotel Commander on May 25; the annual picnic, which is to be held at the Summer home of Mary Messinger at Point Shirley, Winthrop, on June 9; and the President's tea, which will follow the installation of new officers. At the close of the school year, the afghan made by members of the club will be presented to the Cambridge Chapter of the American Red Cross.

EILEEN LEARY, *Secretary*.

RED CROSS NOTES

ON Wednesday, May 16th, a very worth while meeting of Junior Red Cross sponsors was held in the auditorium of the Longfellow School. The sponsors from each school were accompanied by representative Junior Red Cross workers from that school. The meeting had a three-fold purpose: first, to give the Junior Red Cross authorities an opportunity to express their deep appreciation of the exceptionally fine work done by members of Junior Red Cross under the direction of their sponsors during the past school year; second, to report on the receipts and expenditures of the year and on the distribution of the articles produced in the various schools; third, to provide an opportunity for members and sponsors to view samples of the work done in their own school and in schools throughout the city. The number and variety of articles of comfort and recreation made by the pupils was truly amazing.

Cambridge High and Latin School was represented at the meeting by Jean Poindexter, Eleanor Lepore, Elizabeth McLaughlin, Alice Seelinger, Ann Corcoran, Eileen Dewire, Helen Bequaert, Charlotte Alber, Juanita Alfaro, Alba Amorosa, Edith Aylward, Lillian Bemis.

Basilla Neilan acquainted an attentive audience with an impressive account of the various hospitals, camps, and other agencies which have benefited by the generosity and industry of Junior Red Cross members during the year. C.H.L.S. received recognition for its lap robes, afghans, New Havens and utility bags.

An important project now under way is the preparation of recreation kits for men and women in the armed forces over-seas. The kits were prepared by the firemen of the city and represent many hours of work. Junior Red Cross has been asked to fill one hundred of these kits and it is felt that our quota will be adequately filled.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, *Secretary*.

THE G. A. A. COLUMN

IN this commencement issue I shall take you on an imaginary jaunt out to Miss Brown's home, in beautiful Kendal Green where the G. A. A.'s annual picnic will be held in the near future. We shall leave at 8 o'clock in the morning and arrive back at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. My next comment on this restful day in peaceful surroundings will be a consoling note to all our hard working exam cramming students. Miss Brown has always made this day one of carefree enterprises. One may enter into sports which the G. A. A. provides or one may do nothing, which the G. A. A. also provides. Saturday, June 2nd is the date

and the day no member should ever look on the memo pad.

Congratulations to the following newly elected officers:

President	Barbara Goepper
Vice Pres., Treasurer	Claire Rogers
Secretary	Betty Grove
Executive Committee	Patricia Kokinakis
Mary Foley	Eileen Dinan

Jane Butler

We all have perfect confidence in these new leaders and know that they will live up to the reputations of their predecessors.

Although the basketball season is past and gone, awards for skill in any sport are never unseasonable. Silver basketballs will be awarded to the following players:

Capt. Lucille Green, Janice ranks, Margaret Dinan, Yola Forte, Mary Hildebrand, Jean Massey, Mary Nevins, and Claire Rogers.

Another notation in sports events is the election of a cheer leader to succeed Pat Donovan who has done a very fine job of team supporting.

The baseball returns have been quite encouraging so far with an extra inning game on our part with Somerville at Somerville. The score was 9-8 in our favor. Those Somerville players showed a very commendable type of sportsmanship. On May 15th there was a game with Belmont. The score was 4-1 in their favor.

Two others are scheduled, one with Waltham on May 24 and with Arlington on June 9th.

The G. A. A. informal at Rindge Auditorium was held on Friday evening, May 11th. The girls and their escorts seemed to have had a good time although there were many criticisms to be made concerning the glaring lights overhead and the loudness of the orchestra. Perhaps we will have better luck at a hotel next year?

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Brown and all the G. A. A. officers and members for their sincere cooperation and help in making this column interesting and intelligible.

I have enjoyed exercising my very small part on the Review Staff.

Until next fall all good wishes from the G. A. A.

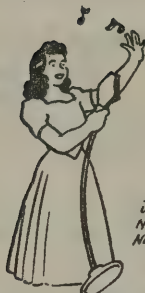
LOUISE BIGELOW, '45.

MORE SONG HITS

"Aloha Ohe," C. H. L. S.graduation
 "Always Take Mother's Advice"go to school
 "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good

To You?"after the dance
 "Wait for the Wagon"school bus
 "Still is the Night"after twelve
 "Dream Faces"Van Johnson—Frank Sinatra?
 "Little Boy Blue"Lawrence McMenimen
 "Always"looking for an excuse

AT TALENT NITE!



TONY "TH'IE" TRAWERS NEEDED A LITTLE WAGON TO CART TH' "MIRE" BACK ON 'FORTH!

JOHNNY MORRIS WAS THERE..... NOTHING FURTHER NEED BE ADDED!

MARY SWEENEY STARTED TH' PROCEEDS OFF WITH BANG!

FREDDIE SATERIALE WAS TH' REAL HIT OF THE SHOW! HE UNVEILED HIS NEW 13PIECE BAND, HIS RENDITIONS OF CURRENT.

SOLD JACK!



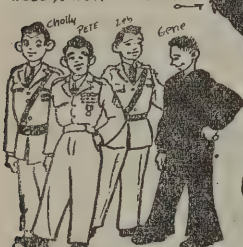
HIT TUNES REALLY HAD TH' HALL JUMPIN'!

20 gay caballeros



MARY GONZALES AND CERRY COSTA, YOUTH ON PARADE, SONG TWINS GAVE'S A BIT OF SOUTH AMERICANA!

EYE'S RIGHT! FOR ANNA HIGBE, DRUM MAJORETTE



PETE VILLARI, ZEB DONOVAN, CHARLIE MAIN, AN' GENE DONOVAN, ALL RETURNED VETERANS WERE IN ATTENDANCE! THEY ALL POSED FOR 'A PICTURE AIN' CLOSE OF TH' RALLY!

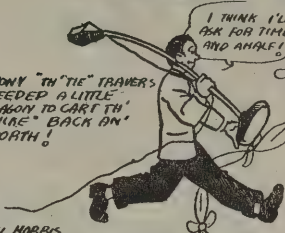


GEORGINA NYMAN AND RUTH TATE PLAY OL' F.D.'S 'BOOGIE WOOGIE ON TH' PIANO!

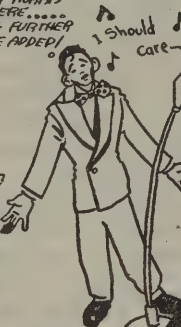
FAMOUS KAY IVERS, WGT. SONSTRESS WAS GUEST! SHE GOT TH' EVEN ENCORE!

EVEN THE PIANO STARTED JUMPIN'!

I THINK I'LL ASK FOR TIME AND ANGLE!



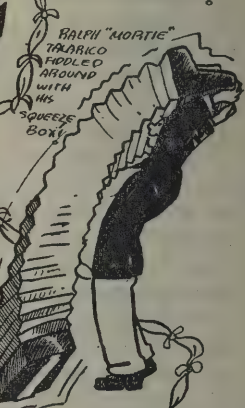
JESSIE TOBASSO, SHADES OF GINGER ROGERS! IF ASTAIRE NEEDS A DANCIN' PARTNER, WELL JESSIE WILL FILL TH' BILL!



HMMPH! SO THIS IS WHERE MY LAUNDRY HAS BEEN!



DALLAS BURROWS AND UNIDENTIFIED STODGE PULLED SOME CUTE TRICKS, HOUDINI JR!



RALPH "MORTIE" TRARICO FIDDLEO AROUND WITH HIS SQUEEZE BOX!



BANKATOPES RHYTHM RASCALS!

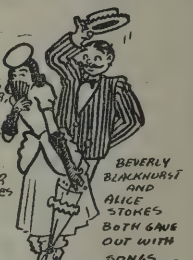


JEAN CULHANE TRIPPED TH' LIGHT FANTASIA WITH A TOE DANCE NUMBER!



BETTY JOAQUIM, MARY HESSINGER, BETTY GROVE, MARY HILDEBRAND

PUT ON A VERY CLEVER GAY NINETIES NUMBER!



BEVERLY BLACKBURN AND ALICE STOKES BOTH GAVE OUT WITH SONGS

MARY PAT O'BRIEN GAVE OUT WITH SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!

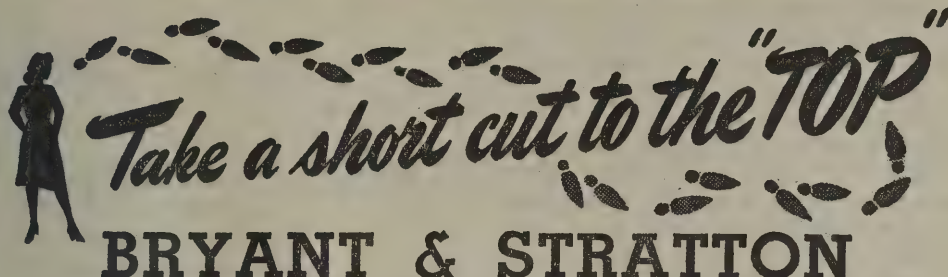
WHERE'D SHE GET THAT SMOKE WITH THIS CIGARETTE 'MORTAGE'?



MARY HILDEBRAND WAS THE FRONT END OF TH' HORSE

BETTY JOAQUIM PLAY TH' OTHER PART OF TH' HORSE! SHE'S QUITE AN ENTERTAINER!

Source '45



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RICHARD H. BLAISDELL, President

FRESHMAN NOTES

NEXT year, when you open your *Review*, you won't turn to the Freshman Column to see whose names occur in this month's gossip; you will no longer *be* Freshmen! You will be a member of the upper class group, superior to the new crop of students; you will be Sophomores and, we hope, as eager to contribute to the Spotlight as you have been to contribute to this Column.

Elizabeth Goldberg has been nominated for a "prettiest girl" . . . Zaben Giragosian is interested in the game of baseball . . . does Christine Anderson have a nickname? . . . We have a new member of the class, an English girl, Iris Barkus . . . Barbara Tevlin and Janet Irwin are inseparable . . . we hear that Charles Conley has been keeping late hours . . . Eva Riley is very quiet in the corridors . . . Gladys Hill and Rosemary Hebert are very much interested in their algebra problems . . . Larry Corcoran goes about snapping pictures of his erstwhile friends . . . George Paine knows a great deal of history . . . Mary Isabella and Frances Ingalls are said to resemble each other . . . Mary Conville can't be beaten when it comes to interest problems . . . Jeanne Yarston has been doing a lot of horse back riding . . . Annie Villari is excited over the return of her brother, who has

been fighting in Europe . . . Room 126 is proud of its baseball team . . . Mariane Farmer and Charles Durakis have been busy taking prize examinations . . . We are proud of Basil Bourque for winning his letter at football while only in his first year . . . who calls Thomas Egan the brain? . . . Betty Galvin and Charmaine Gardiner talk all the time . . . Phyllis Gosselin is president of a girls' club . . . welcome to the class, Richard Thomas! . . . Bernice Levenson has a splendid record as a bond purchased; she buys a bond a week! . . . Joseph Lo Presti is a good manager looking for a band . . . Edna Linehan hasn't changed her theme song . . . Jean Ann Hogan is another constant talker . . . Francis Maloney tries hard to get notes for this column . . . at one lunch table all year have sat these friends: Betty McGonigle, Ida Martin, Ann Villari, Marie Viverville, Barbara Varnum, and Dot Walsh . . . another pair of friends is Ann Foley and Roberta Reardon . . . Marilyn Roach is becoming very studious . . . is it true that Jimmy Donovan goes A. W. O. L. occasionally? . . . Many Freshmen attended the G. A. A. informal dance including Jane Butler and James Kiser, Patsy Kokinakis and Richard Kirk . . . Georgia Kapelos and Frances Korkus find a great many things to laugh at . . . why does Marilyn Knox go to the movies so often? . . . Ray

Kenny will get fat if he doesn't stop eating . . . where does Robert Kiley wander to all the time, or does he just wander? . . . everyone likes Doris Jordan . . . Betty Jenkins is always trying to make matches . . . can't someone teach Dorothy Mullin not to lose her fountain pen? . . . Gloria Nelson has finally mastered the art of raising one eyebrow, leaving the other in its normal position . . . Lorraine Fulkerson has a new nickname, but no one knows what it is . . . Chester Miller, like Gratiano, speaks an infinite deal of nothing . . . Ann Mintz is an authority on the lives of movie stars . . . do you know your school work as well, Ann? . . . Alf Miller endures first lunch period waiting for second lunch period so that he may go home to the lunch his mother provides . . . Toward the end of the year, the general tendency is to grow a little careless, but in one field, especially, do not let us slacken our efforts . . . let us keep on buying War Stamps and Bonds.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL **Third Marking Period 1944-1945**

Alexander, Frieda	Landry, Belle
Anestis, Georgia	Marathas, Catherine
Balcohn, Lincoln	McLaughlin, Elizabeth
Barr, Irene	Navin, Marguerite
Belbin, Laura	Parris, Donna
Camelio, Elizabeth	Reid, Cynthia
Champi, Dolores	Root, Lily
Curtiss, Catherine	Rosenberg, Earle
Dansereau, Geraldine	Rosie, Anne
Days, Lillian	Scanlon, Barbara
Dooley, Dorothy	Scannell, Helen
Downs, Theodora	Sparkes, Hazel
Enos, Mary	Spencer, Lydia
Fratiani, Rose	Toscano, Lucia
Hayes, Elizabeth	Vasil, Alice
Iwanski, Wanda	Wadden, Eleanor
Johnson, Charlotte	Wilson, Elaine

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL **Third Marking Period 1944-1945**

Alfaro, Juanita	McCarthy, John
Becker, Mary	McDonald, Doris
Bequaert, Mary	McDonald, Theresa
Carter, Barbara	McGovern, Dorothy
Center, Marilyn	McKenzie, Arthur
Chao, Lensey	McMenimen, Ann
Connolly, Katherine	Michalchik, Nadia
Cremens, Carolyn	Minkiel, Steve
Dinan, Eileen	Miskevitch, Alice
DiVito, James	O'Brien, Virginia
Hall, Sylvia D.	Pereira, Amelia
Hogan, Paul	Regello, Serafino
Katsulis, Jennie	Skitgis, Helen
Lewis, Florence	Slater, Glenna
Maloney, Helen	Souza, Alice
Martinian, Martin	Survilas, Anna
MacLeod, Doris	Wolcott, Kathleen

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Brown, Shirley	Hickey, Helen
Camelio, Louise	Landry, Marilyn
Canning, Audrey	Levine, Arnold
Caparo, Gemma	Loggan, Wilfred
Carr, Helen	Lombardi, Josephine
Carwile, Roger	Maciel, John
Connell, Barbara	Martin, Ida
Connolly, Claire	Messuri, Mary
Cosman, Alice	Michalowski, Gladys
Cronin, Timothy	Murphy, Dorothy
Donnelly, John	Muse, Henry V.
Dragun, Phyllis	Nicolletta, Claire
Dubay, Jessie	Orrok, Timothy
Duggan, Marjorie	Rixon, Lela
Durakis, Charles	Roach, Marilyn
Egan, Thomas	Sahagian, Helen
Filipe, Augenia	Sullivan, Florence
Fulkerson, Lorraine	Sullivan, Margaret
Galvin, Betty Ann	Sullivan, Marjorie
Gardiner, Charmaine	Tenore, Elizabeth
Gilbert, Charles	Teplin, Barbara
Gillis, Robert	Thornhill, Elsie
Giragosian, Zaben	Torigian, Isabel
Goffredo, Margaret	Tufenkjian, D. Richard
Goldberg, Norman	Turner, Josephine
Green, Shirley	White, James
Griffith, Elaine	William, Joan
Zacharakis, Stella	

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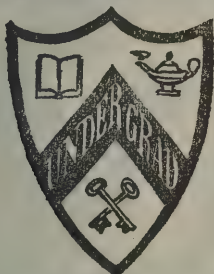
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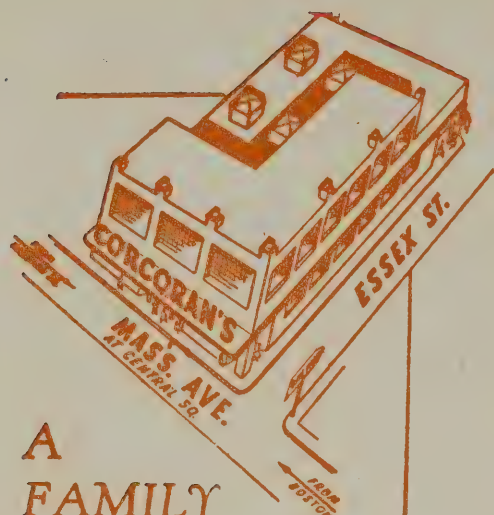
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